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HARPER'S BAZAR

AUGUST 1929

SUMMER
FICTION
NUMBER

RIE VAN VORST
RFORD POWEL JR.
ERNEST POOLE
NANCY HOYT
ARJORIE HOWARD
RON DE MEYER

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HARPER'S BAZAR

AUGUST 1929

63rd Year
Number 2602

Summer Fiction Number

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NEXT month a new serial begins—a beautiful romance of the time of Charles II., called "There Was a Ship." It is by no less a literary figure than Richard Le Gallienne, and Erté steps forward to illustrate it in his own inimitable way. A lovely feature, which will run through six issues.

September is our big Furs and Fabrics Number—rich in Paris and New York information for smart women, with an early forecast of autumn fashions by Baron de Meyer and Marjorie Howard.

Short stories will be by Porter Emerson Browne, Mrs. Belloc Lowndes and Margaret Culkin Banning, while Harford Powel, jr's., satire goes merrily on.

Heywood Broun will write amusingly of the Talkies, and Richmond Barrett will tell of "The Fall of the 400."

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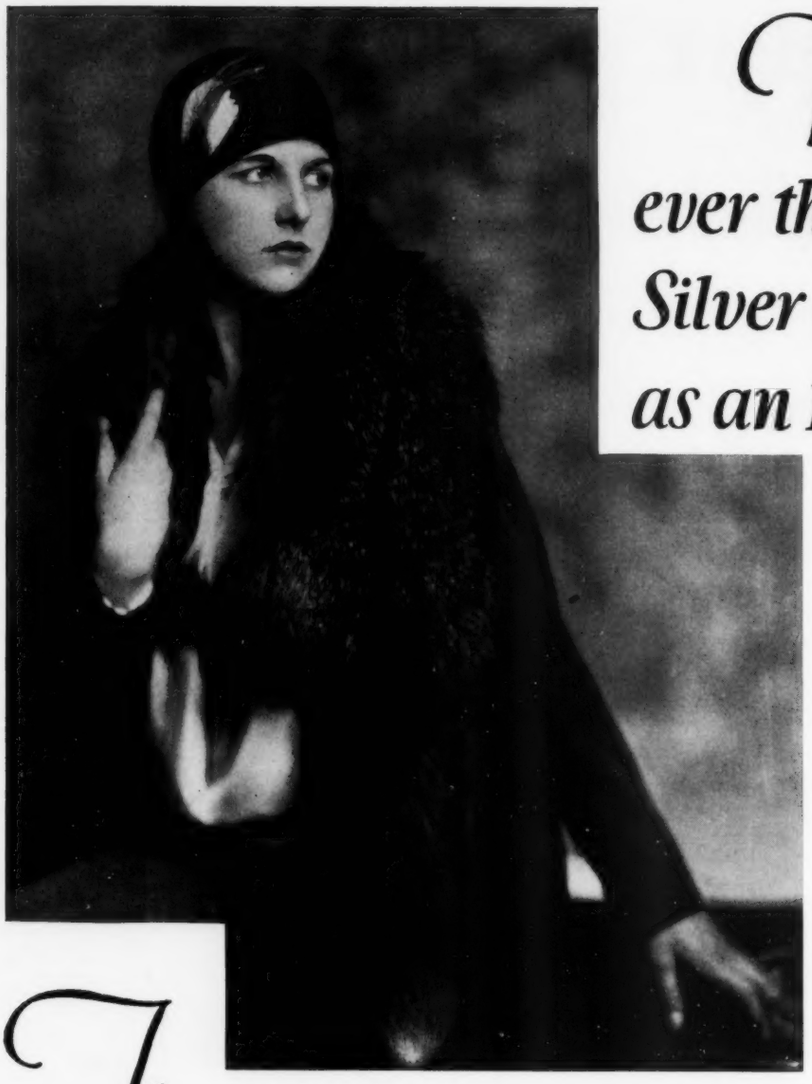

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HOW TO STUDY PARIS SNAPSHOTS

BY KATHLEEN HOWARD

DON'T just glance at these and say, mentally, "She isn't pretty," or "I don't admire that." Look at the details and you'll be in the way of learning about the march of fashion. Note the plain shoes in *all* the snapshots.

THE Vicomtesse de Sainte Croix wears a frock with a high waist-line and a peplum. Her jewelry is of black onyx with diamonds in the center. Her hat is from Le Monnier.

ONE of the most popular Reboux straw hats, in black. Snapped at Longchamps. A black and white print satin blouse, which is worn with a black Paquin suit of broadcloth. The coat is three-quarter length and has ermine tails on the lapel.

AT THE right of the third photograph is a cheviot suit from Lanvin, with a crêpe blouse. Longer gloves are worn, as you see, and the fox is luxuriously present.

HERE is a putty ensemble from Lelong. The glove is worn over the cuff, you see, and a little veil covers the eyes.

BLACK and white dots in two sizes. They are also seen often in navy and white. From Jean Patou.

MME. DE GAINZA has been dressed by Chanel in beige and marron. See how her coat lining matches her sweater.

WORD comes from Paris that Lady Mendl wears a new emerald bracelet, like a sunflower, covering her entire wrist. The center stone is the size of a quarter, and Cartier has set it in baton diamonds.

JUDGING by present indications longer gloves will be very good with formal afternoon dress next season, even with long sleeves. Parisiennes are wearing their gloves pulled up over their cuffs. First choice in color is light beige matching one's stockings; darker shades are chosen when the stockings are darker. White gloves are sometimes seen with black and white costumes, also some black gloves with crêpes and chiffons printed on black grounds. Evening gloves are still only an individual fancy. Antelope, suède, dogskin, heaviest brown reindeer and wash-leather are the skins used.

A CABLE from Paris says: "Agnès winter show a triumph. Newest notes turbans made of bands of Meyer tweed put together with crochet stitch with scarfs to match. Double hats, outer of felt, inner close cap of breitschwanz gray, black or beige. Cap has long strings that tie under chin or brought up wound round felt hat. Many wide felts for formal winter wear have inner brims of colored velvet orange, rose, turquoise or beige hugging cheeks something like lace cap under wide hat of eighteenth century. Very new are close caps of velvet or heavy satin with large bow set right in nape very low. One black velvet cap has two velvet flowers, one black one scarlet set in nape, one above other. Colors: gay reds, deep orange or beige, brown for sports, much black, often with turquoise for afternoon. Much fine broadtail, some aigrettes. Impression extraordinarily new."

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NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

TRADITION means background. It means even more. It means roots. And not one of us but desires a feeling of permanence in a rushing world. Something to cling to. Something in which we may have faith.

Americans, until they go abroad, sometimes smile tolerantly at the European's reverence for crumbling towers. Like a certain wit, they laugh and say that flat feet are acquired by looking for fallen arches. Then they come home and seek fondly to restore the old mill which they had planned to tear down, or to let their walls grow dingy if they will, since they look so much better that way. Having had a glimpse, no matter how fleeting, of the beauty which only age acquires, they are anxious to have their young possessions take on the aspect and character of a century—after the truly American habit of getting everything done in a twinkling. But colors do not change swiftly. One must wait patiently for wind and weather; and Time refuses his most cherished gifts to those who prod him.

The old story is well remembered of the American who asked an Englishman how his countrymen acquired such rich and green lawns. "Ah," said the Englishman, "we simply sow the seeds—and then wait a hundred years."

If it takes a century to make a lawn, and three generations to make a gentleman, there is no telling how long it takes to make a relic.

Now, while it is all very well to venerate the past, one should not do so to the exclusion of the present. There is much trash linked up with what our ancestors cherished. An intelligent selective instinct is part of culture. I knew a go-getter traveler once who was all for straightening the Leaning Tower of Pisa. He would have whitewashed the trunks of the trees on his front lawn had his wife permitted him to do so, or painted old pewter a brilliant red; and I am sure that the dim gray buildings of London annoyed him exceedingly, and that he considered thatched roofs an abomination. Everything must gleam and shine. We used to call him Mr. Glitter, in youthful derision. He could see the old Spanish missions of California only as excrescences on the landscape. If the world contained too many of his ilk, we should all have to say a fond farewell to ancient loveliness.

I confess to a weakness for the Crusaders; for a tree in Cambridge said to have been planted by Milton; for old-fashioned tangled gardens filled with phlox and sweet-william rather than a hot-house rich with orchids and tuberoses. Rupert Brooke once wrote a litany of old things he loved; and among them were old silver, old linen and old houses. One may say that only a poet would be so preoccupied with ancient things; but I do not think so. He simply helps us all to a keener appreciation of the sanctities of the past by thus voicing his own rapture. Old things usually have exciting histories. And if, on your travels, the ruined walls of Hadrian's Villa, or the Coliseum, do not cause you to use your imagination, then nothing will; and you might as well make up your mind that Tradition, with all that it implies, is not for you.

THE EDITOR.

VIONNET

A CREATION IN BLACK SATIN
AND WHITE CRÊPE DE CHINE

DEMEYER

THE FRENCH COUTURIERS DISCUSS THE COMING MODE

By BARON DE MEYER

18 rue Vaneau, Paris.

A CABLE from W. K. Bee & Co., Fifth Avenue, New York, received. Explanatory note: Madame Bee, not being an importer, designs her own models. However, even creative artists require inspiration, in her case information, as to the trend of Paris fashions.

The cable says: "Circumstances of purely private nature prevent projected Paris trip. Your article on new winter fashions to appear in October issue of *Harper's Bazar* too late in the season to be of use to me. Need descriptive letter on likely and logical development of the Mode, to reach here not later than August first. Trust your opinion implicitly. "W. K. Bee."

To be trusted is flattering, but with sartorial secrets closely guarded and doors securely locked, how to satisfy so inquisitive a designer?

My own impressions might start the lady in quite the wrong direction, much too great a responsibility to assume, unless some of the great ones were willing to tell me something I might label "strictly confidential" or "not for publication."

How about Madame Lanvin? Even though she might be very difficult to handle, being considered a most guarded lady, I should never dream of asking her what she might be preparing for her winter collection. I would merely try to get her views on how the next six months' Mode is likely to shape itself. Shall anyhow try and ring up *la Maison* Lanvin and hope for the best.

I—'Allo, Madame Lanvin's secretary, please.

Sec.—Herself, speaking.

I—Can Madame receive me?

Sec.—Madame is leaving for Barcelona almost at once. International Exhibition. Has to attend the formal opening on Sunday. She is President of a group representing French Couture.

I—Ask her for just a moment's conversation.

Sec.—Know it to be impossible. However, shall try. (A few moments later, the Secretary's voice.) Will five minutes be sufficient? From 6 to 6:05? Madame Lanvin's train leaves at 6:45.

I—Righto. Shall be on time.

It is 5:55 p.m. I hear Madame Lanvin in the adjoining office. She is giving orders. I am ushered in and find her seated at a desk, dressed in tweeds, ready for the journey.

The telephone rings incessantly, several secretaries and members of the family are seen hurrying through the bureau. I'm bewildered.

Madame Lanvin starts right in.

Madame L.—What is it I can do for you?

I—Give me your views on the next six months' Mode.

No preliminaries are indulged in. Madame Lanvin is very precise. She knows what she's talking about and begins by saying: This is a period noticeable because of its radical changes. The silhouette at last undergoes transformation. Woman's shape is again coming into its own. It is curves against straightness, the time women masqueraded as boys being, thank God, at an end.

(To a passing secretary: "Remember my passport; slip it into my *soc de voyage* with my keys.")

Madam L.—Waist-line? Normal? Why, of course, this being not merely a matter of fashion, but the law of proportion.

(To a young woman looking in at the door: "Did you attend to that Spanish visa?")

Turning to me: "Quite so, though I may have been the first to tuck my blouses into skirts, I have at one time certainly been a staunch believer in the lowest possible waist-line, a fashion, nowadays, quite obsolete. No woman to-day looks smart with her belt floating "somewhere" about the hips.

I—But what about the unfashionable stout?

Madame L.—Depends on her build. For some of the worst offenders, I have, alas! still to revert to the low hip-band, though even the largest woman will, in time, come to consider this subterfuge as one giving her a perfectly *démodé* appearance.

I—What do you consider the principal feature of the present-day Mode? Is it the normal waist or the long skirt?

Madame L.—Neither. The principal fashion novelty of the period we live in consists in the Mode's adaptability to individual style and build. Present-day fashions enable an intelligent dresser to appear to be *à la* Mode in whatever she has decided is most becoming to her

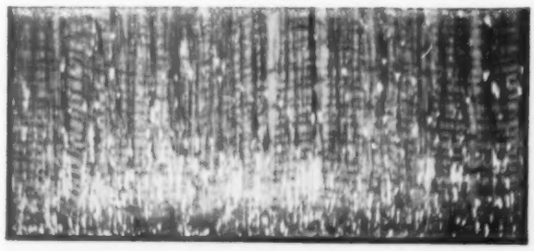
I—Will you be good enough to say something about your sartorial plans?

Madame L.—For one thing, that I am not likely to raise my

PATOU

The Honorable Mrs. Reginald Fellowes wearing a printed chiffon ensemble

DEMEYER



REDFERN

waist-line any higher, finding it well placed, for the present at least.

No, I have absolutely no intention of developing the Directoire line. Remember *La Maison* Lanvin has never gone in for extremes. Shall certainly continue to advocate the very irregular hem-line which makes long skirts possible. Yes, I believe that for evening dresses length is sure to increase, even in front—yes, down to the feet. I shall continue to favor light-weight textures in preference to more solid materials. They envelop the limbs, without hiding them entirely. Trains? Certainly, for some of the more formal models.

I consider our modern clothes need some sort of romantic quality. We should be careful not to get too prosaic and practical. Except for street and country wear, short skirts, as a fashion, will be impossible to revert to for many years to come. "La robe

DESMEKER

GRAY AND SILVER LAMÉ TRIMMED WITH PALEST BEIGE FOX

A GOWN IN BLACK
CHANTILLY LACE
WITH ROSE RIBBONS

DEMEYER

de sport," as a certain kind of woolen costume has come to be known, is, however, sure to continue, though only for wear in its proper surroundings. It will in the future be much less seen in town than hitherto.

(A secretary, anxiously looking in at the door, points to the clock.)

My winter collection? No time to tell you about it, even were I willing to do so. Alas! my car is waiting. The train for Barcelona leaves in seventeen minutes. Sorry, but I must ask you to excuse me. Suzanne, *mon manteau, mon passeport!*

NEXT day—my interview with Mr. Patou:

Mr. Patou—No, certainly not this season. There is to be no further accentuating of the silhouette I launched this spring. Ankle-length skirts are amply sufficient as a

SUZANNE TALBOT

REBOUX

novelty for the present. I might possibly have to lighten, instead of burden, my silhouette, for winter clothes mean heavier textures. Satin, velvet or panne.

I shall try to retain the impression of length by subterfuges. Combine length with slimness. This is quite a problem. Requires much thought and worries me considerably, even though I have hopes of a successful solution.

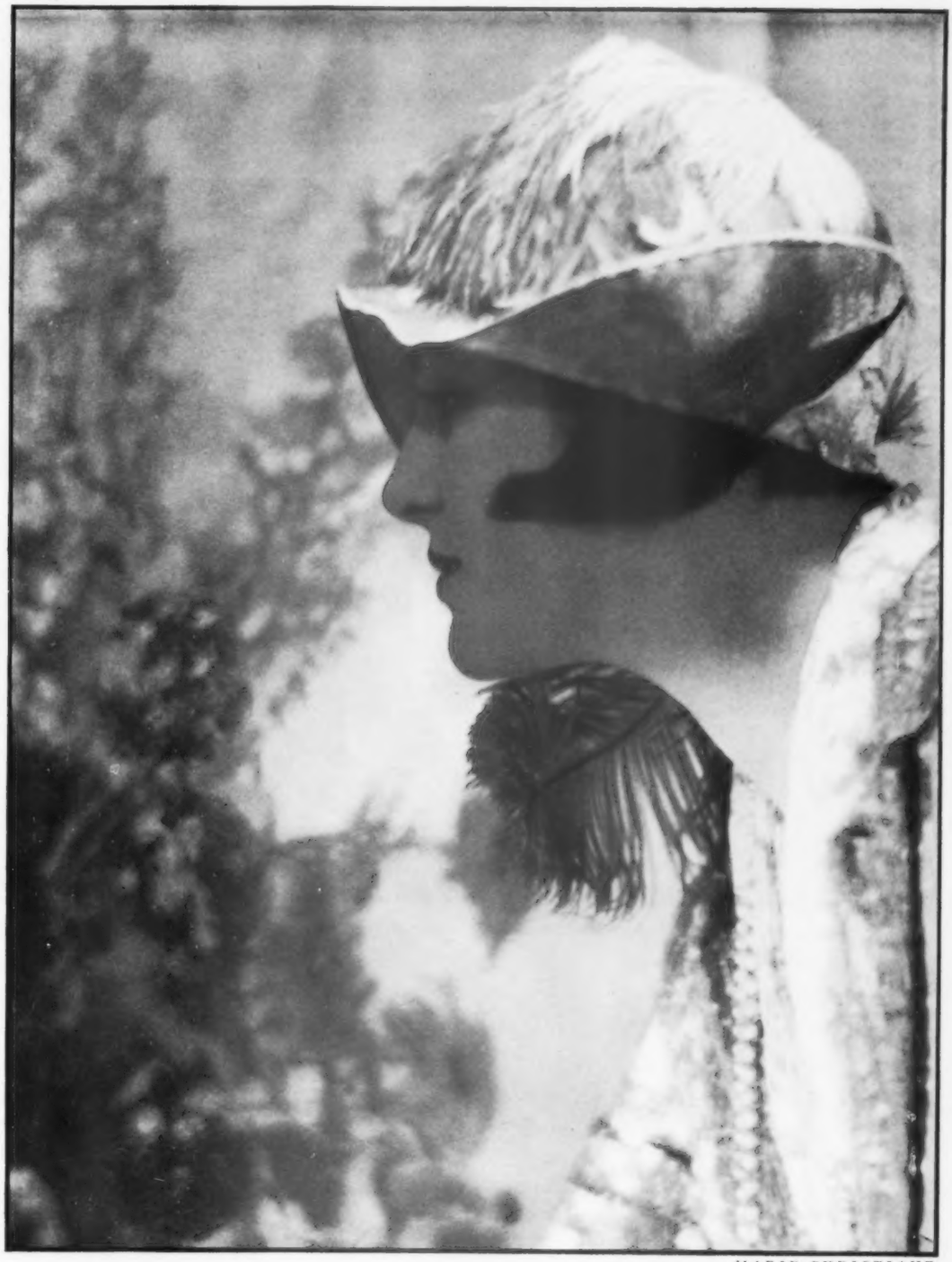
I—How do women accept the increased length of your skirts?

Mr. Patou—Remarkably well, most of them being reconciled to them already. I recently found it expedient to place printed notices in every one of my fitting rooms, pointing out to both saleswomen and fitters that if a client requested her skirt to be shortened, the fitter should ask her to leave the small-sized fitting room in order to look at herself in a mirror in one of the large reception rooms, for while a skirt may appear long in a small fitting room, the same skirt in a drawing-room or in the street would seem much too short for present-day fashion.

As a matter of fact, I have instructed my *vendeuses* to remind their

DEMEYER

A CHARMING TOQUE MADE OF BRAIDED GROSGRAIN RIBBON IN BLACK AND BEIGE



MARIE-CHRISTIANE

DEMEYER

LOVELY IN LINE IS THIS SOFT PUTTY COLORED STRAW WITH OSTRICH TRIMMING

clients politely that the Mode of to-day does not allow of short skirts any more, and that women still clinging to these abbreviated skirts seem sadly out of the picture, in France at least.

My new winter collection will contain two distinct styles: First, the present summer's fashions only slightly modified; and second, the adaptation of entirely new lines, reminiscent of the Directoire period with a tendency toward classical Greece.

As a matter of fact, there is a tendency toward liberating our fashions from foreign influence. Of the low waist-line, for instance, or belts placed below the hips, which, though they have always displeased me, had to be maintained, the foreign trade wanting nothing else.

I am firmly convinced that the styles which originated last season in several *Maisons de Couture*, including my own, will be the predominating features of this coming winter.

(*Continued on page 108*)

A Story by Marie Van Vorst:

"They were at the head of the stone stairs and starting to go down. Below the hill the ruins stood out in shadowy masses."

SO SHE CAME TO ITALY

And, Lovely Lady that She was, She saw and She Conquered everything but Love

Illustration by Addison Burbank

THE Avvocato Rondinelli passed in Rome for being a dead game sport. President of the Roman Regatta: a wizard with the foils, fair shot and boxer, he never missed a good prize fight. Rondinelli was something of a gambler: a man of extravagant tastes and withal an idealist. To have met him swinging along the Corso, hat at angle, stick and chamois gloves, one would never have guessed that he was a criminal lawyer on his way to court to defend some scoundrel, probably unable to pay his nonchalant lawyer a penny!

He had just closed what had been for months a harassing case—the defense of an Abruzzi peasant girl who had come stormily down from the mountains to Rome to settle up scores with her rival, and after a violent encounter in one of the public markets, stabbed the woman nearly fatally. It had been a hard fight for Rondinelli to save the seventeen year old Giovanna, and he had fought for her desperately. Her youth, beauty and passion had made it possible for him to defend her with so much human pity that he was a dangerous adversary and carried the court by storm.

That same afternoon, dressed, as is the custom in Rome, in pyjamas, Rondinelli waited in his little office to receive his clients. On this occasion his lounge suit, pink and white striped, with big frogging, was especially doggy and gay; and without preliminary introduction (for his housekeeper, vividly impressed by Giovanna's acquittal and her somber, statuesque beauty, had admitted her at once) Giovanna Bochetti, followed by her aunt and three children, burst in upon him explosively, the party carried along on a strong wave of garlic. Rondinelli received them good humoredly. When he finally got rid of them all, he realized that the garlic hung like incense on the air; that the aunt had given him fifty lire for saving her niece from prison (he would never be rich at the law), and that the ardent Giovanna had pressed upon him a big red stone, a crude cabochon engraved with a Latin inscription. Of course, she had stolen or was hiding it for Francesco, the man for whom she had almost committed murder. Rondinelli laughed and carelessly thrust the garnet into a drawer to examine later, and turned to his next client.

Signor Rondinelli liked antiques, and now

and then stopped in to hobnob with a certain Jewish dealer on the Via Babuino, to handle brocades, drag around old furniture, and together with the merchant scrutinize what seals and old jewels had come his way. Things of value did filter through the shop from time to time, but the Jew had grown cautious for he had had dealings with the police.

The young lawyer liked to think himself an expert, and one morning was discussing an effective looking red stone with the Jew, thinking that it bore resemblance to the cabochon which Giovanna had presented to him, and he must look at his gift again, when a most stunning American girl wandered into the shop with a bit of flaming brocade which she had unhung from the doorway and brought in to price. In gray hat, gray dress, gray shoes and gloves, her eyes vividly blue in contrast, she was one of the most delightful looking people that the Roman had seen for many a long day, as she came in like a breeze and waved the silk flauntingly under the Jew's hooked nose. The price which the man quoted made her laugh in scorn, and then began the usual bargaining.

The lawyer listened, amused, and watched the girl try for her victory, but the Jew held firm, and just as she was about to pay the exorbitant price, Rondinelli broke in.

"I beg your pardon," he spoke in perfect English, having read criminal law in London, and took possession of the little strip of brocade. "This man will sell to me! How much do you want to give?"

The Jew cringed.

"Scusi, scusi, Signor Avvocato."

The girl did not understand the voluble Italian which followed, but her purchase was wrapped up and put in her hand; it was a nice victory, and she had paid her own price for the stuff.

With a frankness which delighted the conventional Roman, she said, "I don't know how to thank you. He is the most awful cheat. What did you do to the poor wretch?"

"I am glad I speak English," said Rondinelli.

They smiled at each other after the battle. The Jew looked after them humbly. He had a reverence for Rondinelli. Rondinelli and the girl went out of the shop together, and she said to him, extending her hand:

"My name is Gloria Severne. I am staying at the Hotel de Russie."

Rondinelli gave her his card.

"Will you come and have a cup of tea with me and talk antiques one afternoon, Signor Rondinelli?"

Rondinelli decided that he liked America. He had always thought that he would. Now he was glad that Columbus had discovered it.

The following day when Rondinelli rushed to his rendezvous he found Miss Severne in the lounge of the hotel, before a little table with a background behind her of yellow azelias and green plants and a jazz band in the offing. A few moments later there were cocktails and black coffee between them, and on the side of the Roman, tradition, codes and religion, and on the side of the American an emancipation and freedom which he had never imagined existed for a woman. She was a beauty, the very best type of modern girl, and an unscrupulous flirt to whom every man is fair game. He leaned toward Miss Severne with delight. It was a fresh and very agreeable adventure, and they talked across the table through the atmosphere of cigarettes. The Roman could never have asked a marriageable young girl of his own nation to have tea with him in a hotel lounge. Such things are not done in his country. Gloria Severne's attitude was at once free and magnetizing, and her appealing mouth meant kisses, but he had always believed that kisses to a fine woman whom you want to make your wife are to be given after marriage. Gloria flirted professionally and he saw how different this Westerner was from the women of his set, how fascinating in her freedom! She intrigued him, carried him off his feet, and when he went back to his little apartment it seemed to smite him with its loneliness.

American customs and ways have cast western spells over the Castello dei Cesari on the Aventine and transformed the Palace of Cæsar into a smart restaurant. Along the terrace rows of lamps drip their lemon light into the reproachful moonshine. Instead of mandolins and guitars, Black Bottom and Charleston crash out their modern harmonies and macaroni, frittura, cheese, thin wine and simple food are replaced by French menus. Dancing and champagne have taken the place of silence and poetic meditation. It appears to be all one, however, to the bland, ageless moon.

Between meeting Rondinelli in the antiquity shop and this night on the Aventine, Miss Severne had discovered all she needed to know about the Roman lawyer. She had first pursued the course which American tourists find so satisfactory. She asked the porter. At the Russie, the porter happened to be the lawyer's debtor, and when the beautiful occupant of suite number six leaned on his desk and asked him questions about Mr. Rondinelli, without hesitation the functionary expressed unlimited admiration. Then she went back to interview the old Jew, and the merchant readily added to the glowing report. Too worldly-wise to be satisfied, however, the girl asked some more questions about the Avvocato Rondinelli when dancing at the Grand Hotel with one of the secretaries of the American Embassy. There wasn't a single flaw; Mr. Rondinelli had royal press notices.

After that the two went about together here and there throughout Rome; moonlight in the Coliseum; the Forum among tumbled relics; the golden Campagna, and were dining alone together this night for the first time. Rondinelli had not asked her to dine alone in a public place with him before; he had found her American freedom baffling and extraordinary, and when she told him that the companion to whom her father had entrusted her "had dropped down with the flu" and that she had "shipped Mrs. Tyson home to America," and was traveling entirely alone, the Roman had not been able to believe his ears.

Rondinelli did not dance. He could rip a man up with his sword if necessary, but he hated dancing and the figures reeling around in the Charleston on the platform beneath him would have left him indifferent if he had not wondered how Miss Severne would look should she decide to dance one of these modern dances.

All evening he had been fascinated and disgusted by the absorption in Miss Severne of a young man at an opposite table. The blond boy had not removed his eyes from Rondinelli's guest since he had come into the restaurant and the Roman said shortly to Miss Severne:

"That idiot over there seems to have lost his mind!"

Miss Severne seemed very much amused, but as her escort started to rise she put out her hand hastily.

"Oh, don't bother about that poor child, Rondinelli."

"But it's an insult for him to look at you like that."

The girl found his excitement flattering in the extreme, and she thought him "gorgeous" and very distinguished in his evening clothes. She was proud of him.

"Oh, climb down, Signor Rondinelli," she said sweetly. "Little Charley Bangs is quite all right! He crossed with me on the ship. He's just a boy from home!"

The girl in her emerald dress looked like an exquisite jade figure; slender, appealing, perfectly gowned. She was far and away the most attractive woman in the restaurant and Rondinelli saw that he was not the only one to think this. He already had a sense of proprietorship in her, and he was jealous of other people's eyes upon her. She liked this but she wanted very much to calm him down and for nothing in the world would she have had a passage at arms, even figuratively, between callow, ridiculous Charley and her Roman beau.

"Little Charley Bangs," from her home town, a faithful suitor whom she had been trying to shake definitely ever since they were both in their 'teens, had trailed her even here to Rome! She had had no words to express her boredom and her scorn when she read on the steamer chair beside her own Charley Bangs' name from his visiting-card stuck in the little space meant for it. Ardent flirt that she was, Gloria Severne had made part of his trip a little bit of heaven and the rest of it the other thing. Toward the end of the voyage, when an attractive officer had succeeded in really breaking for Gloria the ennui of a long journey, Charley Bangs had been definitely snuffed out.

Now she said to Rondinelli, leaning a little over toward him, (*Continued on page 140*)

BEWARE A HALO

By JOSEPH AUSLANDER

BEWARE a halo. Do not weave a ring
Of smoky gold about some worshipped head:
Leave your Madonna with her smile instead,
And leave your Infant with his eyes like spring,
Nor burden his young shoulders with a wing.
O there is death in adoration dead,
And the gold circlet, heavier than lead,
Bruises your forehead with your fallen king.

Beware a halo. Do not love too much.
Wash off the blood and dust that stain your knees.
Stand up until your lips and your god's touch—
The world is cluttered with stone deities.
Beware, lest your fine halo, slipping taut,
Dangle your young god from a golden knot.

MAX-LEROY

One of the smartest fur coats in Paris is this Max-Leroy model of supplest breitschwanz, lustrous black, made to mold the figure closely. The flare of the skirt is exaggerated toward the back and the dolman sleeves are finished with long, flaring ends, giving the effect of a double cape. The high collar is of ermine, and the wrap is lined with thick white satin. It is also shown in ermine, at the left; in chinchilla at the right.

DRECOLL-BEER

Drecoll-Beer's geranium red chiffon gown has a necklace of strass and imitation rubies interwoven with threads of silver embroidered upon the gown adding the brilliancy which chiffon needs. Madame Germain, the designer, knows that this is as necessary as stars to the midnight skies and that not all women are fortunate enough to possess a splendid diamond necklace. Several other chiffon models from the same house are shown, with a magnificent diamond necklace made by Cartier.

PARIS IS ENTERTAINING

The leading Notes of the Season Are: A fairly Static daytime Mode, Great Variety in the Evening, Magnificent Jewelry, Interesting Millinery, Longer Gloves, Simple Shoes.

BY MARJORIE HOWARD

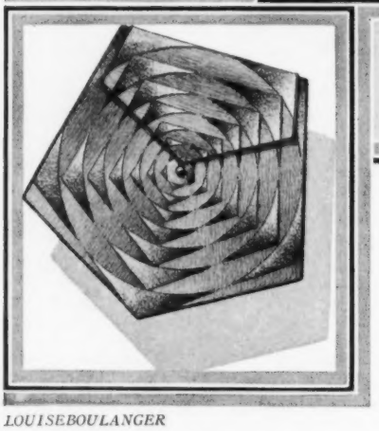
15 rue de la Paix, Paris.

THE entertainments of the Paris Season (this really must be written with a capital) are becoming more and more international. Not only does Paris society receive the smartest representatives of all the civilized countries of the world at this time, but the Parisian playhouses open their doors to the best that the rest of the theatrical world has to offer. One night one may listen to the singers of Bayreuth in Wagner's Ring; or to Rossini in Italian from Turin under the baton of Serafin; the next one is transported to Seville with Argentina at the Opéra Comique, or to Russia at the Théatre Sarah Bernhardt with Diaghileff. American and English translations invade the speaking theatre; the Moulin Rouge is turned over to New York's "Black Birds," while a Chinese troupe stops the show at the Ambassadeurs.

Ballet is enjoying a tremendous vogue, in its new alliance with modern music, painting, and literature. The most famous names of the day in these three arts appear on the programs of the dancers. Ida Rubinstein enables us to hear again the masterpieces of Ravel and the modern French musicians; Argentina brings us new versions of the works of the delightful Spanish school; while the Russians visualize for us in the dance the ultra-modernism of Prokofieff and Stravinsky. And most of them, eventually, influence the mode in greater or less degree.

A striking example of the fashion creator's sensitiveness to the stimulus of art is seen in the winter collection of Madame Agnès, just presented to us at an evening reception. I shall not be able to illustrate these novelties for you until the next number of Harper's Bazar; but I must talk about them on account of their unusual cleverness. By Argentina's new ballet "Triana," adapted from the piano score "Iberia" of Albeniz, with brilliantly modern scenery by Nestor de la Torre, one of the new masters of Spain, and costumes which are an extraordinary and not always successful modernistic interpretation of the Sevillian dancer's classic dress, Agnès has been inspired to give us an entirely new line in millinery. A close cap covers the head, and set right in the nape of the neck is an oddly-shaped bow, or a flower, or a bunch of aigrettes, with an effect that is almost upsettingly new, and which will certainly take a lot of wearing. One of these hats, which is immensely becoming to Agnès herself, by the way, is a simple interpretation of this idea in heavy black satin ribbon, tied in a bow with many ends, low on the back of the neck, so that the ends and loops make a sort of star round the head when seen from the front. Another, even more original, is in black velvet, with two immense velvet flowers, one black, one scarlet, set low and one above the other, at the back of the head. Others, again, show double bunches of aigrettes, one upstanding, and the other following the curve of the neck and reaching to the shoulders.

There are three leading ideas in this collection. The second is the "double hat," which is carried out in a number of different ways. The cleverest is in fur (*Continued on page 56*)



LOUISEBOULANGER

YTEB

CARTIER

JEWELS AND A BAG

lovely things for lovely women

Here is Louiseboulanger's newest evening bag, pentagonal in shape, made of rough-surfaced lamé, embroidered in a circular design. Corners of massed sequins, alternate gold and silver, give it the appearance of a great spider web. One of the pentagonal sections makes the flap which fastens with a button and turns back to open the bag.

Madame Yteb has made for her own use a charming necklace—a combination of emeralds, lapis lazuli and diamonds. If one chooses, the earrings may be worn set into the chain on each side, as shown in the drawing. She wears accompanying bracelets of diamond-shaped plaques of carved lapis and emeralds with diamonds set between.

This lovely watch bracelet was especially made by Cartier for the Marquise de San Carlos. The oblong face is surrounded by both round and baguette diamonds set in black onyx with a flat pavement of diamonds and a rose coral here and there. The watch is one of the kind that is held by a heavy black silk cord run through slides.

HELLSTERN

MARY NOWITZKY

WORTH

A·COLOR ENSEMBLE

peasant·cotton·used·in·new·ways

From Hellstern. A matching bag and shoe in a new material—printed cotton. The ground is coffee color, with small brown figures and a border of pink roses, their leaves used for decorations on both shoe and bag. The material is copied from the printed cotton squares worn by peasant women. The shoe is trimmed with brown patent leather.

An ensemble for the beach, from Mary Nowitzky, consisting of parasol, bag and gloves in beige and blue. The bag and parasol of unbleached tussore have the same band, monogram and tassel. These comfortable gloves protect one's polished nails from the sand. The Fatou necklace is a flat, flexible gold ribbon enameled in blue and white.

This new bag from Worth may be made in colors to match any costume. Fashioned of alternate stripes of grosgrain and satin, it is that rich shade of brown with reddish tinge—one of the colors that promises well for autumn. The oblong shape with rounded corners is very smart. The mounting is in silver and there are decorative silver initials

A compromise in different lengths is Lelong's coat of heaviest marocain in dark blue. The back is cut into three oval sections, the top one hanging out like a cape collar, the bottom one touching the hem of the gown. The front is shorter, and the collar and cuffs are of beaver.

Jenny fulfils all the requirements of a handsome afternoon wrap in this duvetine coat of deep brown, one of the colors forecast for winter. Cut in long diagonal lines, slightly fitted, it is collared with dark brown skunk and white fox. The fox comes next to the face, most becomingly.

LELONG *JENNY*

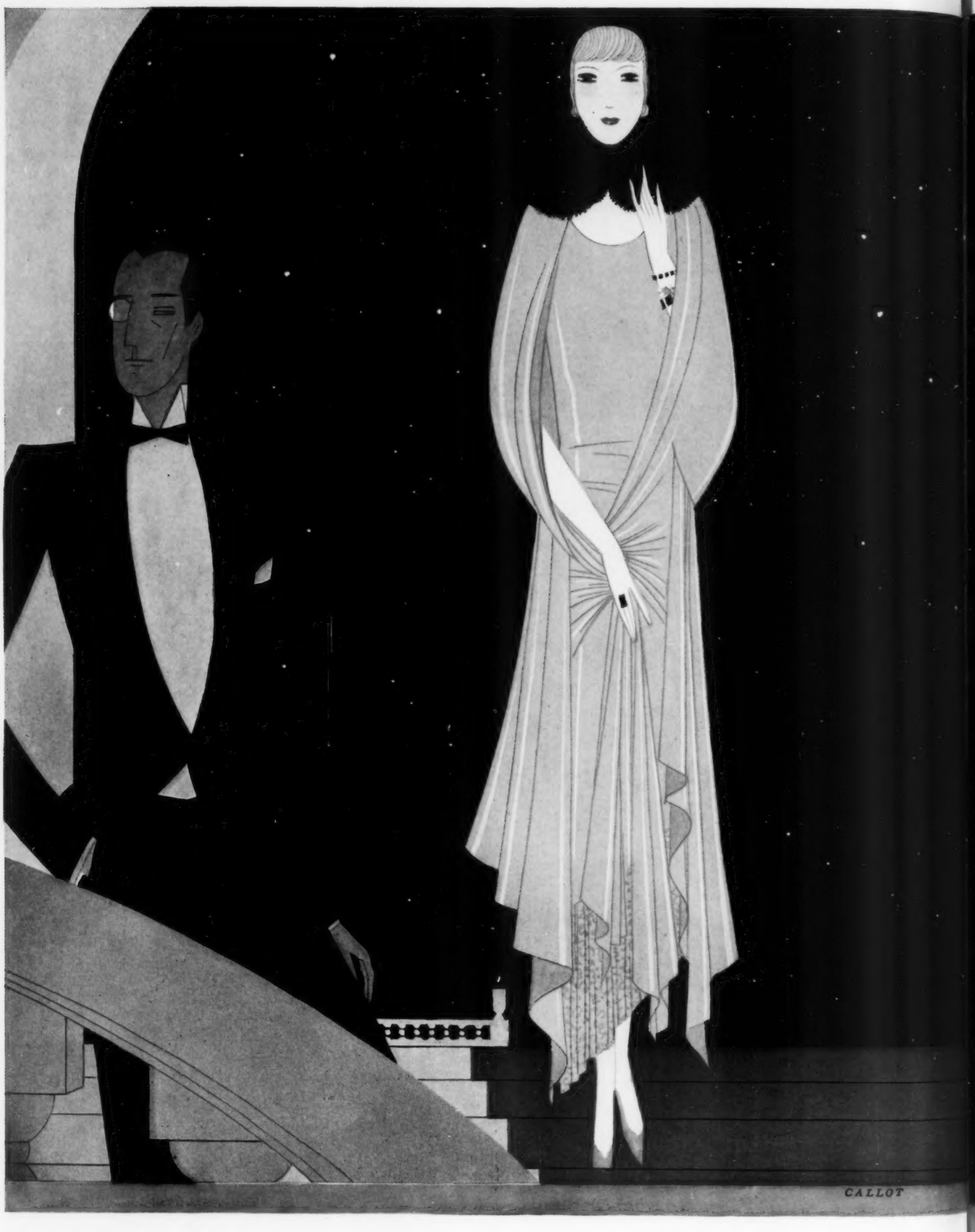
and felt. A close cap of breitschwanz fits the head like a wig, and has long ends attached to the sides, or sometimes to the center of the front. Over this cap of supplest fur goes a rather wide-brimmed hat of felt, cut out here and there to show the fur beneath. The long fur ends are pulled through a slit in the felt in front, crossed in the back, and tied either under the chin or in the front of the felt hat. Or they are brought up over the brim at the sides, crossed, and wound around the crown. The fur cap closely covers the cheeks, coming forward like the two half-moons of hair with which we are familiar. Another interpretation of the same idea is seen in the wide felt hats which Agnès wishes to introduce for formal wear in winter. Under the plain felt brim is a second brim of double velvet, sometimes in a bright color, turquoise or rose or orange, sometimes in putty or beige with a black felt. This second "brim" is set across the back, and is bent down over the cheeks when the hat is worn, giving something the effect of the eighteenth-century lace cap worn under a broad-brimmed straw. The effect is lovely. She is doing the same thing in bright-colored chiffon and fine straw for the big race days and (*Continued on page* 60)

PREMET

A stately evening gown is this heavy satin from Premet, like a La France rose. It has the popular shirred effect around the waist and hips, and its back is particularly interesting. The bretelles coming from the center of the décolleté in front continue in a long line down the back, ending in a novel bow made of double satin oval petals.

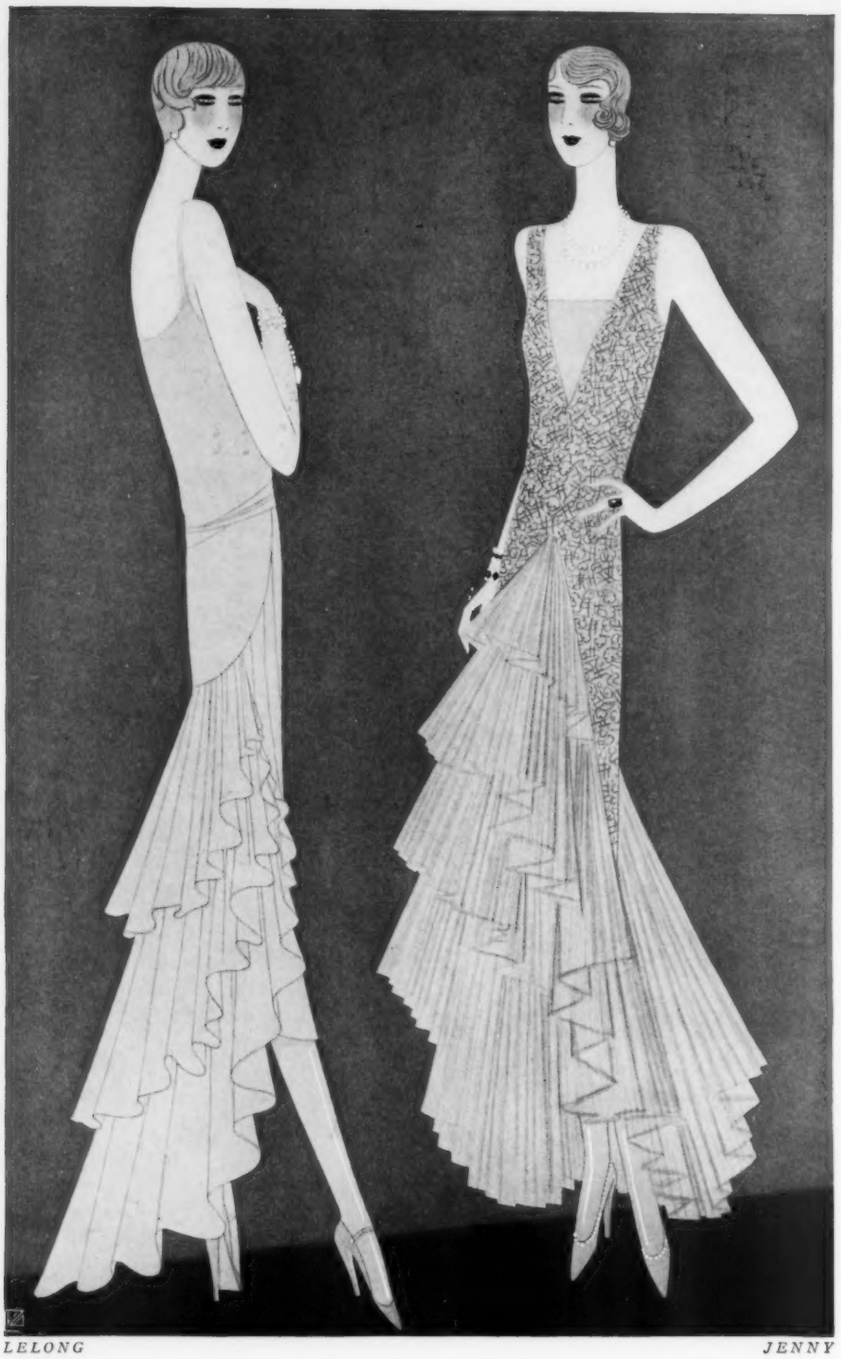
In this frock of black chiffon, Drecoll-Beer features the new higher waist-line, which breaks at the natural waist and defines the hips below by rows of pin-tucks running back and forth across the hips at both sides. The skirt is softly full and slightly uneven, running up a bit at one side and down in the back. White camellias are worn at the shoulder.

DRECOLL-BEER



An evening ensemble from Callot in gold-colored chiffon velvet. The cape is collared in black fox. The gown of princess line and circular fulness is bordered in gold lace.

Lanvin makes an evening frock of mauve crepe satin, a pinky tone, slightly grayed like a dove's neck. The bodice is a loose bolero; the circular skirt ends in a real train.



LELONG *JENNY*

Pale turquoise is chosen by Lelong for this charming evening gown. The front has an apron effect, made by three ovals overlapping each other with circular frills starting from the sides and ending in the train which drags just a little on the dance floor.

Jenny's most unusual evening gown is a combination of gold lace and gold-colored tulle. The princess top forms a deep décolleté in front and descends into a fitted sheath in the back. The full skirt is of triple tulle and barely escapes the floor in the back.

garden parties, to be worn with the plain or printed chiffon frocks that are all the rage.

The third novelty of this collection is the one destined certainly to the fullest success; any one can wear it, and most of us will. Agnès asked the Meyers to weave for her bands of tweed, four or five inches wide, out of which she has manufactured turbans, the bands put together with crochet stitch, with narrow scarfs to match. These are perfectly charming, and will earn their immediate success.

A fourth idea, well worth noting, is the velvet hat, reminiscent of a sunbonnet, which Agnès calls *coup de vent* or gust of wind, for its brim is turned directly off the face, as if blown back, while the velvet comes well down over the nape of the neck in the back. This movement is a development of the "sou'wester" line, which has been conspicuous in our millinery for some time, and which Agnès interpreted as long ago as last summer. In a hat of this kind, the forehead is uncovered, more or less, according to the individual face, and all the weight of the hat is in the rear. The uncovering of the forehead is an individualistic fashion, very becoming to some faces, and anathema for others. When the line is correspondingly extended in the back, as in these new velvet hats from Agnès, the throat must be long and slim, and the lines of the shoulders well-drawn. No woman with a short neck or high shoulders should attempt it. But it can be very graceful when it completes a long, slim silhouette, especially when worn with a gown that is very flat and close-fitting round the shoulders. The velvet is so soft that, though very long in the back, it hugs the neck closely and will probably not interfere unpleasantly with a winter fur collar.

For sports, she likes either neutral or bright colors, coral, scarlet, or deep orange, in felts, with simple trimmings and rather wide brims, flaring at the sides. For the afternoon she introduces tight toques of velvet or satin with immense velvet choux in two colors over one ear. A pretty hat for formal afternoon wear is in supple black felt, quite wide on the right side, while at the left the felt is cut away and

Dœuillet-Doucet have used lustrous flesh colored satin for this closely fitted gown which molds the upper part of the figure. A long diagonal ruffle, which is cut circular, forms a peplum across the front and a long panel almost touching the ground in the back.

Another satin gown from Dœuillet-Doucet is in a deep shade of ivory, shirred slightly at the waist to suggest a higher waist-line which is banded by the material. From this line cascades of the satin fall at the left side-front. The décolleté is square.

DŒUILLET-DOUCET

SANDALARI

Sandalari's evening shoe and bag are a combination of Bordeaux red antelope and Persian brocade.

replaced by an immense petal of black satin in heaviest quality, very wide, and undulating from its fulness. Amusing little felt caps are cut on the forehead into a design, one exactly like a curl sacred to the memory of Della Fox.

Her colors, in addition to the bright tones mentioned above, are frequently black and turquoise, which is a combination that she is fond of wearing herself. Putty and black is another favorite. Gray, beige, a rather bright brown and a middle blue are all represented. She says that she herself has decided to wear nothing but black, brightened with colored accessories, especially ornaments of turquoise, red coral, jade, or lapis lazuli, of which she possesses several sets, including long chains wound many times round the neck, earrings, and modernistic rings. Vionnet is making her plain black satin frocks rather full in front and with the natural waist-line marked by a narrow belt. On the shoulder there is a big buttonhole, through which she will run her scarf, matching these colored sets of semi-precious stones, tying it in different ways to suit her fancy.

I have visited some of the other milliners, trying to get their ideas for fall, but most of them are not yet ready with their collections. I shall have fuller details and sketches to give you in the next number. Maria Guy, for example, is still preoccupied with her summer clients, but she is quite sure that she will continue to make her clever little bérets of Rodier

SCHIAPARELLI — *Drawn in paper-doll fashion by Charles Martin*

stuffs, often soft plaids in kasha, black and white, or black and yellow, sometimes with scarfs to match. She is replacing the eternal grosgrain ribbon on her simple felts with a ribbon of ribbed silk jersey which is quite new.

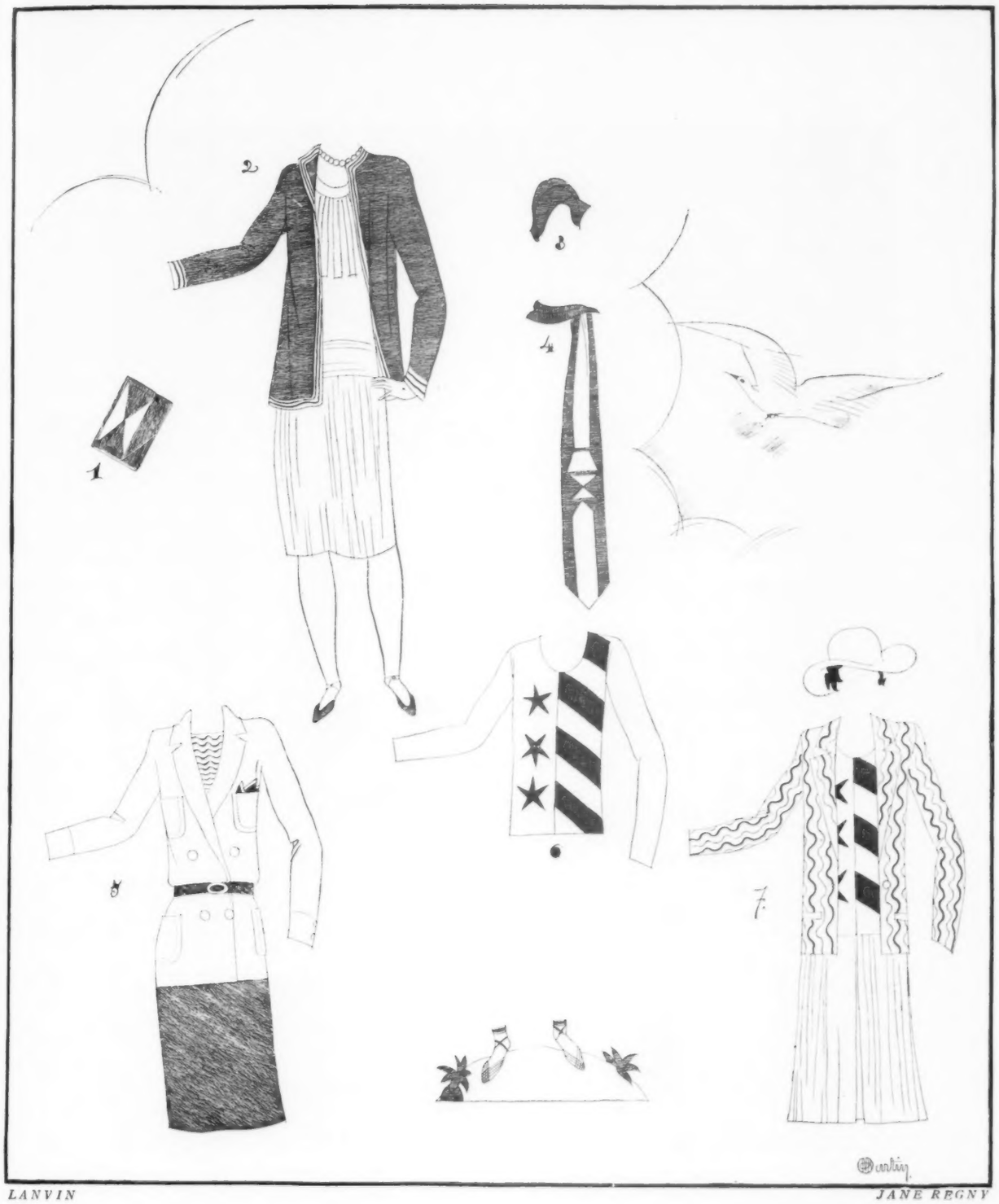
Marie-Christiane is working on a novel hat shape. It is a sort of bi-corne, done in supple antelope felt, often black, for she loves black hats. Over the left eyebrow, the rather wide brim is folded back in a complicated way, forming a sharp point rather to the front on the right side, and another toward the back at the left.

Tallien is just starting her fall collection. She will use felts for morning, close-fitting, with odd points here and there, bending them to suit the individual face. She will also go on with the velvet béret, and she will use a great deal of velvet, especially panne, while her favorite color for the winter is bottle-green. For more "dressy" hats,

Schiaparelli's white cotton jacket, woven to give a silky appearance, is worn with a skirt of the same. The blouse is the grayish cotton bathing-suit worn underneath and the scarf is Turkish toweling.

Worn with the linen pinafore frock shown on the Last-Minute pages is this Schiaparelli jacket created in wide bands of dark brown, canary-yellow and hazelnut beige linen. There are pockets and a standing collar.

A sleeveless jacket of hazelnut brown raffia, lined with bright green tussore, is worn over these Schiaparelli beach pyjamas of bright green tussore. The bathing-suit top is the same shade of green, in jersey.



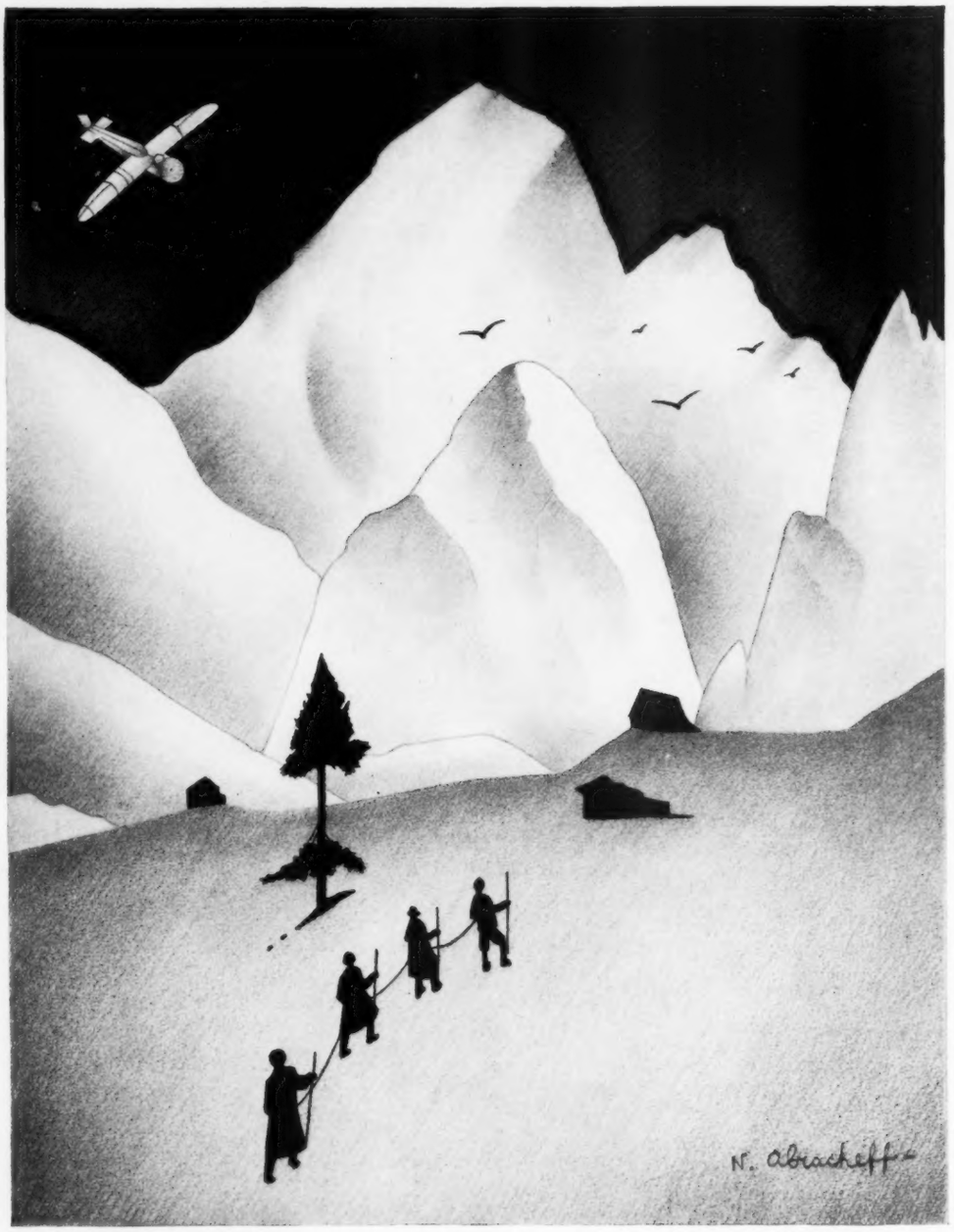
LANVIN JANE REGNY

(1) *Green cheviot and white leather combine in this Lanvin bag.* (2) *The jacket is bright-green cheviot worn over a sleeveless white frock.* (3) *The hat is of green felt.* (4) *The scarf a patchwork of green and white.* (5) *Jane Régny is using heavy, wide-ribbed piqué for little extra jackets, taking the place of cardigans. The one shown has a buckled belt placed high, and four buttons. May be worn with dark skirts and a white blouse.* (6) *Jane Régny's custom-made sweater in red has black stars and stripes.* (7) *She has revived the flannel blazer, sketched in red and black zigzag design. This may be ordered in other color combinations.*

she fancies turquoise, especially in panne. She will also continue the browns, often chestnut shades.

Many of the milliners are making two-colored hats, or even three. Agnès combines black and white and turquoise, for example. Others like black and yellow, black and white, or brown and beige, or two blues. A few make red hats, but red is definitely a passing color. Here and there we find a prune color, or an even darker shade, which might be called "ink." This color should be watched. You remember that Vionnet has used it, and that Augustabernard showed a taffeta evening gown in this shade in her midseason collection.

Interspersed with a quantity of entertainments, both public and private, we have had several special showings to attend. Mary Nowitzky invited us to tea, to see her beach pyjamas for this summer, many of them in linens. She shows them (*Continued on page 98*)



"Swiftly it grew to giant size, and a man looked out and laughed at them, a man whose eyes revealed a joy which only those who climb high mountains can understand!"

A Story by Ernest Poole:

THE MAN WHO CLIMBED ABOVE THE WAR

How new Courage came to a Soldier who Was Trying to Carry on Afterwards

Illustration by Nicolai Abracheff

HIGH up in the French Alps, that night, the air was crisp and clear and still. It was early June, and at Chamonix the large hotels were not open yet; but this one at the end of the street was a small inn for climbers, and some of them had already arrived. Out in front were a few wooden tables and chairs, and at one sat a tall lean Englishman. He wore a heavy army coat, and he sat alone and smoked his pipe, looking up at the great white billowy fields and peaks of snow high overhead, just beneath the sparkling sky. Over a black ridge to the eastward, rose a big, round, yellow moon, and it made a fairy-land up there. He sat very still: his pipe went out, and a wistful gleam showed in his eyes. Then out of the shadows came a young man, dark and thin and wiry; he was a French Alpine guide. He drew near and touched his cap, and in broken English he said:

"Hello, Meester Baird. You remember Pierre?"

The other looked up with a puzzled stare, but the next moment over his face swept a quick smile of recognition.

"Hello, Pierre! Why, yes, of course—ten years ago! You were one of the porters on our climbs!"

"Yes, sir." Pierre was smiling now.

"You were only a youngster in those days!"

"We had some pretty good climbs," the guide remarked, with a genial grin.

"Yes, jolly—quite!" With an almost boyish eagerness, Baird began to question him and to call up the memories; and so for quite a time they talked about those climbs of long ago. But then the wiry Frenchman asked: "You climb this summer, Meester Baird?"

A silence fell. Baird struck a match and lit his pipe.

"No—I guess I sha'n't, this year." The young guide shot a look of keen surprise and disappointment. But the other took no notice of that. "How long since you got your license, Pierre?"

"About two years."

"That's curious. I'd have thought you'd get it sooner than that."

"Well, Meester Baird, it's not so easy any more to get a license for a guide."

"Yes, I know—they put you through some devilish tests. Still, I wouldn't have thought you'd mind—not as I remember you. You were a young devil at climbing, those days."

"There was the War," replied Pierre. "It leaves me in such bad shape, I think I never climb again?"

"It did, eh?" Baird was frowning now.

"I like it pretty good at first—I think it pretty fine War. But then I get too much of it. Big shells raise hell so loud an' long they drive me mad. I get sent back an' put in big gray house back there, with plenty more as mad as me, who scream in night. I was like that. The War was over, but they say I no more good for any work. I better stay. They keep me there." Another little silence fell. Then out of the shadows came Baird's voice: "How did you get back?"

"My mother get me," said Pierre. "That old woman always very strong to do what she decides. She make the priest write letter which say: 'I have lost five sons in War, so you send this one back to me. Maybe I make him man again.' So I come back to Chamonix an' I stay with that old woman alone, in our hut up there. You see?" He pointed to a lonely light high up on the steep mountain side. "Then that old woman get after me hard—all summer an' all winter, too." The young guide's voice sank lower still, and he drew close, as though to reveal some mystery of magic.

"I tell you how she do," he said. "Close by our hut, the path he run along one little ledge in cliff—quite safe, about one meter wide, nice easy path—but on the side, that cliff he drop about two hundred meters down. An' I so scared I can't go on. My legs all shake. I sit right down an' cry like little frightened boy! But that old woman find me so an' tell me I must be a man. I say I don't care what I am—I know I never climb again. She say I must. She walk with me back to the hut an' talk about men in our *famille*. All climb—nobody scared at all. An' now I'm all the man she got, so I must be a man once more! She talk an' talk to me like that. She feed me plenty fine hot soup an' make me have long sleeps outside, while sun shine down an' make me warm an' quiet, so that I don't cry. She make me sleep plenty, too, in night; and sometimes I half open my eyes an' see that old woman stand by my bunk, with her hand strong upon my head. An' she say into my sleep:

" 'You must be a man again.'

"She say that to me many times. An' I don't scream no more in night an' I stop crying in the day. Then at last she take me up that path to ledge, an' she walk right across. 'Now you come to me,' she say, like mother teaching boy to walk. So I try an' my legs shake again; I look down cliff, my head start spin! But that old woman say to me: 'Stop looking down! You look at me! You come! You be a man again!' So I look, an' that old woman's eyes so strong they pull me like a rope! An' I walk over ledge to her!"

Pierre broke off abruptly. His voice had begun to quiver now, and the Englishman was watching his face with a look of hard intensity.

"And after that?"

"And after that, she make me go across that ledge on many days, till I can go quite easy there; an' then, just like small boy in school, she take me to a ledge more narrow—not so easy, not so safe. But that old woman walk across an' make me come to her again. Weeks pass, an' higher up we go—an' one by one she make me try the harder places all the time. I am so tired now at night, I get deep sleep—no dreams of War. At last one day, she say to me: 'Now I can go no higher up. Now you must go on alone.' So I go on alone or with some of my friends—an' we make so many climbs next year that at last I am a man again! I pass all tests for Alpine guide an' get my license! I am glad! Glad to be in snow once more! I climb 'way up above the War—an' I don't have to think of it now!"

"You're lucky!" said the Englishman. Wholly absorbed in his account, Pierre had paid no heed to the

(*Concluded on page 130*)

THE HEARTH FIRE

By BERTON BRALEY

LOVE is a hearth fire in my heart
Glowing with many hues
That flame and fade, dwell and depart,
Crimsons and golds and blues.

Crimson of passion, gold of dreams,
True blue of Loyalty,
With these my quiet hearth fire gleams
And warms the heart of me.

And you who set the blaze alight—
Thoughtless and unaware—
Will you not share it? 'Tis a bright
And pleasant fire to share.

SOCIETY GOES OUTDOORS FOR ITS AMUSEMENT

PICTORIAL PRESS

Miss Patsey J. Morris, the daughter of Mrs. Waterbury Morris, at Newport.

PICTORIAL PRESS

Mrs. M. Vanderbilt Church accompanied by Mr. Sydney Smith at Belmont Park.

PICTORIAL PRESS

Mrs. Robert McAdoo wore a very chic ensemble to the Belmont races.

INTERNATIONAL

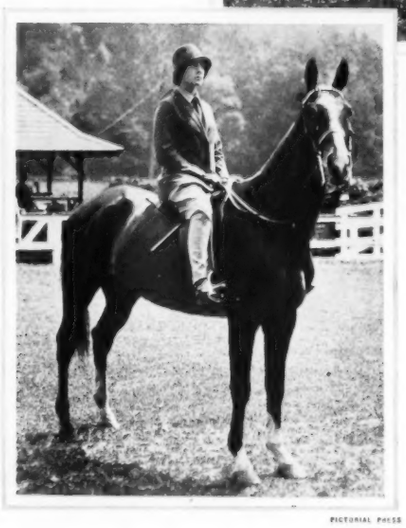
Mrs. William Randolph Hearst, jr., on her way to Bailey's Beach, Newport.

Mrs. F. Charles Fellowes Gordon is seen at the Tuxedo Park Horse Show.

PICTORIAL PRESS

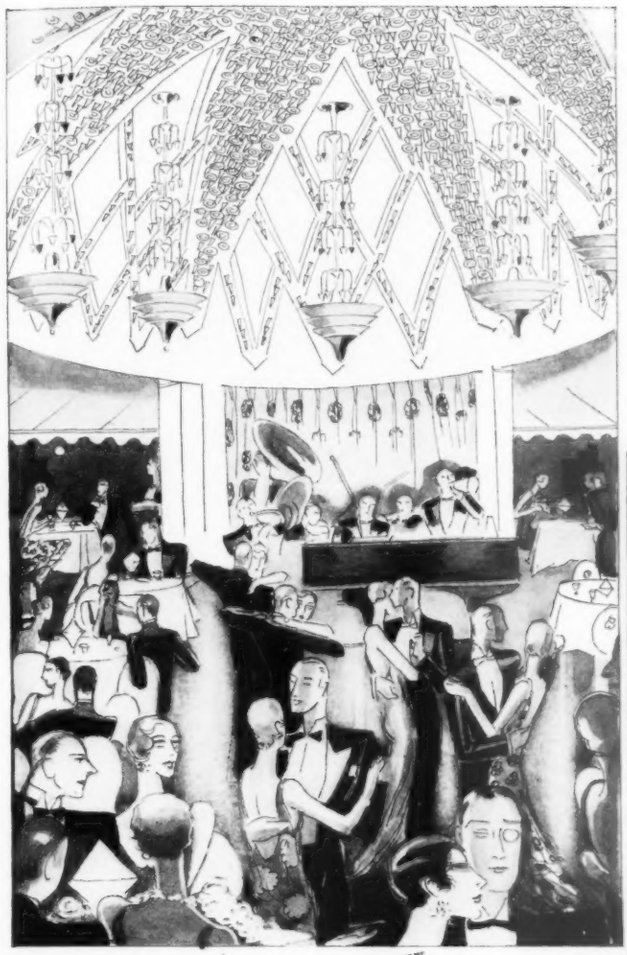
INTERNATIONAL

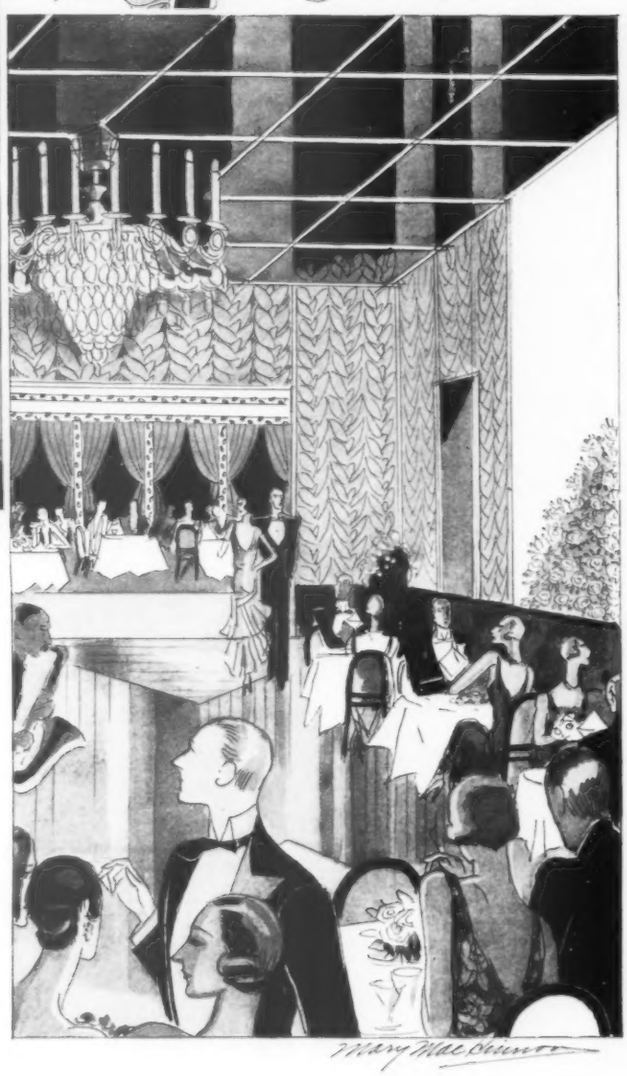
Miss Pyrma Tilton and Mr. Townsend Philips at Newport.



PICTORIAL PRESS

Miss Rita Mitchell skilfully exhibits her mount, "Hershey."





Drawn especially for Harper's Bazar by Mary MacKinnon

THE CENTRAL PARK CASINO

Conducted by a socially prominent committee along the lines of the internationally celebrated open-air restaurants of that Parisian woodland paradise, the Bois de Boulogne, the new Central Park Casino, in New York, has become the undisputed rendezvous of the smart Gothamites these torrid midsummer evenings. Handsomely decorated by the magic brush of Joseph Urban, the opening night at the Casino was made eventful by the presence of such representative Mayfair notables as Mr. and Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt 2nd., Mr. and Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel Biddle jr., Mrs. William Randolph Hearst, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Minot Amory, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Shipman Payson, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Cooke Cushing 3rd., Mrs. Eugene S. Reynal, Mrs. Geraldyn Redmond, and Mrs. Tiffany Saportas.

By Frederick L. Collins:

"There, at the foot of the Verdugo hills, is a modest café where you may dine al fresco"

DINING ALONG THE GOLD COAST

Even the most Casual Visitor Marvels at This Land of Epicurean Delights

Illustration by Erma Paul Allen

LUNCHEON at the Restaurant Victor Hugo in Los Angeles draws as large and very nearly as smart a crowd of women as the same meal at the Berkeley in London. And for the same reason: anything on the bill, and as much as you wish, for a *prix fixée*.

The last time I was there, Luigi, my favorite waiter, served me a seventeen-course luncheon, of his own choosing, divided in the best Eugene O'Neill manner into two gargantuan parts.

First came the chafing-dishes: four of them at four separate times, beginning with sweetbreads and kidneys, followed by huge stuffed tomatoes, spaghetti Italian, and chicken *à la King*. Next came the great silver bowls bulging with salad: lettuce and anchovy to re-whet the appetite; then, combination salad, rich in artichoke hearts, followed by separate bowls containing beet, celery and shrimp salads.

Accompanying these dishes were cold joints of every conceivable variety: two kinds of ham, a rare roast beef and a well-done roast beef, a veal loaf, and the thinnest and reddest of salamis. After that, the smiling Luigi brought me two country eggs, poached and served cold with vinaigrette sauce—and, on being urged, presented a bill for one dollar and twenty-five cents!

It is a charming village, *Pueblo de Nuestra Señora la Reina de Los Angeles*. A bit wicked, perhaps. Due, we are told, to the climate, the glorious climate of California. I am not so sure. Crime in Los Angeles is undoubtedly traceable to this seventeen-course Victor Hugo luncheon, which is so good that honest, God-fearing, Christian men and women commit murder, arson and theft to get a dollar and a quarter to pay for it. I myself would much rather be a crook in Los Angeles than an honest man anywhere else, if only I could eat nothing but sandabs as they are cooked and served in this memorable restaurant.

There could hardly be two such gastronomic playgrounds in one city—and there aren't, though Miller's Lafayette and Henry's are close seconds. But there is a hotel restaurant life in Los Angeles which is different from anything else in the world. Sandabs in the Cocoanut Grove at the Ambassador, fileted and fried in butter, may not be so intriguing to the gourmet as the same little fishes would be at the Victor Hugo; but perhaps they are more so to the tourist; for food at the Ambassador or at the Beverly Hills is invariably garnished with celebrities and seasoned with stars. It adds a sauce to any dish to eat it—if you *can* eat under such circumstances—with Jack Gilbert on your fork side and Elinor Glyn on your knife.

The Biltmore is less like a mob scene in a Cecil de Mille picture, but it keeps five dining-rooms of varying sizes, kinds and prices well and profitably filled. And such rooms! There is no hotel in America so richly beautiful as the Los Angeles Biltmore. The main dining-room, with its noble columns, (*Continued on page 102*)

A Story by Mona March Goodwyn:

WOMAN IN YELLOW

In which a Bouquet of white Violets Becomes strangely Significant

Illustration by Henry Raleigh

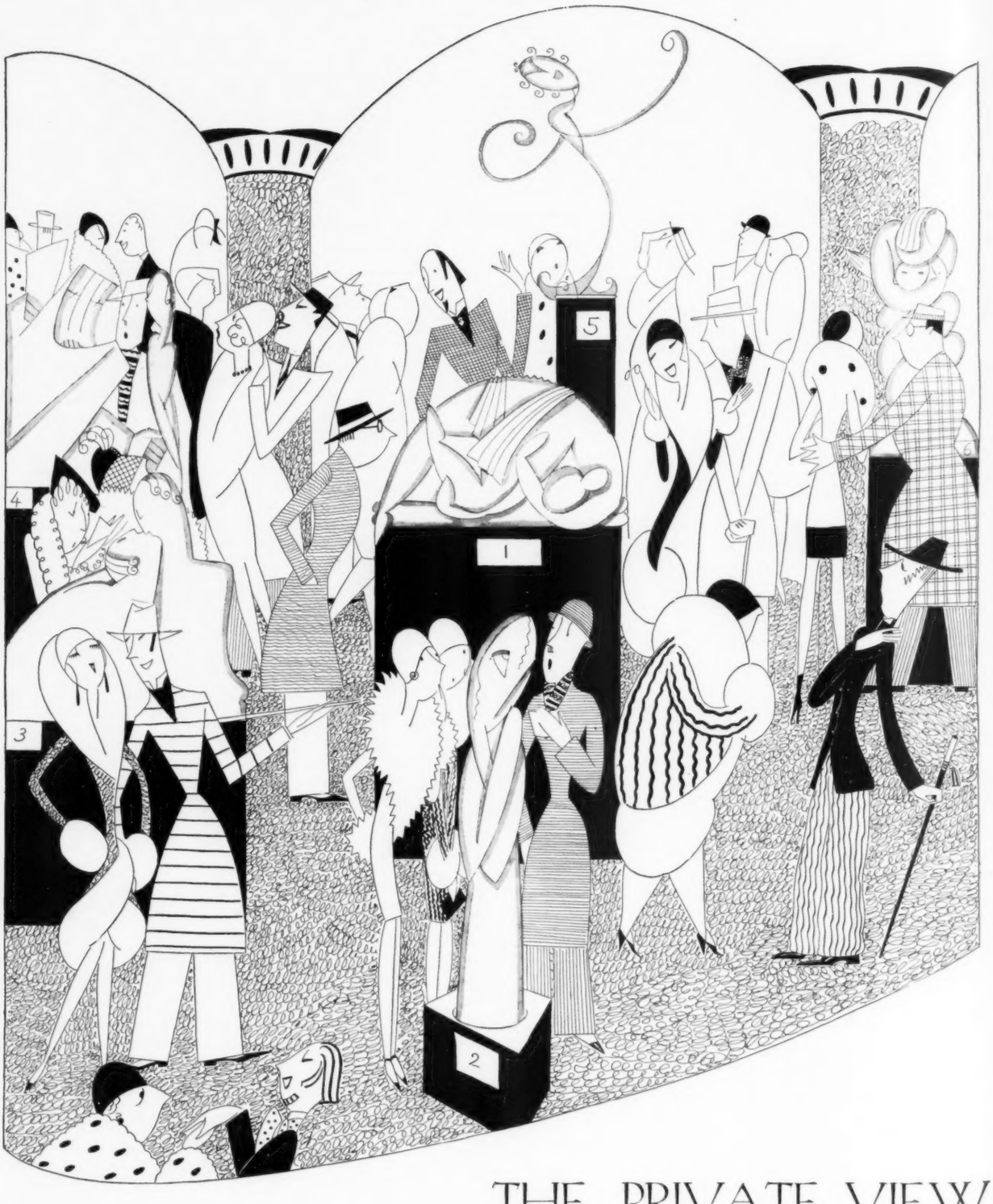
WHEN Richard Callender's wife came into the room, he always stopped short what he was saying, drew together his theatrical black brows, and studied her in exactly the same way he studied his portraits of her. To-night he was standing in the lower hall with Paul Hemingway and Paul's wife, Dorothy, who had been invited to dinner to meet Rosamund. Paul was one of Richard's most ardent critics and Richard knew that he had a lively curiosity concerning his wife. The curiosity was natural enough, considering the rather amazing portraits she had posed for.

Richard was saying in his dramatic voice, "One always waits for Rosamund," when he heard her close the door of her room and move toward the stairs. As her foot fell on the top stair he paused. It was a pleasant moment. He liked watching his guests' faces when they first caught sight of her, to see their little controlled gasp. She was wearing her jade tulle gown that made her look as though she had risen out of the sea, and had never had any vulgar traffic with flesh and blood.

"My dear," said Richard Callender, and he made one of his perfect gestures toward the stairs, "we had almost given you up. I was about ready to agree that you were simply a superstition."

She paused, one (*Continued on page 113*)

"Richard liked watching his guests' faces as they first caught sight of Rosamund."



THE PRIVATE VIEW

Drawings by FISH

I

WHERE paintings mutely beg the praise
Which critics weigh before they render,
Be quick to spring some vivid phrase
Like "opulent chromatic splendor;"
When sculpture seems a trifle coarse,
Applaud its "rude, dynamic force."

II

IMPRESS the throng with "rhythmic sweep,"
"Staccato verve," or "epic fervor,"
And when you're in a bit too deep
Swim out upon this life-preserver:
"However, Art, you comprehend,
Is but a Means to reach an End."

III

HERE comes a lass with escorts twain—
A brace of cognoscenti those are;
The maid of *beaux arts* is not fain,
But well that maiden knows her beaux are,
And so her safe and simple line
Is, "Exquisite!" or "How divine!"

AND WHAT TO DO

Verses by ARTHUR GUITERMAN

IV

A WORK with charm be sure to damn
As bourgeois, Babbittish and banal;
Whatever needs no diagram
Dismiss as crude as cotton flannel,
And don't admit that you can't see
What any freak is meant to be.

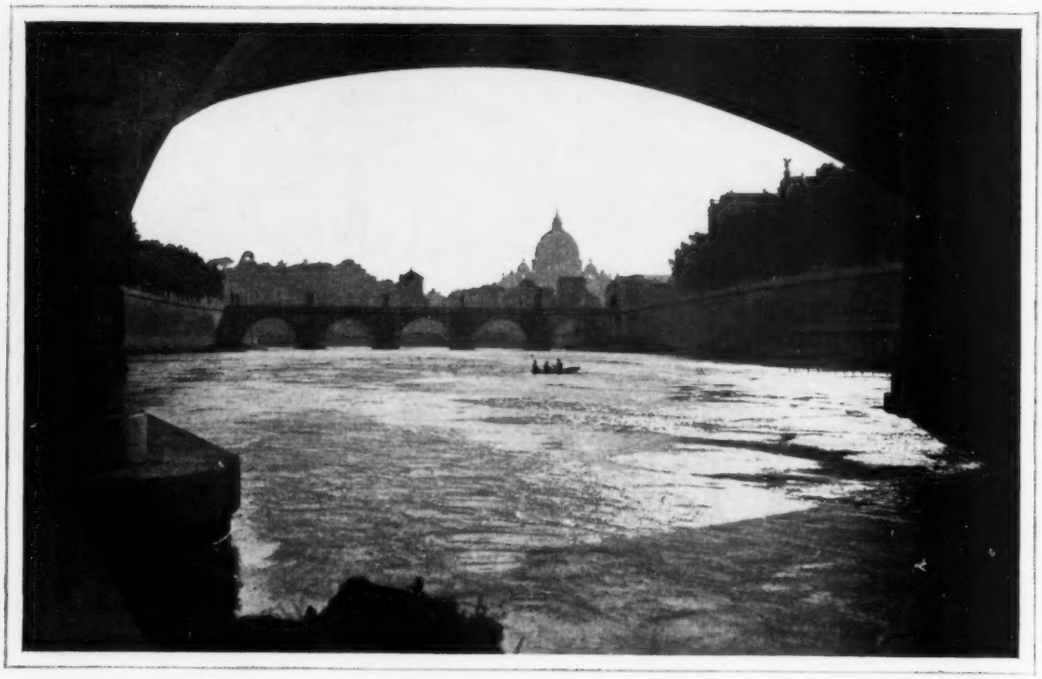
V

SO, heedless groundling, do not pass
This Prodigy, but read the title,
For what you deem a shapeless mass
Is vibrant, vigorous and vital;
A heap of junk is orthodox
If labeled "Erebus and Nox."

VI

STILL, note yon nymph with blubber lips,
Retreating forehead, eyes that see not,
Wasp waist and elephantine hips;
Oh, what care I how fair she be not!
There's yet no law to make one live
With what they term "a Primitive!"

By the Duchess of Sermoneta:



BROWN BROS.

How mysterious is the charm of Rome by moonlight.

THE SOCIAL BRILLIANCE OF ROMAN WINTERS

The proud Traditions of Centuries Govern the Fashionable Functions of To-day

(Conclusion)

EVERY year, about the middle of November, I returned to Rome where my husband had already preceded me, as we rarely traveled together, and took up my abode on the second floor of Palazzo Caetani for the whole winter. This program never varied from the year I married until soon after the death of my father-in-law in 1918. I always hated Palazzo Caetani, with its gloom and dirt, and all the discomfort I had to put up with helped to embitter the best years of my life. It is sad to think of the countless marriages in Italy that have turned out badly and unhappily owing to the old-fashioned custom of young wives having to live with their parents-in-law. My husband and I were very fond of each other, and could have been so happy in a home of our own, but he was dominated by his father and mother and never dared to break away, though he saw how miserable they made me. The Duke and Duchess never forgave me for not being the American heiress they had hoped for as daughter-in-law, who would have brought more gold into the family coffers and been suitably impressed by the family history. I had very little money, and, as a Colonna, was not at all awed by the Caetanis!

I suppose when a family feud has gone on for so many centuries, it really gets into one's blood. The Caetani Pope, Boniface VIII., was struck in the face and dragged off his throne by Sciarra Colonna, on September 7th, 1303, at Anagni, and a few days later died of a broken heart.

Whenever I had received more than my daily share of snubs and pinpricks I used to shut myself up in my room and sit with my face in my hands, saying to myself over and over again, "Never mind, Sciarra slapped Boniface!" And after some time I was quite cheered up again.

BROWN BROS.

H. R. H. Queen Elena of Italy.

When my husband's second brother, Roffredo, the only one of the boys who was never kind to me, married an American heiress, I was made to feel by the old people that he at least had done the right thing, and every sort of hint on the subject became my daily bread. She was given all the comforts I had been refused, and her child was pampered where my poor little boy had been neglected, even to the detriment of his health. But the American heiress was not so long-suffering as I was, in spite of the favors she enjoyed, and after two years, Palazzo Caetani knew her no more. With the determination characteristic of her race she compelled her husband to follow her and they now spend their lives between Versailles and Deauville!

Happily, I had high spirits in my youth, which rose quickly after the severest rebuffs, and in spite of a good many troubles and tears shed in the privacy of my room, I managed to lead an interesting and agreeable life, and sometimes even to be happy.

People often ask me whether Roman society has changed during these last years. I really don't think I see much difference. Of course, some people have vanished and some houses are closed, but then new hostesses have appeared and another generation has sprung up, and it seems to me that life continues on very

much the same lines as before. The diplomatic corps was more prominent socially before the War; the disappearance of the two Austrian Embassies has certainly made a gap, and the type of agreeable young secretary, or attaché, of various nationalities, who used to be a great resource for hostesses, is now as extinct as the Dodo.

I remember when Maurice Baring was secretary in Rome, busy accumulating all the material which he used for "Cat's Cradle" and other delightful novels in after years, and charming us all by his agreeable conversation and ready wit. Reggie Lister was also the perfect type of worldly diplomatist, cultivated and amusing, and later on his nephew, Charles Lister, son of Lord Ribblesdale, was a great favorite with everyone in Rome. He was one of the many brilliant youths fated to die in the War. Lord Lascelles was also at the embassy for two or three years, and was a great friend of us all.

He was one of the first to teach me bridge, as I wanted to be amused when I was convalescing from my bad riding accident. I am always grateful to him for his patience, as this best of card games has proved such a solace to me in after life.

The British Embassy has always been a great feature in Rome, and ever since I can remember I seem to have been the link connecting it with the real Romans. What a long succession of ambassadors and their charming wives I have seen in that hospitable abode in Via Venti Settembre, with its beautiful gardens and shady ilex groves!

When I was a little girl I went to children's parties there given by Lord and Lady Vivian, and was very friendly with their twin daughters, Violet and Doris. The latter eventually married the famous general who commanded the British forces during the war, and is now Lady Haig.

The next ambassador was a bachelor, Sir Clare Ford, and he did not entertain us children as far as I remember. When I first grew up, Lord and Lady Currie reigned at the British Embassy and were particularly kind and affectionate to me. She wrote charmingly under the name of Violet Fane, and had a passion for bric-à-brac and Pekingese dogs, while he was very handsome and distinguished.

Sir Edwin and Lady Egerton followed, and were all kindness and hospitality. She was a Russian and very much attached to her own country people, so in those days there were almost as many Russians as English at the embassy parties, and a lot of good music, as Lady Egerton was very musical.

BROWN BROS.

The late Dowager Queen Margherita.

ANDERSON

Old Roman statues impressively decorate the Colonna Gardens.

Lord Bertie and Lady Feo Bertie came next, and cards became the principal pastime at the British Embassy, as Lady Feo loved bridge and poker. Sir Rennell and Lady Rodd, who succeeded the Berties, were already old friends of ours, as Sir Rennell had been in Rome several years before as first secretary. They received indefatigably, and among other entertainments gave a large fancy-dress ball in 1912 which was the feature of that particular season. Fancy dress was obligatory for all the guests, who on arrival took their places on raised seats round the ballroom, while carefully prepared groups of various periods made effective entrances, welcomed by the Ambassador in the costume of Sir Walter Raleigh.

With the splendid pluck that has made England the country she is, Lady Rodd decreed that the whole staff of the British Embassy should represent the various gods of Olympus, while she should be Juno herself throning in their midst. Her group was the first to enter the ballroom, amid the awe of the assembled guests. They took their place on a raised platform at the end of the room from where they acknowledged the homage of the other groups that followed, and surveyed the proceedings. A lighter note was struck by the entrance of some woodland nymphs, the lovely daughters of Marquis d'Alcedo, who were chased by a prancing satyr complete with horns and tail and gray fur, an effective disguise which hid Gerald Tyrwhitt, then attaché at the embassy, and now Lord Berners, the well-known composer.

There was a most striking Milanese group, representing Gian Galeazzo and Beatrice Sforza and their suite. The rôle of Galeazzo was taken by the present Duca Sforza, and many of the components of the group represented some ancestor of their own, and wore magnificent costumes copied from family portraits. It was interesting to note how the present Italian type lends itself to the dresses of the Renaissance period, and men who usually seemed insignificant in modern clothes assumed real dignity and character in the costumes of their ancestors. My sister, Marchese Chigi, who as a Colonna and a Chigi had nothing to do with Milan, took part in the group all the same for the sake of being with some intimate friends, and looked lovely as Bianca Sforza.

There were some exquisite costumes in an eighteenth-century group, as Conte Mazzarino lent some authentic dresses of the period that are preserved in his palace at Palermo, and that are real gems of old brocade and fine embroidery. To a lover of beautiful things it was a real anxiety to see those almost unique relics of another century, which ought to have been in a glass case in a museum, worn by careless young people who danced all night!

Perhaps the most interesting group from the historical point of view was mine, as I represented my ancestress, (*Continued on page 138*)

A Story by L. A. G. Strong:

THE DRESSING-GOWN

Wherein a Birthday Present proves to be the Straw Which Breaks the Camel's Back

JUDITH moved about the tiny kitchen of the flat, singing to herself. She had put on an apron with pink ribbons, and she was making a salad. A clock on the mantel-piece pointed to twenty-one minutes past two, and Judith was seeing for how long she could go without looking at it. She had to duck her head every time she turned in that direction; and smiles flickered across her face at the quite ridiculous difficulty.

At last, telling herself that she must have at least five minutes in which to get ready, she looked up. It was silly to count on the exact hour, because when you have fifty miles to come by car, you can't turn up to the minute. Still, when Miles said half-past two, he meant it.

For once everything seemed in conspiracy to give them a good day. She had found out by accident that Robert would be away that Thursday till late in the evening, so that she was able to tell him quite casually that Miles was coming over, before he told her he would not be there. Moreover, there was an excellent, bona fide reason for Miles' visit. He was bringing her his and Eileen's delayed birthday present.

"Oh," Robert had said, when she exclaimed over the letter, "I sha'n't be back. I've got a board meeting."

"What a shame. Can't you possibly—will it keep you late?"

"Late-ish."

She risked a quick glance. He was looking down at his plate.

"I say, that *is* hard luck. And it doesn't look as if he could manage any other day . . ."

She looked back at the letter. The great rock upon which everything was based was that Robert was very fond of Miles. As soon as they were engaged, he had been insistent for her to meet Miles and Eileen, and he had worked up the friendship for all he was worth. The four of them had been for a Whitsun holiday together, and once, when he had to be away, he had packed her off to them for the week-end.

So that, really, he had himself to blame for the whole thing.

She looked at him again, warily. He knew that they were on exceedingly good terms, of course. Miles always made a point of flirting with her in front of him. Eileen would laughingly pretend to be jealous, declaring she would have to console herself with Robert; and the flattered Robert would grin, uneasily. He was too vulnerable as yet to enter whole-heartedly into such chaff.

A RING, followed by a soft double rattle of the letter-box. Miles managed to make even the most insignificant things characteristic. She flew to the door.

"Oh, Miles!"

She forgot all knowledge of her surroundings till they were in the sitting-room, and he was gently disengaging himself.

"Now then. Wouldn't a certain pretty little girl like to see what we've brought her?"

She could hardly bear it while he unwrapped the parcel, doing it extra carefully to tease her. Then from its wreaths of tissue-paper appeared what she had for so long been wanting: a marvelous man's silk dressing-gown, long, full, rich, resplendent, so big that she could wrap it right round her like a blanket, so long that it hung gleaming right to the ground. Ever since she saw Miles', she had coveted one more than anything else in the world.

"Miles! You darling!"

"It's from Eileen, too," he reminded her, laughing at her delight.

"You darlings," she amended; and proceeded to testify her gratitude to the available member of the partnership.

"Let me put it on. Let me see myself in it."

She was in front of the long glass in her room.

"Oh, Miles."

"Now," Miles was saying as they finished their supper, "don't *overdo* the solicitous wife, when he comes home."

"No, I won't."

She was watching him adoringly, not taking in half he said. The hours had flown so fast.

"I mean, if you welcome him too rapturously, he'll smell a rat. You don't want him to think you've had so good a time that he's getting the backwash." He looked at her hard. "He isn't suspicious yet, is he?"

She roused herself to consider the question properly.

"I don't think so. He has nothing to go on."

"He's a queer chap. Always was." Miles was crumbling some bread. "He used to keep a thing bottled up for weeks, and then come bubbling out with it."

"I'm not afraid of him." She gave him a brave smile.

"No more am I," he rejoined quietly. "But we don't want to worry the poor old thing. I mean, after all—"

"I know."

"POOR darling Robert. You must be tired." Don't overdo the solicitous wife, don't overdo the solicitous wife. "Come in and sit by the fire. Can I get you anything?"

"No, thanks," he answered briefly. "We dined late."

She had his slippers ready, for after all there was no sense in underdoing things. Robert unlaced his shoes, slid them off with a grunt, and sat back in the deep, low chair.

"How about Miles?" he asked presently. "Did you have a good time?"

"Yes, lovely. He was frightfully disappointed not to see you. And—oh, Robert—I *must* show you what they've sent me for my birthday."

She ran to the bedroom, trying hastily to see in the glass if she was blushing, but the orange-shaded light was no guide.

"Look." It hung resplendent over her arm. "Isn't it lovely?"

Without turning, she spread the shimmering thing out on the sofa. The light glissaded softly down its shot expanse.

"Yes. It is a beauty."

There was an effort behind the words, an unwilling admiration. She played with one of the tassels, not daring to look at his face. The qualm she had felt gave way to swift irritation. What right had he to grudge his praises? He knew nothing. It was just his sulky, unwilling temperament, his reluctance to be enthusiastic about anything he had not originated. He had always been like that, Miles said, though he tried hard to hide it, and hated it in himself. It was mean to be angry with him, for he had often confessed, his head on her breast, a contrite bear.

"Yes." He was fighting with himself, trying to sound more cordial. She could hear the roar of the battle. "It certainly is nice. It must have cost them a pretty penny."

"Oh, Robert, I know. They oughtn't to, really. I don't like the idea of their spending all that money on me." That had been well done, the swift turn of the head, the quick concern in the voice. "But—" she came and sat on the arm of his chair, "it *is* rather lovely, isn't it?"

He asked a few desultory questions about the afternoon, and then (*Concluded on page 100*)

REVENGE

By DOROTHY CARUSO

THEY'VE locked me in the closet
To teach me to be good.
I did the things I shouldn't
An' didn't things I should.
It's awful dark an' spooky
An' camphor hurts my nose.
But I don't mind, 'cause here they keep
My Daddy's evening clothes.

I put on first his coat with tails,
It's trailin' on the ground.
I had to roll the trousers up,
An' wrap 'em twice around!
I have his high hat on my head,
An' white kid gloves, an' cane.
I bet they'll never lock me up
In this old place again!

By Rebecca Stickney:

YOUR PRIVATE BEACH

May be Made a Wonderful Out-door Room

The black and white canvas beach furniture, gay pyjamas and Southampton sombrero are from Macy's. The English game of Badminton is one of the popular beach diversions to be found at Abercrombie and Fitch.

GONE are the days when a frilly parasol, a steamer rug and a pile of carelessly flung cushions, a novel, and a box of chocolates covered every detail of comfort for a short siesta on the beach. Gone—along with stockings for swimming and pink and white porcelain doll complexions. Now whole mornings or whole afternoons, sometimes whole days, are spent in the briefest of costumes, toasting one's skin a rich café au lait, rubbing in specially prepared oils to guard against sunburn and insure an even coat of tan. And what is more heavenly than feeling the delicious warmth of the sun enveloping your tired body? Jangling city nerves relax like magic, as blissfully off you go into an endless series of cat-naps. Of course, the vitalizing effect of the full ultra-violet rays of the sun in direct contact with the body is tremendous. These rays never reach us through the smoky layers of atmosphere over a city, except in a very dissipated form, and the fact that then they must penetrate one's clothing makes their beneficial value practically negligible. And so it is that science has taught us to use the summer months, the southern winter months, as veritable life-savers, when our over-tired frames may absorb golden sunshine and store up surplus energy against the terrific toll which modern life exacts from our nervous systems.

Whether your strip of beach be narrow or wide, there is everything literally under the sun to make it attractive, comfortable and amusing—in other words, really livable day in and day out. The last word in luxury is your own cabaña modeled like the charming cypress ones in Florida. These little cabins bring every convenience of living quarters to the beach and make a marvelous base of supplies for all activities. The most ideal ones have at least two dressing-rooms, an inside living-room, and a porch facing the water. If a cabaña is too elaborate a proposition, Macy's offers a practical outfit which is at the same time very smart looking. It is a modernistic group of beach furniture, made of startling black and white canvas (or orange and green). The large umbrella, with bright red pole, has flaps which may be hooked on and snapped together, forming a good-sized tent, and the square canvas rug boasts an attached pocket in one corner with a *(Concluded on page 143)*

The fastest motor-cruiser afloat, Mr. Harrison Williams' Whim III., built by Consolidated, and credited with over fifty miles an hour.

AUTOS OF THE SEA

THE COMMUTER-CRUISER'S PLACE IN BUSINESS AND WEEK-END

By CURTIS PATTERSON

EIGHT forty-five. Any summer morning near New York. The switchboard girl and her boy friend from the export end of the Trans-Oceanic Trust are yawning their heads off on the forward deck of the Staten Island ferry. They envy wholeheartedly the President of the Board; at that moment their fancy paints him being quietly wakened, to the twitter of birds, the scent of lawns, the sweet coolness of his estate at Roslyn.

The eight-nine from Westport is just tearing through Mamaroneck. Two junior executives from the publicity department of the Trans-Oceanic Trust are trying to snatch short naps. They also envy wholeheartedly the President of the Board; in the camera obscura of their minds he is leisurely finishing his toast in the cool brick shadow of his country house.

At precisely that moment a low, lithe, intensely powerful and femininely graceful motor-boat, southbound in the East River, slows from forty to thirty, to twenty miles, to maneuvering speed. She glides to an easy landing in the New York Yacht Club dock. Ashore steps the President of the Board. The next man off is his secretary, with a bulging dispatch case full of finished business—business just finished, during the run of an hour or so down from Roslyn. With him are a few friends, perhaps his wife or daughter.

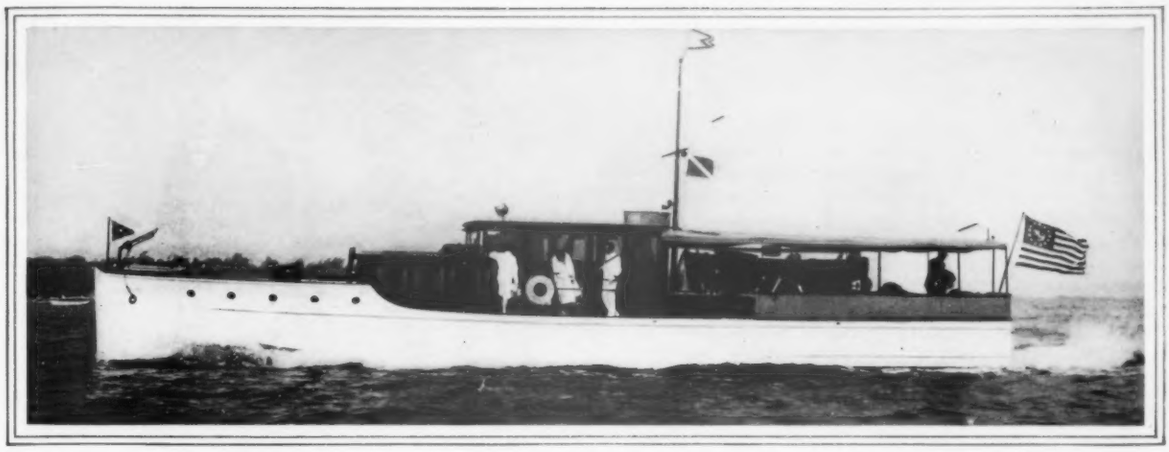
Imaginary? Not at all.

He is only the first of a daily procession of Presidents of Boards at the landing of the New York Yacht Club at the foot of East Twenty-sixth Street, of the Montauk Yacht Club at the Campanile, foot of East Fifty-second Street, and of the Columbia Yacht Club in the Hudson River at Eighty-sixth Street. In the full season they even dock the overflow at the Battery.

I clocked the arrivals at the New York Yacht Club landing recently. It was good motor-boat commuting weather. Sweltering for the city. Just nicely warm for the country. Back of me was the gallery afforded by the patients of Bellevue Hospital. In their faded pink pajamas and bathrobes they blended gently with the faded pink bricks. Eight-thirty on a beautiful morning, and a

ALL PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROSENFELD

Little Viking, a 70-foot Consolidated commuter-cruiser, owned by Mr. George F. Baker, jr., and a splendid example of the type. Here seen in the Thames River on the day of the Yale-Harvard regatta.



The 68-foot a. c. f. commuter-cruiser Hermit owned by Mr. Thomas N. McCarter. Showing the characteristic "underslung" profile of the new model motor power boat.

decorous silence was observed by all. Unobtrusively service was gathering. The Dock Captain and attendants.

At eight-forty-two precisely, the first approaching motorboat was heralded by the wide up-starting wedge of water which means movement at speed. At eight-forty-five it made fast to the dock. By that time another and another and another had come in sight. They approached with the regularity of a fleet of destroyers, spaced as closely as traffic would permit.

Nine o'clock was the peak. A well-ordered soft-voiced hurry, with attendants carrying hand luggage to waiting cars, doing things to ropes, alloting berthing space. By nine-twenty a sudden ending of arrivals. The captains' yard was full of four-stripers, acting as if they had not seen one another, and would continue to see one another, like this all the mornings of the summer. Stewards went into the beehive of telephone booths, looked reflectively at the nine black tin signs giving the telephone number, each of them, of the only best fruiterer, butcher, and poulterer on Manhattan Island, and then telephoned to an unadvertised fellow countryman.

Several million dollars' worth of speed and grace, of polished brass, copper, and monel, of mahogany and teak, of white paint, and gray paint, and black paint, and coquettish emerald—and of the most powerful marine engines of their class afloat, rest quietly until the three-thirty exodus begins.

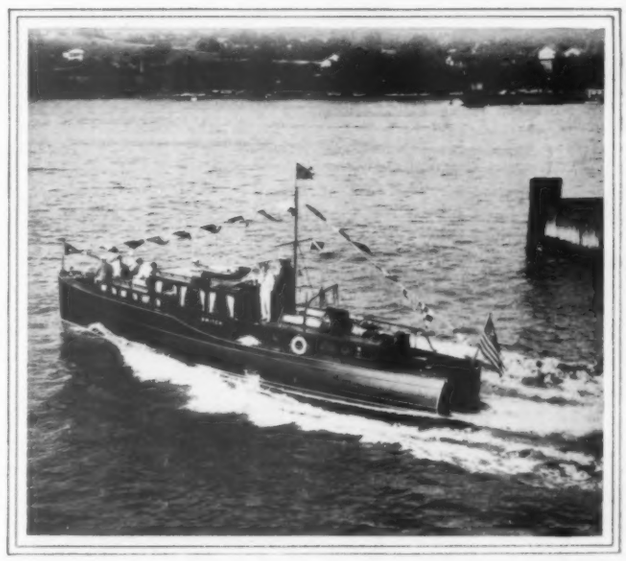
Not all of the owners had devoted the trip in to their secretary and a business pre-view. Those who have are ready. They have adjusted their minds to the speed with which they will be called upon to make unexpected decisions. They come ashore with the assured stride of men who face their telephone calls and appointments with an easy conscience.

All of them have had an ideal prelude to the day's adventure, whether this be the acquiring or spending of money—or social contact. An unhurried, refreshing ride, cool, comfortable, at high speed, and with no traffic complications. Which are among the reasons why so many of the women of their family ride with them.

Consider the motor power boat of twenty years ago. It was small, smelly, dirty, and uncomfortable. It connoted overalls and the use of mechanic's soap to loosen graphite under fingernails. To-day it can be a segment of one's country house or city apartment. It frequently is. Such trifles as marble-lined bathrooms and the ability to dine guests in luxury and completeness comparable to one's best ashore. Decorators do the interiors.

Twenty years ago when men used motor power boats they used them alone. It was a man's sport. To-day fashionable women use them as readily as they do a car. And in much the same casual fashion when their road to anywhere lies over the water.

Consider the Yale-Harvard regatta off New London—probably the largest general assemblage of things floatable of any event along the Atlantic coast. It is there one may realize most completely that a new medium of transportation is here and accepted almost before we are aware of it. What the internal combustion engine has done for rapid transit along the concrete of the land road has been paralleled along the more fluid, less crowded waterways. (*Concluded on page 136*)



Mr. Harold E. Talbott's 55-foot Switch, a commuter on business days, one of the throng of boats at New London on Regatta Day.

Mr. Charles S. Payson's 88-foot Saga, one of the newest members of the commuter-cruiser fleet registering from New York.

Here is the younger generation's interpretation of the popular rumble seat coat, made of alpaca wool, a heavy pile fabric in a warm tan shade. The collar may be made quite snug and windproof. Best.

This little girl wears an imported navy blue sweater over a plaid wool skirt, topped by a classic type of navy blue chinchilla reefer coat, lined with scarlet wool and trimmed with brass buttons. From Best.

A quite dressy little smock made of printed Liberty silk, with round yoke and short sleeves. The colors are old blue, rose and sage-green, and the pattern is like a quaint and old fashioned picture. From Best.

An imported English smock of crepe which may be had in all colors. It has a deep, heavily smocked yoke, elbow sleeves, turnover collar and tie. From B. Altman.

A practical ensemble for the small girl. Of Nile-green jersey with plain green cardigan and skirt, the jumper banded with horizontal stripes of salmon pink. Altman.

This quilted silk coat comes in all sorts of delightful color combinations. The one shown here is of navy blue crepe de Chine with a green lining. B. Altman.

A cunning little sports outfit for the small girl, from Saks-Fifth Avenue. It consists of a lisle sweater with stripes of brown and yellow and matching socks, worn with plaited yellow crepe skirt.

A three-piece ensemble for the slightly larger girl. There is a sleeveless yellow jersey cardigan, white jumper with yellow sleeves and bands and a yellow skirt partially plaited. Saks-Fifth Avenue.

This party frock of peach crepe has short sleeves, tiny smocked sections to supply the fulness and incrusted bias bands of the same shade of satin. For dressy afternoon events. From Saks-Fifth Avenue.

SMART YOUTHFUL APPAREL FOR ALL TIMES OF DAY

A brother and sister suit from Franklin Simon. The boy wears a white crepe shirt with pink shorts; the girl a coat of pale pink faille crepe with matching crepe hat.

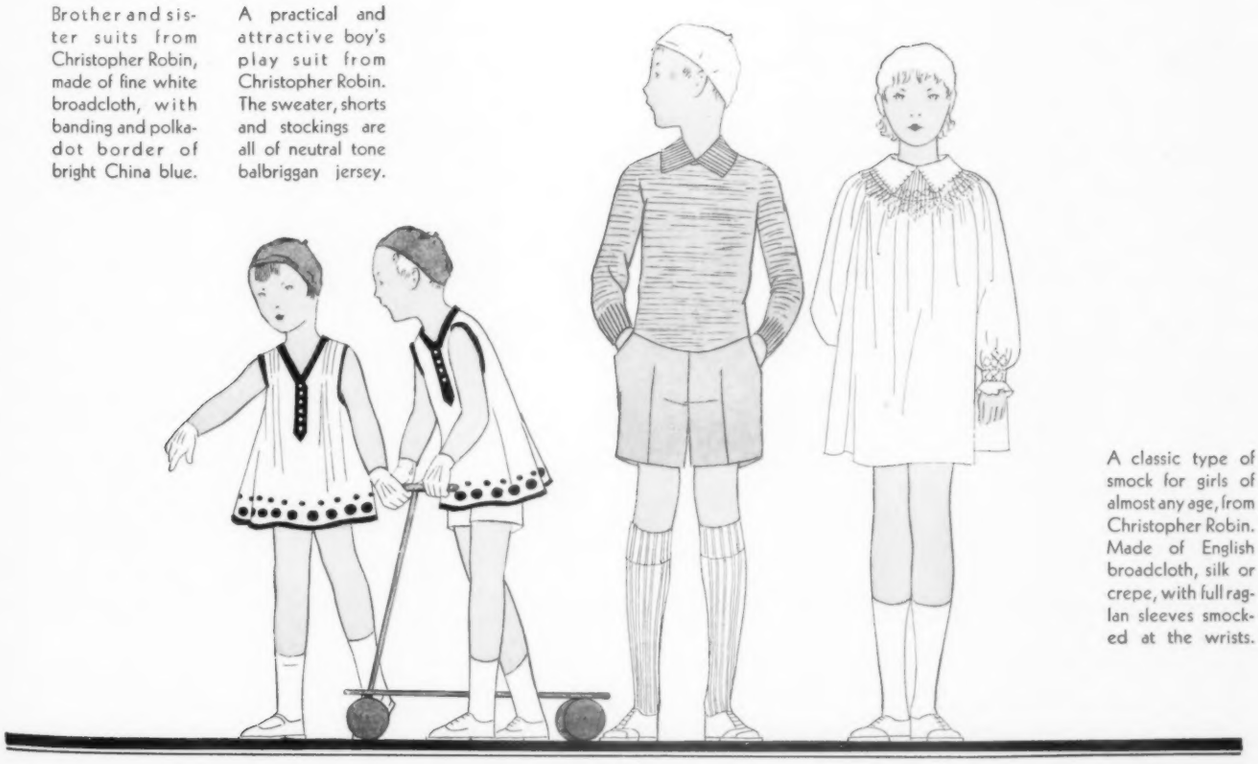
A smart riding costume. The jodhpurs are rust-brown with leather reinforcements, worn with a tan tweed coat, beige shirt and brown hat. Franklin Simon.

An ideal outfit for rainy days is this rubberized crepe raincoat in a pinky shade of tan, with hat to match. The double-breasted coat has patch pockets. Franklin Simon.

PROPER CLOTHES FOR SPORTS AND OTHER IMPORTANT EVENTS

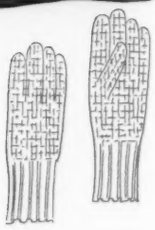
Brother and sister suits from Christopher Robin, made of fine white broadcloth, with banding and polka-dot border of bright China blue.

A practical and attractive boy's play suit from Christopher Robin. The sweater, shorts and stockings are all of neutral tone balbriggan jersey.



A classic type of smock for girls of almost any age, from Christopher Robin. Made of English broadcloth, silk or crepe, with full raglan sleeves smocked at the wrists.

Pin and cuff-links, with hunting design, and stock, from Dobbs.



Low-crowned bowler in hunting weight. Imported string gloves. Dobbs.

Fawn-colored breeches and Oxford coat for hunting. From Busvine.

CORRECT HUNTING DRESS

WITH A FEW NOTES ON RIDING CLOTHES

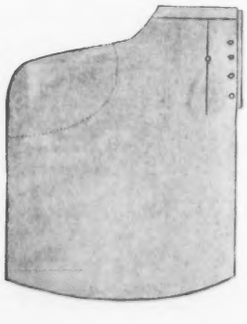
BY MARY FROST

NEW hunt clubs are springing up everywhere, people are riding who never rode before: some who realize, and some who do not, that the traditions of the chase demand proper accouterment. Yet, there is lack of available authentic information for all, and especially for the novice.

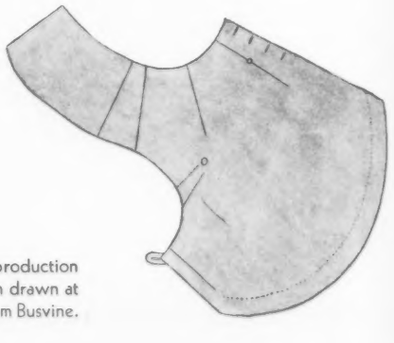
The part that tradition plays in hunting dress must be understood. As Mr. Thomas says in his fine book, "Hounds and Hunting Through the Ages," "The wearing of special hunt uniforms is an ancient custom from which certain conventions or precedents have developed through the ages and change but slowly through the years for many reasons, notably, suitability and custom."

If not alone out of respect for the traditions of the chase, then out of courtesy to the Master, the hunting woman must turn herself out with due regard to the effort expended in maintaining the hunt organization. She must consider the time, money and effort a day's

A sports apron, smaller than the regulation riding skirt. Busvine.

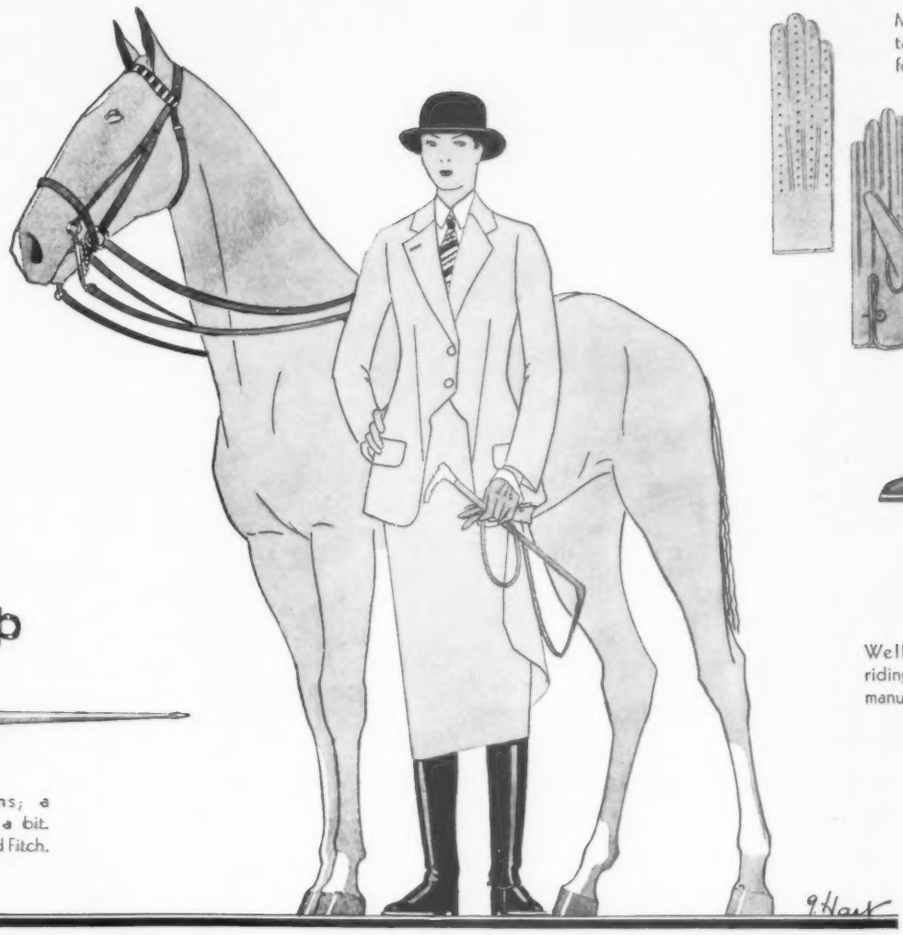


Shirt in light-weight wool with separate silk collar. Busvine.



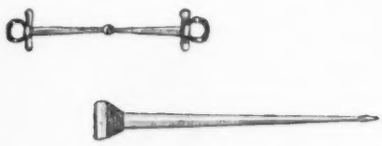
A flat reproduction of the apron drawn at the left. From Busvine.

Navy blue melton habit with well-cut short coat. Hertz.

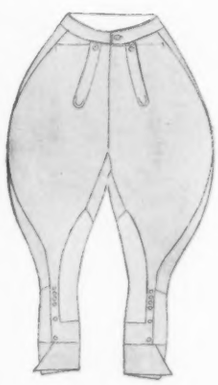


Meyers heavy Wales tan riding glove; perforated back. Altman.

Well-shaped black riding boot of English manufacture. Faulkner.



Gold stickpins; a horseshoe nail; a bit. Abercrombie and Fitch.

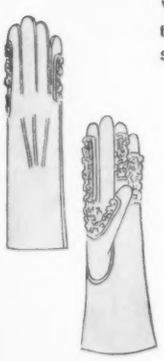


hunting implies on the part of the Master and on the part of those who have put years of their lives into making the country, breeding and conditioning the horses and evolving the pack to its present point of perfection. She must realize the labor and effort that keep the stables and kennels and saddles in the pink of condition. She must see hunting as a fine art; she must feel herself a unit of the hunt as an organization, and be proud of looking a part of the picture.

The hunting costume is essentially a uniform. So long as we hunt in the conventional English manner, we cannot hope to improve on adopted English attire, which allows small leeway for individual flights of imagination. Dressing for Western riding must not be confused with dressing for hunting with an organized pack; each is suitable to its surroundings. Flapping soft hats, colored shirts opened at the neck, sleeveless coats, and so on, make you look like a caricature, and hardly like a smartly turned-out woman.

I am not going to discuss the relative merits of side and cross-saddles *per se*. So far as looks go, a great many women hunt astride both here and in England. To my mind, it is all a matter of personal preference. However, unless a woman has a boyish figure and very slim legs, side-saddle will be much more flattering to her. There is no doubt that the side-saddle habit gives a woman great allure. It is, besides, a costume she can wear with distinction at any age. (*Concluded on page 122*)

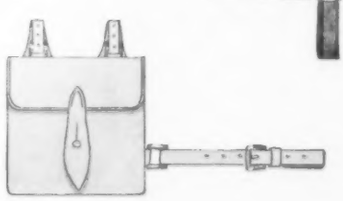
Hunting waistcoat of black and white plaid. Abercrombie and Fitch.



Weatherill cavalry twill breeches; hand sewn; excellent cut.

An excellent riding spur of solid nickel. Abercrombie and Fitch.

Cowhide canteen, sandwich box and a flask. Abercrombie and Fitch.



Chamois gloves, reinforced with string. Abercrombie and Fitch.

Hunting crop; elk-horn handle; kangaroo lash. Abercrombie and Fitch.

DELIGHTFUL FROCKS TO AUGMENT A DEPLETED WARDROBE

Bonwit Teller imports a two-piece afternoon frock of black satin from Patou. Narrow ruchings of white Val lace form a tiny gilet and edge the round neck. The deep bodice is held about the hips with button-trimmed shirrings.

A delightful summer frock is this one, designed in the Salon Moderne of Saks-Fifth Avenue. The fabric is beige crepe de Chine printed with a fine red and black check. Alternating godets and groups of tucks furnish fulness.

Most wearable is this black crepe dress from Mrs. Franklin, the skirt made with two diagonal flounces of fine plaiting, the upper one at the front only. A double scarf attached at the back of the neck may be worn in several ways.

NEW PARIS IMPORTS GIVE THE FIRST HINT OF CLOTHES FOR AUTUMN

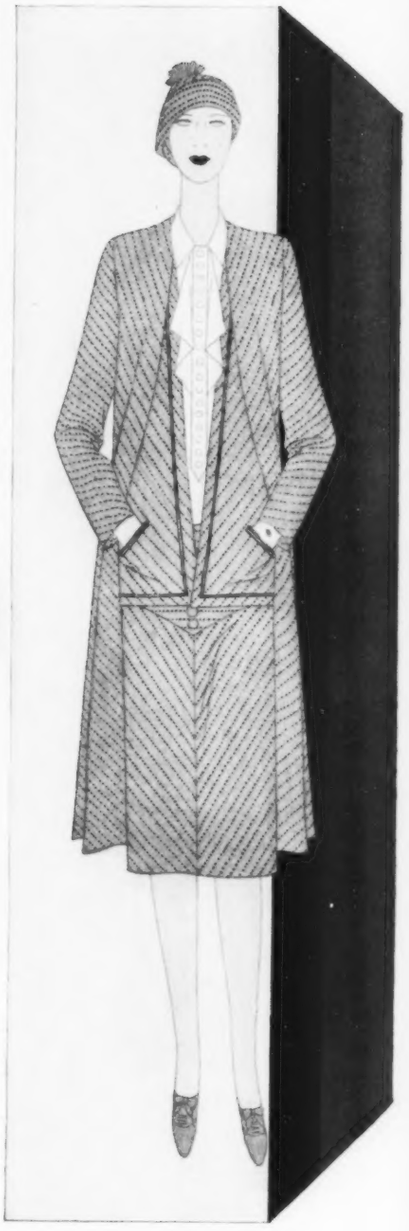
Typical of its maker, Vionnet, is this charming frock imported by Altman. Fashioned of satin crepe in a grayish cactus-green, the lustrous side of the fabric is used for the body of the dress, with an asymmetric collar of dull crepe.

Wanamaker imports from Renee a dark red crepe frock for afternoon. Shirrings are used to give a tightly molded hip-line and to lend interest to the sleeves. The skirt has front and back panels with full circular side sections.

This gray plaid crepe de Chine is one of Louise-boulanger's favorite media. She has used it diagonally in this attractive afternoon frock which Wanamaker imports. The cowl neck ties with a narrow string cravatte at the front.

A delightful sports ensemble of tweed woven jersey in tones of green with horizontal stripes. The full-length coat has turnover collar and gauntlet cuffs of grayish lapin. The long jumper of plain chartreuse ondemoussa has incrustations of the tweed in zig-zag design. Skirt fulness is introduced by three godets. Frances Clyne.

Hattie Carnegie imports from Jane Regny a four-piece sports ensemble. The stripe of the tweed jersey is used to achieve interesting diagonal effects. The long, collarless coat, the cardigan and skirt are all piped with the colors of the tweed—yellow, green and brown. Worn with a blouse of green ninon, and a tweed béret.



Frances makes an ensemble of midnight blue faille, trims the long coat with huge collar and bands of kit fox and lines it with dark blue kasha. Shaped pieces trim the coat and give interest to the sleeves. The close-fitting matching felt hat has a chenille-bordered face veil attached.

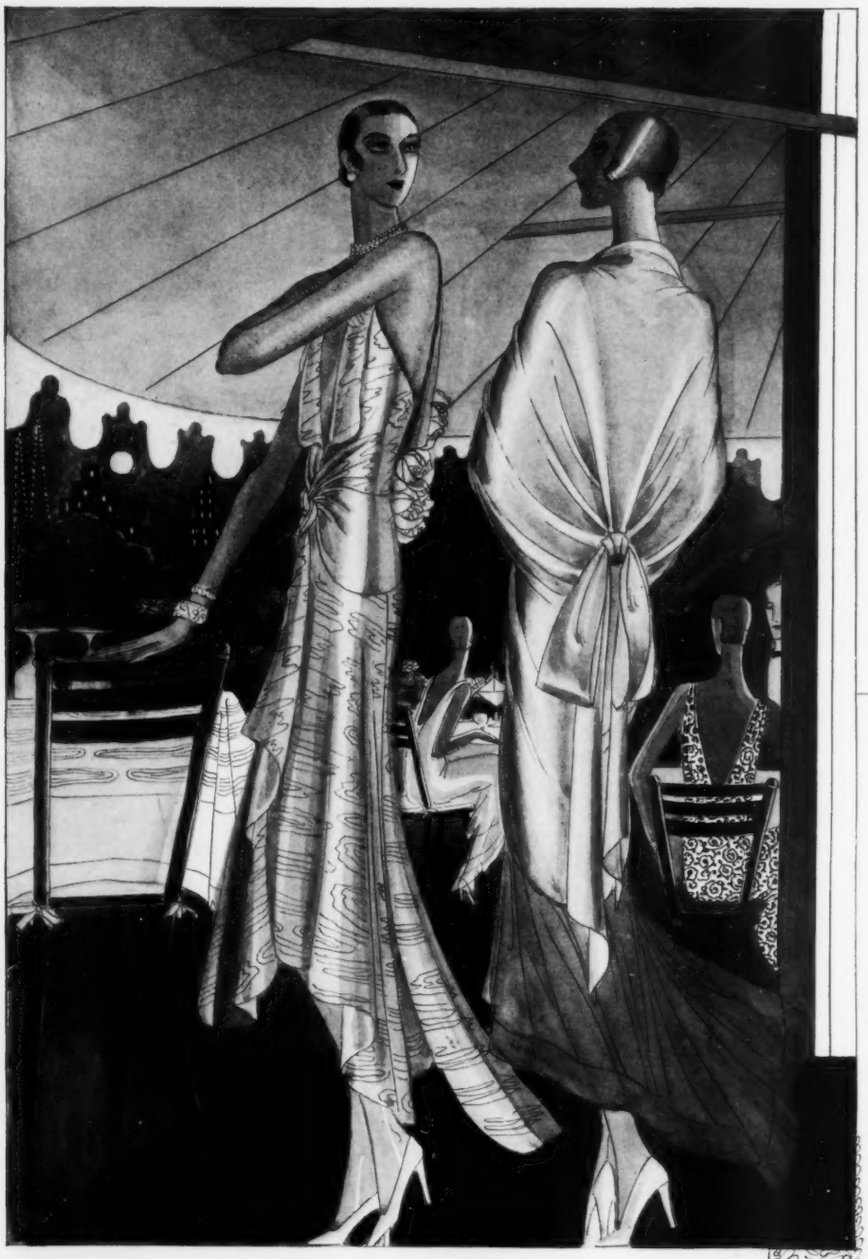
ENSEMBLES IN NEW INTERPRETATIONS

A daytime ensemble for early fall wear is one from Henri Bendel, in which a straight-line cape of cinnamon brown lapin is combined with tweed in a tan and brown mixture, the latter fabric being used for a dress as well as for the cape lining. The putty-colored felt hat is from Florence Walton, and imported by Henri Bendel.

Frances Clyne imports a dark wine red satin crepe afternoon frock from Vionnet. The bloused bodice is weighted at the center back, giving the effect of a loose bolero. The circular skirt is drawn toward the left hip, concentrating the fulness there and culminating in a huge bow.

This mustard-colored crepe ensemble from Herman Patrick Tappé is designed for more formal wear. The inset plaitings on the skirt are repeated on the three-quarter length coat, giving the effect of a two-tiered skirt, and again on the sleeve which flares at the hand. The black balibuntl hat is trimmed with yellow grosgrain.

SMART UNITS FOR SUMMER WARDROBES



A delightful afternoon frock for the very young person is made by Poiret in a colorful flowered chiffon with borders and vestee of plain white chiffon. The skirt, which is very uneven in hem-line, is plaited all the way around and the wide collar gives a becoming neck-line. Bergdorf Goodman.

Chéruit makes a charming evening frock for the young girl in orchid colored moire. The tight-fitting bodice is twisted into a flat knot in the center of the front, giving a high waist-line, and three huge peonies in harmonizing shades are placed in the back. From Bergdorf Goodman.

A simple white satin evening cape, very jeune fille in effect, comes from Kurzman. It is quite short in the front and long in the back, making it a particularly graceful wrap to wear over the gown with an uneven hem-line. The soft folds are gathered in with a large bow of the satin.

CHARMING NEW APPAREL FOR THE YOUNG PERSON

An unusually smart fur coat in dyed brown caracul. It is reversible, being lined with a lovely soft brown woolen mixture, a Rodier fabric, and is just as chic when worn with the fur inside. The Rodier material is smocked and used on the cuffs and pockets, and there are woolen ties. Kurzman.

Lanvin makes an extremely good-looking sports costume in a heavy woolen material. The flared skirt, which is set on a yoke, is a deep rich brown and the little straight jacket is yellow. The tuck-in blouse is silk in a slighty paler shade of the same yellow. From Lord and Taylor.

This Vivian Porter two-piece frock is an excellent daytime costume for the college girl. It is made in a heavy blue woolen fabric with a herring-bone weave. The blouse, which is edged in red, has sunburst tucks in the front and the back. The belt is also red. B. Altman.

THE JEUNE FILLE CHOOSES HER FIRST FALL CLOTHES

From the New York Shops

Narrow silk scarf in navy and white from Kargère.

Red, green and black thin wool scarf and bag. B Altman.

Pale pink linen fitted bag; white clasp. From Nat Lewis.

Low-backed jersey swimming suit in navy and red. Kargère.

Shoe and bag in Java lizard and black calf from Delman.

Veronica E. Kelly

Gray, blue ombré monogram letter paper. Brand - Chatillon

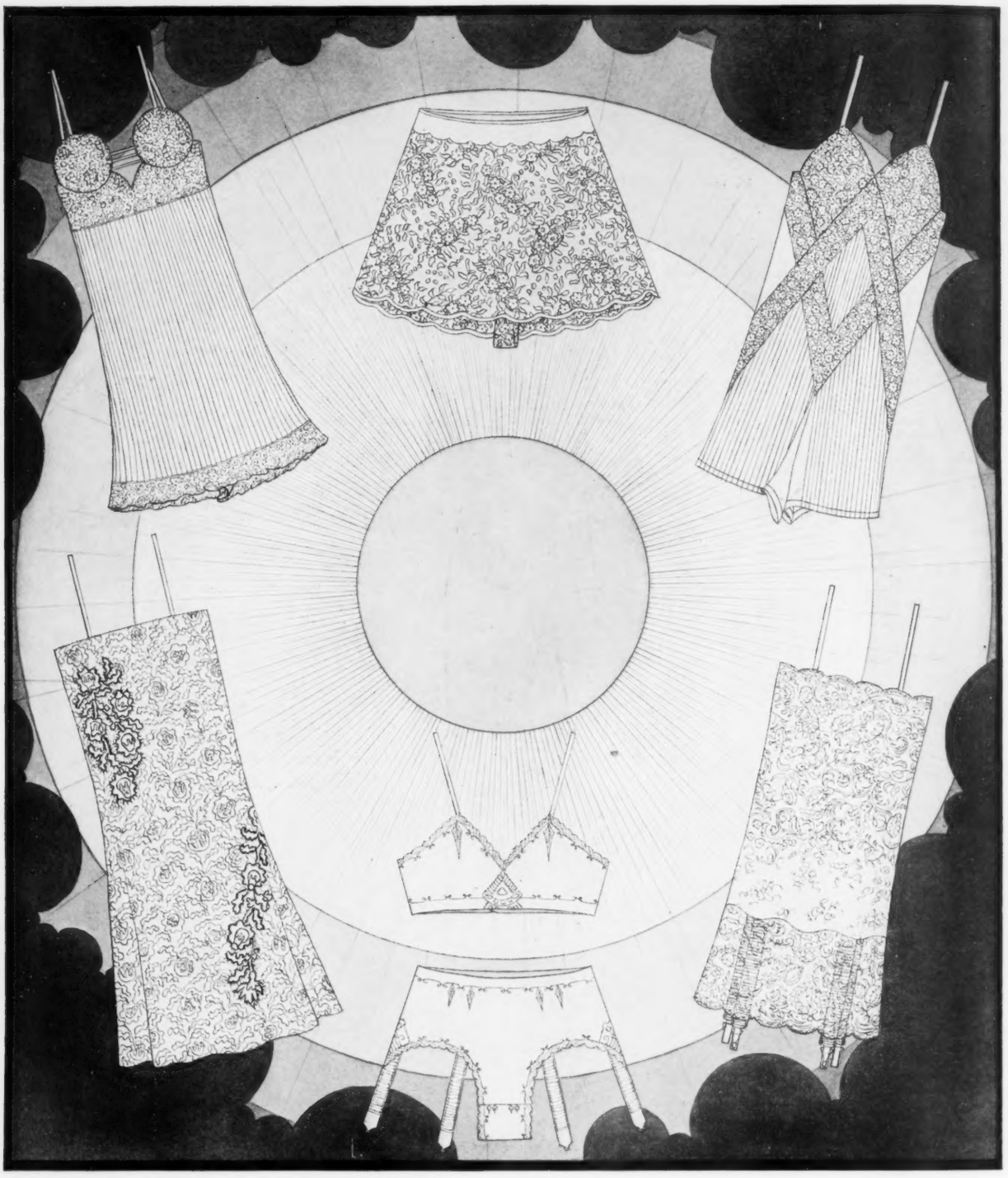
Beige calf envelope purse; black enamel clasp Nat Lewis.

Worth evening gown; two shades gray tulle Henri Bendel.

Natural baku: band of orange dyed ermine. Made for Mrs Morgan Belmont by N Gibson Clark.

Brown wooden beads alternating with green crystal B. Altman.

Brown suède shoe; brown calf trim; solid leather heel. Shoecraft.



LINGERIE FOLLOWS THE CHIC PRINCESS LINES

Daisy Garson makes this charming chemise in pale pink ninon trimmed with Racine Alencon lace. It has a very low back and a well-molded brassiere.

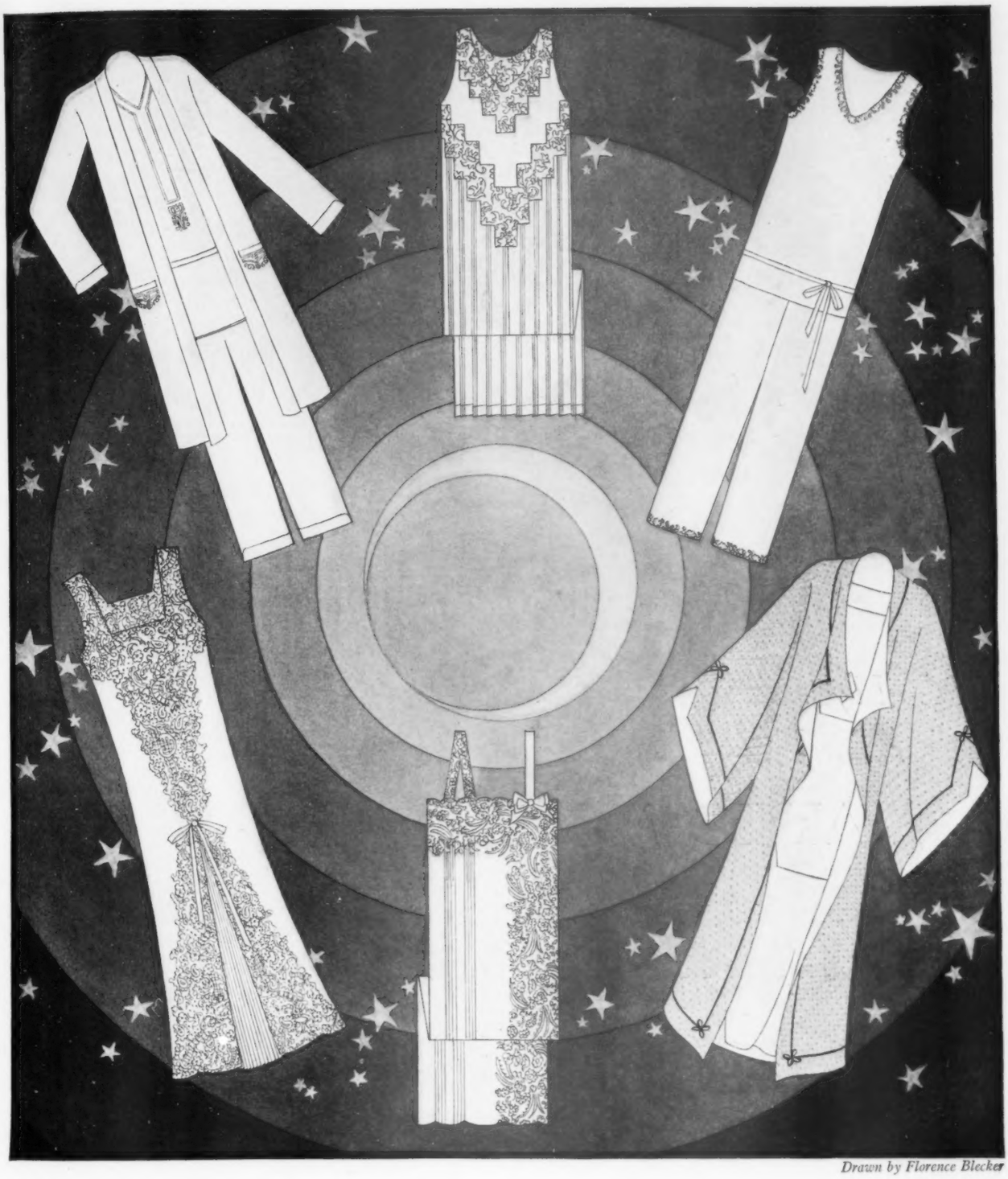
A slip of all-over Alencon lace with a rose design appliqued in satin and Turkish point embroidery. The skirt has a slight flare. Bergdorf Goodman.

Panties made entirely of Alencon except for a narrow satin band around the waist. The little scalloped edge is also satin. From Stein and Blaine.

This set of matching brassiere and panties, with garters attached, comes from Bonwit Teller. It is made in flat crepe and has a narrow Val edging.

A chemise in peach-colored ninon from Bergdorf Goodman, with insets of Alencon and fine hemstitching. It is form fitting and has a very low back.

Bonwit Teller makes a corselette for evening wear in hand run tobacco toned Alencon over ninon foundation with deep decolletage in the back.



Drawn by Florence Blecker

BOUDOIR CLOTHES IN CHARMING NEW DESIGNS

A coral satin pyjama ensemble, with full-length lined coat and incrustations of white crepe, applied with fine hand-work. Bergdorf Goodman.

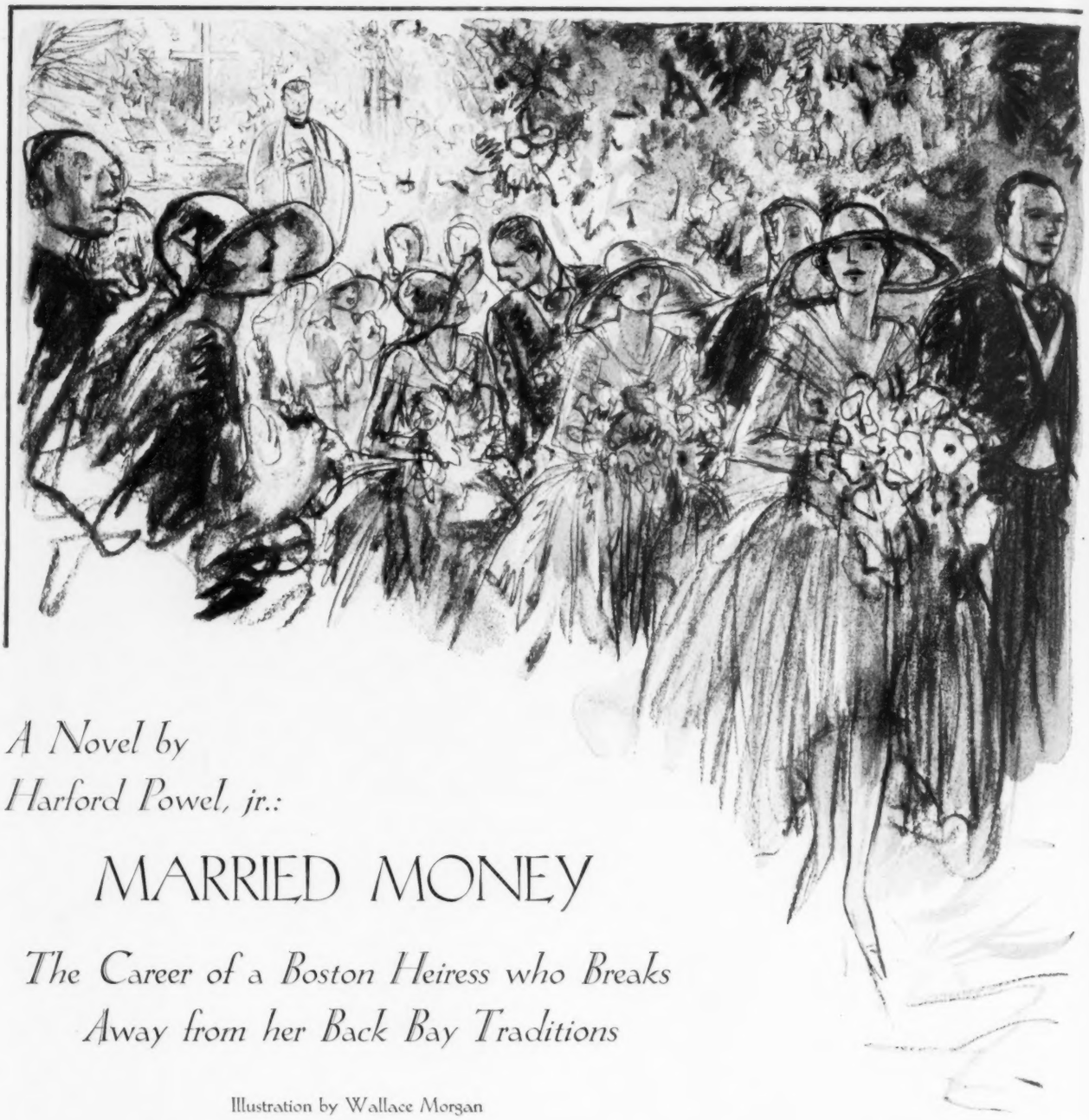
A knee-length nightgown from Bonwit Teller, made of pale peach ninon, richly trimmed in hand-run dark toned Alencon lace, with an inset of plaits.

This finely plaited nightgown of blue ninon from Stein and Blaine has insets of deep creamy Alencon lace forming a yoke in battlemented design.

Daisy Garson makes a nightgown of charming design, combining flesh ninon, with wide bands of Alencon lace around the top and down one side.

Pink satin pyjamas from Stein and Blaine. The edges of both the trousers and sleeveless jumper are finished with banding of Alencon lace.

The coat of this week-end set from Daisy Garson is of flesh jacquard silk, lined and piped in blue ninon worn over a pink and blue nightgown.



A Novel by
Harford Powel, jr.:

MARRIED MONEY

The Career of a Boston Heiress who Breaks Away from her Back Bay Traditions

Illustration by Wallace Morgan

Part Three:

"PUT your hand on that large, leather book," said Wee. "No, not on the family photograph album. On the Bible. Now promise that you'll entirely stop talking about money, once and for all."

"Almost entirely," said Jerry. "I hope to make some money of my own."

"How selfish of you, Jerry," she said.

He rubbed his eyes. He was beginning to believe the incredible story she had told him. Ned Hamill had broken the deed. Uncle Roger had consented to pay over the first million dollars immediately. It was unbelievable; but here stood Wee, bare-legged and in bedroom slippers, telling him the story at three o'clock at night. He could have given it better attention if she hadn't laughed so much.

"It seems," she said, "that Uncle Roger saved a little money by having the deed drawn by an old lawyer who is rather weak in the head. Mr. Hamill easily persuaded him that it would be very, very expensive to have a law suit. And then it came out that Uncle Roger was far from happy about creating trustees for this fund. Being a trustee himself, he is scared of all others. So Uncle Roger consented to turn over the first million dollars to me."

"He consented, did he?"

"Yes. He said he could do it with a quiet mind, because I have been so thriftily trained—"

She shrieked. Her flannel-clad shoulders were shaking in uncontrollable mirth.

"Jerry, I will not let you pound me on the back," she gasped. "I can't stop, and I don't want to stop. It isn't the B-b-boston part of me that's laughing; it's the other part. It was nice of you to come right over when you got my message. How do you like my wrapper and nightie?"

"I hadn't noticed," he said.

"They are of the practical and common-sense sort that wouldn't be noticed," she sighed.

"What have you been doing all night?"

"I don't know. Walking round and round the Basin, I believe."

"Were you planning to end it all?"

"It can't be done there," said Jerry, flushing.

"How do you know?"

"I measured."

"But suppose you bent over, and didn't cheat?" asked Wee. "However, that's all over now. You've got half a million dollars. Yes, you have. Mr. Hamill is drawing the deed himself, and I'd like to see anybody break it. Remember, Jerry—you swore on the Bible that you wouldn't talk about money."

"Do you think I'd take your money?" he asked.

"You *have* taken it," said Wee. "It's in the Guaranty Trust Company, in your name. Ah, Jerry, don't look so cross! Do you know, you're really a very difficult young man? This afternoon you wanted to jilt me because you and I

"Walking down the aisle was like the last, long, triumphal mile at New London, with Yale falling farther and farther behind. No, it was even better than that. It was better than anything on earth."

were poor—and if I let you talk about money now, you'd jilt me because we're rich. George Hamill told me you'd be like that. So I've made all the arrangements. Now listen to me."

She sat down on the horsehair sofa, smoothing her wrapper down over her ankles.

"Concentrate, Jerry," she said. "Put your great mind on one thought. No—you mustn't touch me. We are going to be married just three weeks from to-day. And it's going to be a *real* wedding, Jerry, knee deep in roses and champagne . . . I've done a number of things since darling Mr. Hamill went away. I've ordered the invitations engraved, and the house at Marblehead opened, and I've called up eight girls for bridesmaids, and sent a notice to the *Herald*. Step on the gas, Jerry. Ushers! Clothes, if you need any—and you certainly do. Plans for the wedding trip. No, you're not practical enough for that. I'll do that for you. Who's your best man?"

"I—I suppose it will be George Hamill."

"Have him here early in the morning," said Wee. "Oh, never mind your silly old bond business, Jerry. You aren't going to peddle any more bonds."

"Aren't I?"

"Only if it amuses you," said Wee. "Tell Caleb Spinney you're going to take an indefinite vacation. Two weeks? Well, I should say not. It's indecent to come back so soon. Tell him to expect you when he sees you. It may be for years, and it may be for never! Let's wake him up now."

She reached across him for the telephone, but he kept it away from her.

"That steward from your club," she said, "would lend a pleasing touch to the wedding."

"Styward," said Jerry.

"Excuse me," said Wee. "I think the Glim Club is a wonderful institution. Mr. Hamill says it's always ready to help a member in distress. Jerry, I think you'd better go home. Oh!"

"If you're going to have another fit," Jerry said, "I'll get some (*Continued on page 124*)

Last-Minute Sketches from Paris

Suit of black wool georgette, with blouse of white batiste and lace-edged jabot.

Patou

White crêpe satin, with shirred drapery round the hips and a cape collar worn over the shoulders. Back shows collar pushed to the back, and uneven godets at hem of the skirt.

Drecoll-Beer

Tunic frock in smoke blue crêpe de Chine, with sash-bow at one side and plaited underskirt.

White georgette evening gown. Greek drapery in the back. Bloused shorter waist, and curved folds at the hip ending in godets in the back.

Patou

Lucile Paray

Red flowered chiffon with graduated gold stripes. Worn by Madame Agnès.

Louise-boulanger

Navy marocain with suggestions of raised waist-line in a narrow frill, and another frill above the knees.

Lelong

A sort of pinafore in brown linen that crosses in back and ties in front, the ends lined with yellow.

Schiaparelli

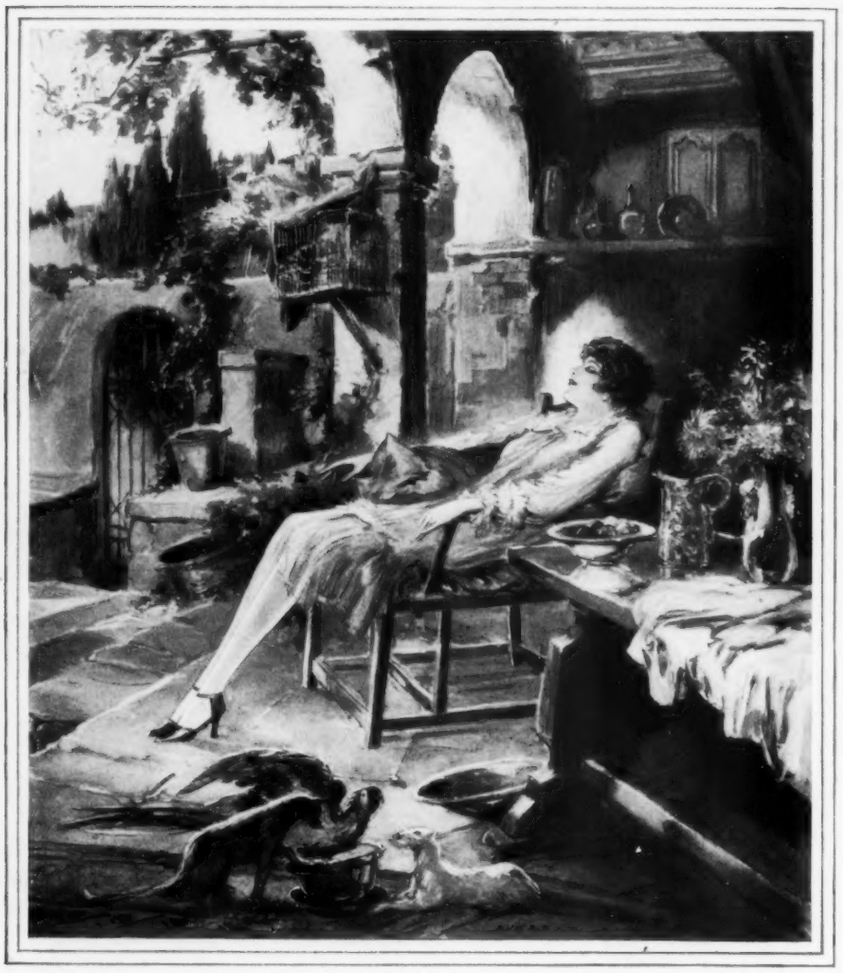
Orange tulle, with large dots of orange velvet, high to the neck in front. Long bretelles of tulle in back end in a bow with long ends.

Louiseboulanger

Afternoon gown of red crêpe satin, used on the two sides, with tightly shirred hip-lines.

Premet

A Novel by Nancy Hoyt:



"Lydia found that the only deadeners to emotional anguish were work and lying in sunshine"

BRIGHT INTERVALS

A modern Experiment in Matrimony comes To an Unusual Conclusion

Illustration by Everett Shinn

(Conclusion)

LYDIA sat utterly passive, her hands folded in her lap, and stared at the dim and distant line of fog-blue and snow-topped mountains. These she considered far worthier of attention than Natasha, the little Russian girl, who instead of succumbing to the exquisite trembling beauty of Lake Como and relaxing in its peaceful perfection, kept biting her fingernails which were extremely dirty. Lydia could have borne Natasha having dirty nails if she had not bit them, she could have put up with the cannibalistic trait if the nails had been clean, but the combination was too much for her. So many things turned her stomach nowadays. That Polish violinist who scratched his head all the time—yet Alix swore he was a genius, the prissy and effeminate little old man who had a neat round paunch like a cannon ball, the down-at-heels poetess who *would* sing "Less than the Dust" every night to the shuddering and horrified Pole, the unfrocked Church of England clergyman who believed in the Hindu gods, they were all extremely repellent in their physical characteristics. Nor did their minds and talents show any startling originality in Lydia's jaundiced opinion. Leeches, they were, every one, dirty black leeches fastening on to Alix's smooth white arm. How did Alix stand them? Why did she support this collection of mangy fakirs in this haunt of beauty? Poor darling Alix, who never grew up, could not see any of them because she was blinded temporarily by the broad-shouldered, wasp-waisted Georgian Cossack, who had thrown over all of them a hysterical glamour.

She, Lydia, knew very well that they served her as well as any dope—all of it was unpleasant, from two novels a night and thirty cigarettes to Dial Ciba. The only bearable deadeners to emotional anguish yet discovered by humanity were work and lying in hot sunshine. The former she had indulged in perhaps a little too seriously, and now, under the orders of her doctor and an assenting cable from Mr. Joel, she had crawled lumbering into this sunny spot for two weeks' vacation. Work was the best weapon to kill tiresome thinking, undoubtedly, but one could not (*Continued on page 132*)

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Julienne is to be placed among those rare delights of the table that you instinctively associate with the menu of the connoisseur. A banquet soup of exquisite clarity and delicacy of flavor, Campbell's French chefs take a special pride in creating it to a true perfection. The broth of choicest beef is clarified to a beautiful amber. Blended with this are Chantenay carrots, white turnips, snow-white celery, Savoy cabbage and leek, all daintily shredded. Whole small peas, aromatic herbs, spices and seasoning lend their charm to eye and taste. Your grocer has it or will be glad to get it for you on request. 12 cents a can.

by Campbell's famous chefs

EAT SOUP EVERY DAY AND ENJOY A DIFFERENT SOUP EACH DAY

PARIS IS ENTERTAINING

(*Continued from page 63*)

with sleeveless blouses, wide trousers, coats, and little skirts to replace the trousers, when one prefers to wear a frock. She launched this idea, of interchangeable skirt and trousers, three seasons ago, when it failed to "take." This summer all her smartest clients are interested in it, which is another example of the time it sometimes takes for a novelty to penetrate the consciousness of even the most up-to-date women. One model that I particularly liked is in tobacco-brown linen, with a belted square-pocketed jacket, without sleeves, and wide straight trousers. The belt is in braided leather and the buttons match. Another has a three-quarter coat and trousers in heavy white linen, with appliqued patterns of bright blue, and a white linen parasol to match. Perhaps the best thing in the collection is a well-cut three-quarter coat of natural tussore with blue leather buttons, wide straight trousers, and a bright red jersey bathing-suit. The parasol, bag and gloves that go with it are illustrated in color on page 55 by Dynevor Rhys.

Another unusual showing was held at Sandalari's. The cobblestone courtyard in front of her quaint little shop, painted bright purple, was arranged with palms and rows of chairs, which was particularly agreeable as the day was very warm. Mannequins, dressed by Elspeth Champcommunal, paraded down the aisle of chairs, to the strains of a hidden Russian orchestra. They showed us daytime and evening shoes, changing their frocks to correspond. The novelty in the daytime shoes is a sort of shallow oxford, in suède, the edges all being brought together by a glove stitch, done with the narrowest strip of leather. For evening, the newest shoes are sandals, with bags to match, made of rare pieces of Persian and Indian brocades, or Chinese embroideries. One of these is illustrated on page 61. For afternoon, she makes a sort of colonial pump, in patent leather, or kid, the standing tongue of which is of plaited suède. This idea is used in a mule, in gilded or silver leather, with the tongue in plaited colored suède, matching the lining.

Another special showing was held in the enlarged salons of Dr. Payot, the beauty specialist, whose products, combined as they are on scientific principles, have been very successful in a very short time. Her little rooms for individual treatments, in spotless pink enamel paint, with big restful chairs in pale gray, made one long for the soothing ministrations of her white-clad attendants.

At most of the dressmaking houses, there are some new things to see, prepared for the great events of the Paris season. I dropped into Lanvin's one day, just in time to see a small collection of new models, including several evening gowns. One lovely one is in white satin, the material cut in deep V's, back and front, slim to the knees, and softly full below. This had a magnificent necklace embroidered on it in diamonds, emeralds and rubies. The idea of embroidered necklaces is not absolutely new, but it has taken a new lease of life. There is an example on page 57 drawn by Luza, from Drecoll-Beer. Madame Germaine realizes that chiffon frocks make the loveliest background for jewels, and showed her midseason collection with real diamond necklaces from Cartier. However, for those who cannot afford the real, she offers embroidered ones which do very well as a substitute, as they are beautifully done.

EVERY visitor to Paris is struck with wonder by the jewels; the great size of the single emerald or diamond rings, the beauty of the strings of melon-shaped emeralds, the almost fabulous value of the long diamond necklaces and pendants, to say nothing of the bracelets, which, as I have said before, are smarter worn singly or in groups of two, or at most three, instead of the masses of last year. Most of the Famous Forty have special pieces, made especially for them, and they always consider these jewels in ordering gowns to go with them. Lady Mendl, for example, has a new bracelet which draws all eyes. It is a sort of sunflower of emeralds, the center one the size of a quarter, and it is so big that it entirely covers the wrist. Mixed necklaces of different colored stones, intricately carved and set with baguette diamonds, are having a great success. There is a lovely one with bracelet and double pin to match, in carved emeralds, lapis and diamonds, drawn in color on page 54 by Dynevor Rhys. This belongs to Madame Yteb, and is worn by her with blue, black, white or absinthe chiffon, or with printed chiffon in many shades of blue. There is a marvelous exhibition of jewelry at the moment, held at the Musée Galliera.

EIGHT houses, Boucheron, Chaumet, Dusausoy, Fouquet, Lacloche, Mauboussin, Ostertag, Van Cleef and Arpels, each show a case full of pieces that are simply beyond the dreams of avarice. Colorful ensembles of rubies, sapphires, emeralds, and diamonds are used in the same piece in the new way. Boucheron has a lovely chain of four large pearls alternated with a delicate tracery of diamonds; Mauboussin shows the largest carved emeralds I have ever seen; Ostertag has a lovely necklace of rubies and diamonds that lies round the collarbone, like a slave collar; another extraordinary necklace from Van Cleef and Arpels has a fringe of large pear-shaped emeralds, eleven in number, hanging from a diamond band, while in the back there is an oblong pendant of diamonds with a pear-shaped emerald at the tip. These necklaces with ornaments both front and back are very new. All this winter I have seen necklaces worn down the back instead of down the front of the gown, on account of the fashion of a décolleté that mounts high in front and is cut deep in the back. The two little Greek princesses wear their pearls looped both back and front in the new way. Pearls are still worn, of course, by women who possess famous ones. Madame Jacques Balsan wears hers with white gowns, and Mrs. Cole Porter has had hers restrung in four rows, close to the throat, like a choker.

In the so-called costume jewelry, there are novelties for the beach in polished exotic wood. Mary Nowitzky shows thick bracelets in rounded sections of wood, run on an elastic and closely fitting the wrist or ankle. Schiaparelli carries out something of the same idea in polished pieces of alternate ebony and ivory.

To return to Lanvin's new gowns. Several of them are long and slim almost to the knees, but the narrowest sort of belt made of the same material is set exactly at the natural waist-line. One must be slender, indeed, to stand this, but the effect is very pretty. Madame Munoz, who is always dressed by Augustabernard, wears a very full, long gown of black tulle, sheath to the knee, with a white grosgrain ribbon at the natural waist. She is slender as a reed, and her skin is almost as white as the ribbon, while her hair is as black as the tulle. So the effect is wonderful.

Lanvin has also prepared several new evening wraps for the Paris season. They are in geranium velvet or velveteen, with immense fence collars of white fox. One is a coat, and another is a cape with double frill, pulled very tight round the body in the front, and flaring in the back to follow the lines of the trailing gown worn with it. The silhouette is very graceful.

I have also seen Chanel's new, extremely short red velveteen cape, worn as an evening wrap. Sometimes it has a border of light brown fur, sometimes it is furless. It is little more than a shoulder wrap, and looks very new. All kinds of little jackets, both for evening and for the daytime, continue to be worn. There is nothing more convenient. I have had straight jackets of flowered chiffon, black and white, black and green, and black and rose, perfectly plain, with long sleeves, made to wear over all my old black chiffon and lace frocks, giving them a new lease of life. On pages 62 and 63 Charles Martin has drawn, in his own inimitable manner, an amusing paper doll, which is to be dressed in the little daytime jackets of various materials made for her by Jane Régny, Schiaparelli, and Lanvin.

I see a great many three-quarter evening wraps wherever I go. One, at the première of Argentina's ballets, was in heavy white satin, perfectly straight and slim, and without fur. It was worn over a plain trailing white satin gown, and the coat was embroidered in a pattern like the watermark on moire, in tube beads of crystal and silver. At the first night of the Russian Ballet, I saw several of Chanel's black three-quarter coats, entirely covered with jet ovals, like melon seeds. Lady Abdy wore one of them, over a sheath of flesh-colored tulle, the shade of rachel powder, very full and frothy at the feet. Her shoulders were swathed in the same tulle. A slim dark woman wore a gown of mauve chiffon, on something like the same lines, with a three-quarter coat of darker Parma violet entirely beaded, hanging straight and glittering over her fragile gown. The mauves have been ignored so long that we might look for a revival of them. Lady Mendl wears a striking gown from Louiseboulanger in this shade. The Duchesse de Sangro wears another from Vionnet, with a draped back made of a slanting panel of chiffon, edged with three little ruffles.

THERE are three important evening silhouettes, at the moment. One is the long slim sheath, with fulness from the knees, the point in the back sometimes touching the ground. Its origin is the dress of the Seguidilla dancer. Then there is the new shorter bodice, with the natural waist-line marked, and the long uneven skirt, still most often long in the back, though it may be long at one or both sides. I saw Mrs. Jay O'Brien wearing a bright green chiffon and lace frock from Augustabernard, in which long panels, very full, hung on both sides of the skirt almost to the floor. She had tiny green satin sandals and a white ermine coat, while round her neck was one of the new necklaces of light amethyst, emeralds and diamonds. Madame Munoz was with her, wearing the white ensemble from Augustabernard published in the May Harper's Bazar. Her slippers were perfectly plain ones of white crêpe de Chine, and her jewels were emeralds.

The third evening silhouette, seen more often in private than in public places, is the straight, rather short skirt, such as we wore universally before the dipping skirts came in, with a long panel or panels or falling sash-ends at one side only, though occasionally at both sides. These last are made only in plain dull-surfaced materials, such as crêpe de Chine. For the others, nothing leads printed chiffon, though there is also a great deal of plain chiffon, some lace, some tulle, and an occasional model in the new lamé chiffons, with designs both in colored print, and in gold or silver. A vogue is predicted for these lamé chiffons for next winter. You see one of them on the Last-Minute pages, from Louiseboulanger, and worn by Madame Agnès. The silhouette is very new, and gives something the look of an Indian Nautch dancer. Agnès wears it with red crêpe de Chine sandals, perfectly plain. Plain shoes are the rule, both for day and evening. Their beauty lies in workmanship and fit, and in the appropriateness of their choice to the rest of the costume.

While women of social prominence make a point of attending all the artistic manifestations of the Paris season, sooner or later, it is growing more and more difficult to see them, lost as they are in the immense crowd that turns out whenever tickets are put on sale for anything whatever. It is natural that they should reserve their most thrilling toilets for private occasions, if only to save their freshness from contact with the crowd. This is even more true in the daytime than in the evening. At the great race days, for example, at Chantilly or Auteuil, you may find the women you are looking for, by boring your way through the rabble to get at them, but when you do find them they are very simply dressed.

Many Paquin and Vionnet coats, or even simple tailleurs, often of crêpe de Chine, on dull days, worn with small, close-fitting hats, often off the forehead; or simple ensembles of plain dark coat, often crêpe, with printed frocks, or printed frocks with matching printed jackets, are the general rule. On very fine days, you may see some of them in printed chiffon, black and white, or beige and brown, or sometimes in shades of pale green, with wider hats in black or natural colored straw, often amusingly cut about the face.

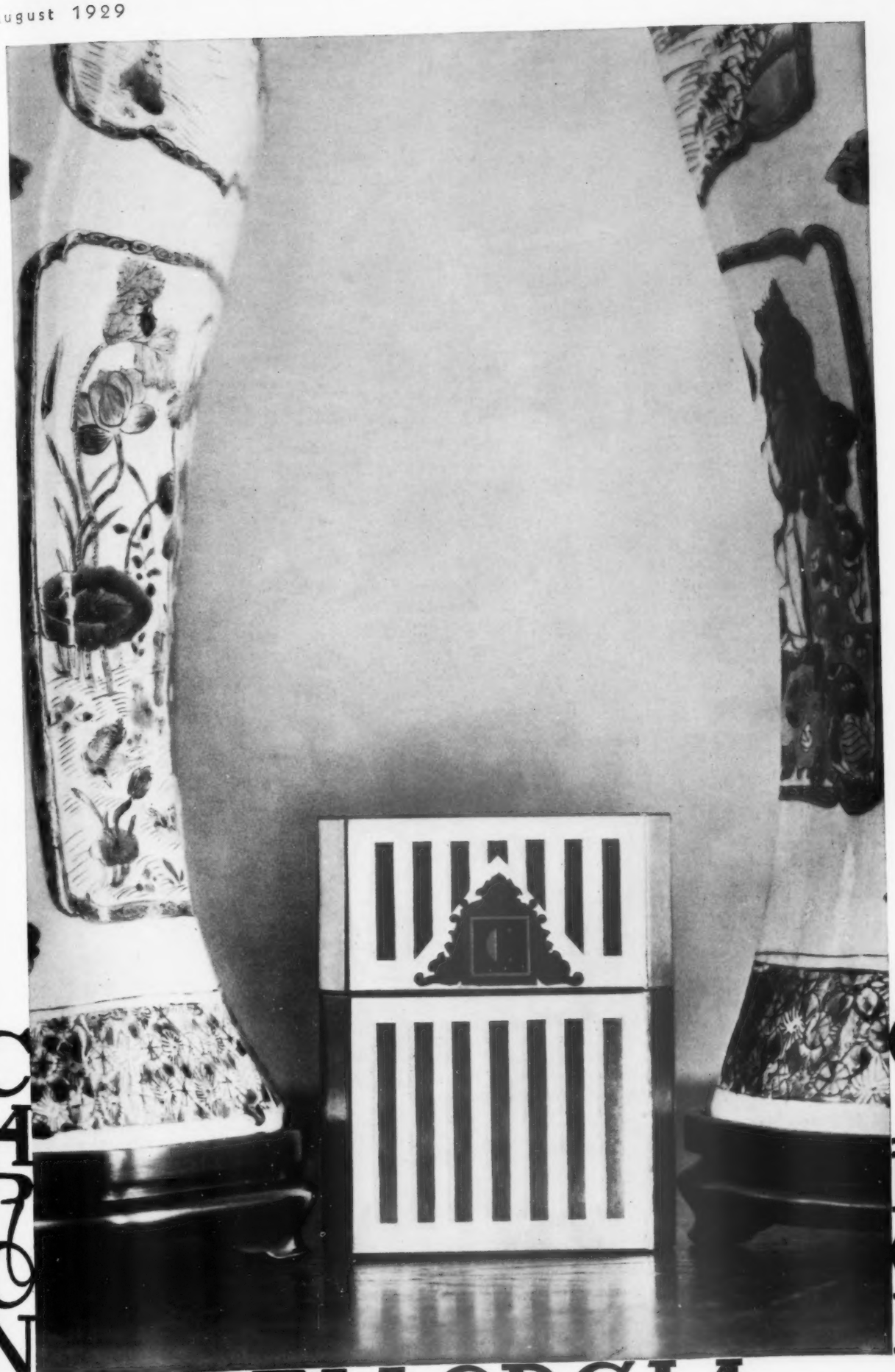
An extreme simplicity of accessories accompanies these costumes, plain but perfect, and it is noteworthy that the gloves are often considerably longer, and worn over the cuff of the gown or coat. Quantities of black, in the daytime; often with white, sometimes with a touch of color. A lot of dark blue. I saw Lady Furness and her sister, Mrs. Vanderbilt, the former in black crêpe de Chine with a wide black hat and wearing her famous black pearls in a double string; and the latter in dark blue, perfectly simple gown and coat, with a small felt hat turned back from the face and held with a diamond arrow. A great deal of beige is still worn, sometimes in one-colored costumes, sometimes as a base for small prints in red or black, or both together, or in brown, or yellow. Very little gray. For next winter, the arbiters are talking of a continuance of brown, and a revival of the darker greens, together with the persistence of dark blue, and of course black, for the daytime.

At the garden party of the Maharajah de Kapurthala, one of the most significant afternoon events of the Paris season, quantities of printed chiffon were worn, frequently black and white with black accessories, including sometimes a large black chiffon handkerchief. Moderately wide hats, simply trimmed. Other gowns of printed crêpes or plain crêpes, Vionnet type, with pin-tucking. I noticed a decided increase in skirt lengths; not only uneven chiffon ones were really long, often in back, but others often several inches longer, even when they are even all round. The thinner the dress, the longer it was. There were many personalities at this event, and it is therefore an indication of longer skirts for daytime wear, especially at formal affairs.

AT THE Polo de Bagatelle, which has an exclusive membership, prettier daytime clothes are worn, but they are also rather simple. Wherever I go, I find an almost static daytime mode except for the hats, and, in contrast, an exciting and infinitely varied evening one. From pages 53 to 61, you will see several contrasted types of evening gowns in models from Lelong, Premet, Dœuillet-Doucet, Drecoll-Beer and Jenny, in which the conflict between the waistless gown, sheath-like and slender to the knee, and the natural-waisted bodice is illustrated better than words can do it.

In private houses, one remarks that more white or colored gowns are worn in the evening than black, though there are always a few distinguished black ones, as well. Quite a lot of bright red is seen, with a good deal of deep blue, a sort of dark periwinkle shade. In light colors, there is first white, then a good deal of pale pink, then the lighter shades of blue, with a hint of mauve and Parma violet. Green is seen principally in printed chiffons, of which there are so many. Yellow, also, appears principally in this material. Baronne James de Rothschild wears Lelong's white model, Magicienne, in chiffon, with a little sleeved jacket of strass. She also wears a black tulle Lanvin gown, the skirt very full and in a long point in the back, with a sleeveless black tulle jacket, embroidered in long lines of wedge-shaped motifs in greenish nacré tube beads. Baronne Eugène de Rothschild often wears the straight silhouette with a long panel; one from Augustabernard in pale pink moire, another in black crêpe de Chine, over which she puts a coat of white satin with Chinese embroidery and huge collar and cuffs of mink. The Marquise de Chasseloup Laubat wears a princess gown of black georgette, with the

(*Concluded on page 100*)



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PARIS IS ENTERTAINING

(*Concluded from page 98*)

skirt falling in long points all round, and lightly embroidered here and there with stars and comets in strass. Baronne Merlin has Patou's "mimosa" gown in black and orange chiffon, so long that it almost has a train.

Mrs. Charles Munn wears a Worth gown in bright blue chiffon, printed with large yellow and orange roses, and made with four long trailing points in the back. Her daughter has a Worth gown of the new printed georgette with a lamé motif, in a large flower design of many colors on white. The Marquise de Paris, dressed by Augustabernard, wears a very simple gown in crêpe de Chine of a new deep blue, with a double-tier skirt and long panels at one side, the bodice deeply décolleté in a V. Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt wears a long-in-the-back Augustabernard gown in bright red crêpe de Chine.

Mrs. Glaenzer dresses in white satin, with long curved bands set just above the knees, and falling to the ground all round, their edges jagged so that they look like seaweed. Madame Marthe Letellier is wearing white chiffon, with very delicate tracery in strass, and a large triangle of rose colored crêpe de Chine knotted round the shoulders. She was the first person to carry the colored evening handkerchief, as far as I know, and it was always rose with her white gowns. Madame Jacques Balsan, the former Duchess of Marlborough, has a white Callot gown, covered with bead embroidery. With this dress, she wears her wonderful pearls, and long white gloves.

Long gloves in the evening have been a mere eccentricity of certain women, since the war; but they are being worn to a more considerable extent this season, usually in very pale beige or off-white shades. Several women are never seen in the evening without them, the Comtesse de Segonzac among them. It is quite possible that this is a coming revival, for it certainly adds a note of ceremony to evening dress, in line with the luxury and elaboration of the whole evening mode. Long evening gloves are being worn on the stage by Danielle Brégis, of the Théatre Ponthieu, who is beautifully dressed by Louiseboulanger in a flowered chiffon gown, in ochre yellow, printed with a design in old blue and gray, with which she wears suède gloves from Alexandrine, in the same ochre color as the gown. A belt of the same suède is placed at the natural waist-line. Another of her gowns, also from Louiseboulanger, is an adaptation of the black one drawn by Luza in the July number, in white taffeta. This she wears with long black suède gloves to the elbow, also from Alexandrine, and black suède slippers with white strappings.

There is nothing much that is new to say about coiffures, which are still undecided as to whether they will be short or long. It is interesting to see how hairdressing varies according to the type of audiences at the theatre. The house at the première of the Italian opera was filled with handsome Italian women. I did not know there were so many in Paris. Almost all of them wore their hair long, and many had returned to (or perhaps never abandoned) the pre-war fashion of hair drawn back from the head, toward the back. At the Russian Ballet, one always sees strange head-dresses, turbans, and jeweled bands. There is something in the taste for ultra-modern music that comes out in the hair-dressing of the women. Mrs. Jefferson Cohn, a recruit to singing pictures, was wearing a close turban of gold net wound round her head, with a black gown. In general, hair is very little curled unless it is growing, when thick solid-looking masses at the back of the head or low on the neck are sometimes seen. Mrs. Fellowes, as you see in Baron de Meyer's photograph of her on page 45, is wearing hers in a heavy fringe. Short-haired heads still outnumber growing ones, but long hair is certainly to be reckoned with, now. Long hair, long gloves, long skirts! Everything is getting longer. They say that a most determined effort to bring really long skirts into vogue for the street—ankle-length, I mean—will be a feature of some of the leading collections in August.

Even lingerie is feeling this urge toward greater length. I saw Vionnet's lingerie collection, the other day, and noted the new nightgowns, very long in the back, dipping like the evening dresses.

THE DRESSING-GOWN

(*Concluded from page 74*)

heaved himself to his feet. "Oh, well. I must go and wash, I suppose."

"I've put a can of hot water in the bedroom."

"Thanks."

Picking up the dressing-gown, she followed him, and laid it across a chair at the end of her bed. Robert took off his coat methodically, and began to wash. Humming to herself, she went back to the sitting-room, leaving the door open behind her. For a moment she hesitated, tapping her front teeth lightly with her finger-nail, then she opened the piano, and began to play.

Starting with the idea of playing a couple of Robert's favorite tunes, she forgot all about him, and began to express in music her emotions of the day. She played softly, staring straight in front of her, in a dream. It was ten minutes, perhaps, before she stopped.

The music floated away like a bright ship into the darkness of things past, and there was silence. Robert's voice, sounding muffled from the bedroom, made her start.

"Go on," he called. "Don't stop."

There was a queer note in his voice, but she did not notice it. He was appeased! It was all right. He wasn't suspicious. They had got away with it once more, Miles and she. Oh, blessed relief. She had not realized her own anxiety till the tension was relaxed.

Gratitude flooded her heart. She would be so nice to Robert, she really would see that he was happy. Abandoning herself to her delight, she let the music peal forth in thanksgiving for her marvelous day.

After she had finished, there was again silence, but this time nothing broke it. She listened, but there was no sound from the bedroom.

"Robert?"

No answer.

Uneasiness pinched her heart at once. It was horrible how near it always was: one could never banish it far. Fighting it down, she walked lightly along to the bedroom. Then she stood in the doorway, stupefied; for there before her, on the bed, lay the beautiful dressing-gown, slashed to ribbons, smeared all over with toothpaste and soap.

This was what he had been at, so quietly. This was why he had asked her to go on playing. She remembered, now, the queer note in his voice.

Miles' lovely present to her—ruined. Robert had cut it up with his razor. With a sob of childish dismay, she came further into the room: and as she did so, the door banged viciously against her arm, and Robert sprang from behind it. She had a brief, fantastic glimpse of him, in his hat and overcoat, grinning and showing his teeth. "Yah!" he cried at her, like a schoolboy: then he rushed from the room, and out the front door: and she heard him clattering furiously down the steps, yelling "Yah, yah, yah!" as he went.

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

Lady Violet Astor

Mrs. Elizabeth Heymann Doubleday

The Duchesse de Gramont

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DINING ALONG THE GOLD COAST

(*Continued from page 68*)

sometimes makes me feel as if I were dining in the Parthenon. But Saturday night it is more reminiscent—so far as jewels go, and beautiful women—of Des Ambassadeurs at Deauville in the full fury of the *Grande Semaine*.

By contrast, the little adobe buildings of the ancient Plaza, jostled and crowded now by their modern neighbors but still the only really old thing in Los Angeles, house restaurants which are infinitesimally small and picturesquely smelly. La Mexicana is one; La Simpatia is another; both more Mexican than Spanish. If you must have Spanish cooking, ride to the end of the Glenwood trolley: there, at the foot of the Verdugo hills, is—at least, there was—a modest café where you may dine *al fresco* and eat Alfonso.

BUT not all of the Gold Coast dining de luxe is done in Southern California. San Franciscans will tell you that none of it is. They live in their cafés. They throng them, especially on Saturdays and Sundays. And even in these gray Volsteadian days, they make their low ceilings echo with laughter and song. The true San Franciscan is a true epicure. He values his favorite restaurant as the violin virtuoso values his favorite violin. And through his gracious *camaraderie* he implants the same affectionate veneration in the heart of even the most casual visitor.

The fire of 1906 removed many of San Francisco's gastronomic landmarks, but did not destroy her cosmopolitan character. Broadway, with its small cafés, its cheese shops, its bakeries and its macaroni factories, is still typically Southern European. Italians, Portuguese, Frenchmen, Spaniards and Greeks throng the sidewalks. And, if you pick carefully, you can dine in almost any language that you choose.

Even Chinese. Personally, I don't. But Grant Avenue, the Fifth Avenue of Chinatown, is a glittering and intriguing approach to any restaurant, even one in which the Chinese do not eat but merely count the tourists' money. The Mandarin is no more; but Hang Far Low and the New Shanghai persist; and tourists persist in going to them.

Less touristy and far more epicurean are the grand old cafés that go back to the days before the fire, many of them presided over by the very chefs who made their fame.

Poppa Coppa, beaming, buxom and shiny bald, is still cooking *enchiladi* and chicken *portola* in his little alleyway restaurant on Spring Street. Mamma Coppa is still slicing the incomparable peaches. The younger Coppas are still carrying trays and making change. And groups of young men still sit in corners shaking dice, laughing, talking, winning and losing innumerable piles of red-tipped matches. The famous cats have gone from the walls, but in their places have come new contributions from the paint-boxes of Poppa's artist friends, mostly undraped ladies extolling the virtues of hilarious inebriety.

OVER in Pine Street, in the midst of the most unlikely surroundings, Camille and Pierre continue in separate establishments that culinary rivalry which was once the glory of the famous Poodle Dog. Camille has spent more money on wall decorations and he has more stuffed birds scattered about, but gastronomically he runs a dead heat with his more modest rival. Jack, another famous pre-fire *maitra*, carries on the old traditions in Sacramento Street; as does Felix in Montgomery.

Julius has moved his Castle out to the tip of Telegraph Hill, where he has introduced two innovations: a long-nosed Yankee partner and a marine view. Julius, himself, is not innovated; neither is the famous two-dollar dinner. The former is as courtly and as steely-eyed as of yore; and the latter is divine. The gastronomic feature of the evening is still the chicken Julius, bathed in oil and roasted to a golden turn under the master's seasoned and seasoning hand.

Tait's at the Beach flourishes eternally under the management of the great John, and divides the automobile trade with Shorty Robert's Café nearby. Of the two Shorty's is louder and sometimes funnier. But neither quite fills the place in San Francisco life left vacant by the closing of the Cliff House. That famous hostelry above the rocks and seals, where John Tait made his early reputation, glooms where it once glowed in the California sunlight. Even the seals are too discouraged to come up for air!

But there are plenty of other restaurants where good food accompanied by music and motion can be obtained. Paul Denis's is strong on viands if not on traditions; and when Paul sings that ribald song about Lydia Pinkham, you forget all else and cry loudly for another dose. Marquard's in Geary Street entertains nightly with a good band and a terribly girly revue. New bounce-and-bouncer places like the Follies on Columbus Avenue and Deauville on Stockton Street have their points, albeit mostly anatomical ones. And some of the older Italian restaurants on Telegraph Hill have gone over incontinently to jazz. Even the ancient Il Trovatore, which used to specialize in *ravioli*, *tagliarini*, green *lasagne*, *fritto misto* and *zabaglione*, now puts on a far-western version of Texas Guinan's on an unpadlocked night.

But to me the cracked crab is much more typical of San Francisco than Texas is. And nowhere is the former found in such size and frequency as in the Fish Grottoes of Monsieur Bernstein. There are two grottoes: the Embarcadero on the harbor front, where authentic fishermen cook live crabs on charcoal burners before the patrons' popping eyes, and fine ladies in fine limousines draw up to the curb for a shrimp cocktail while they wait; and the main Grotto on Powell Street, where joyous San Franciscans pursue the nimble *ecravisse* across two decks of an indoor ship and up narrow stairs to a second story "Fisherman's Cave." Bernstein's fried oysters are even more notable than his scenery. And his abalone steak with tartar sauce is priceless.

BUT for everyday constructive eating, good but not too expensive, give me that most satisfactory of all San Francisco cafés, Solari's. There are two Solari's; brother Fred's in Maiden Lane and the original Solari's on Geary Street in the shadow of the St. Francis. Both are good. I prefer the latter. And I am not influenced—at least, I hope I am not—by the fact that during my absence Madame, the proprietress, has renamed my favorite dish, and called it after me.

Sweetbreads *brochette*, garnished with bacon and hot on the spit! Sweet child, I give you my name and my blessing. And I rejoice most of all that you have not changed with the change of nomenclature!

I am not forgetting that there are hotels in San Francisco. No one who has enjoyed the hospitality of the St. Francis ever could! Or that there are hotel dining-rooms quite as typical of culinary San Francisco as Bernstein's or Solari's, and quite as capable of serving those delicacies which have made San Francisco the gastronomic capital of the Western world. And they do serve them daily and nightly to a large and very "plushy" clientele. It's a long wait between dress suits in the little restaurants of Telegraph Hill and North Beach. Poppa Coppa would choke on his own *risotto* if he saw a Reboux hat or a Callot gown, and knew it as such. But the hotels of San Francisco keep open house to beauty much adorned.

There are excellent hotels in many another West Coast community. Those in the very British cities across the Sound from Seattle provide large quantities of better-than-British food. The Empress at Victoria also provides a view. Vancouver is more cityish; and so is the Vancouver Hotel. But there is nothing city-fied about the food. It comes out of the lakes and rivers, up from the gardens and down from the trees of the fertile North-

(*Concluded on page 110*)

THE SMARTEST TAN MAKE-UP

is from Elizabeth Arden

and it is called—ROSETTA-BRONZE

SUNBURN is a reckless indulgence. So often it leaves the skin permanently coarsened and discolored. The woman to whom tan is becoming will be much wiser to acquire it in the clever way provided by Elizabeth Arden. Miss Arden has just created a fascinating group of Rosetta-Bronze make-up preparations in which you may have the same perfect confidence as in all of her other famous Venetian Toilet Preparations. The new Rosetta-Bronze Preparations come in varying shades of a rich color which intensifies your own deepest tones. You look as gloriously beautiful as you do at the end of sunkissed vacation days. Even better, for there are no uneven spots, no straggly bits of brown lingering in the wrong places.

Ardena Bronze—the simplest and most satisfactory way of acquiring a coat of synthetic tan. It leaves the skin as warmly brown as a series of real sun baths, without any of the penalties of sunburn—and it does not come off on the clothing. *Light Bronze*, for the face. *Dark Bronze*, for the body. $5.00.

Lille Lotion in two new shades—Light Bronze and Dark Bronze. This popular and delightful finish for the skin may be had in deep tones which give a rich, natural look of great loveliness. . . . $1.50, $2.50.

Ultra-Amoretta Cream—this preparation seems richer and lovelier than ever in the new Bronze tone. It blends into the skin so smoothly that the deep warm hue it gives to the complexion seems part of the skin texture itself. . . . . $1.00, $2.00.

Which type are you? These suggestions from Miss Arden will guide you to a perfect tan make-up

BRUNETTE
Hazel Eyes, Black-Brown Hair, Olive Skin
Bronze Ultra-Amoretta Cream. Bright Indelible Lip Paste for rouge and lips. Light Rosetta Powder. Green Eye Sha-do. Black Mascara.

BLONDE
Light Blonde (ashy) Hair, Light Blue Eyes, Fair, Transparent Skin
Dark Bronze Lille Lotion. Light Amoretta Rouge. Light Rosetta Powder. Bright Lip Paste. Blue Eye Sha-do. Groom brows and lashes lightly with Eyelash Grower and touch lashes with brown eyebrow pencil.

RED HAIR
Green-Blue Eyes, Fair Skin
Bronze Protecta Cream. Light Amoretta Rouge. Light Rosetta Powder (if make-up is desired darker, use medium Rosetta Powder). Bright Lip Paste. Green Eye Sha-do. Groom brows and lashes lightly with Eyelash Grower.

WHITE HAIR
and Brown Eyes
Any foundation (Ultra-Amoretta is especially good). Indelible Lip Salve on cheeks and lips. Medium Rosetta Powder, if light make-up is desired, use Light Rosetta Powder.

Protecta Cream—new Bronze shade. Elizabeth Arden's velvety protective preparation which is impervious to water and therefore unusually satisfactory for sports use, has now been prepared in a deep tint which simulates nature's own sun-tan coloring. Superb for a bronze evening make-up and "lasting" enough to withstand a whole evening of dancing. . . . . $3.00.

Three New Powders—Light Rosetta, Medium Rosetta and Dark Rosetta. All the feathery delicacy of Elizabeth Arden's finest Illusion Powder has been preserved in these three new colors which have been especially created to give the last clever touch to Rosetta-Bronze Make-up. It is most important that your powder blend invisibly with your foundation coloring. To assure complete harmony, Miss Arden offers you these three smart shades. . . $3.00 the box.

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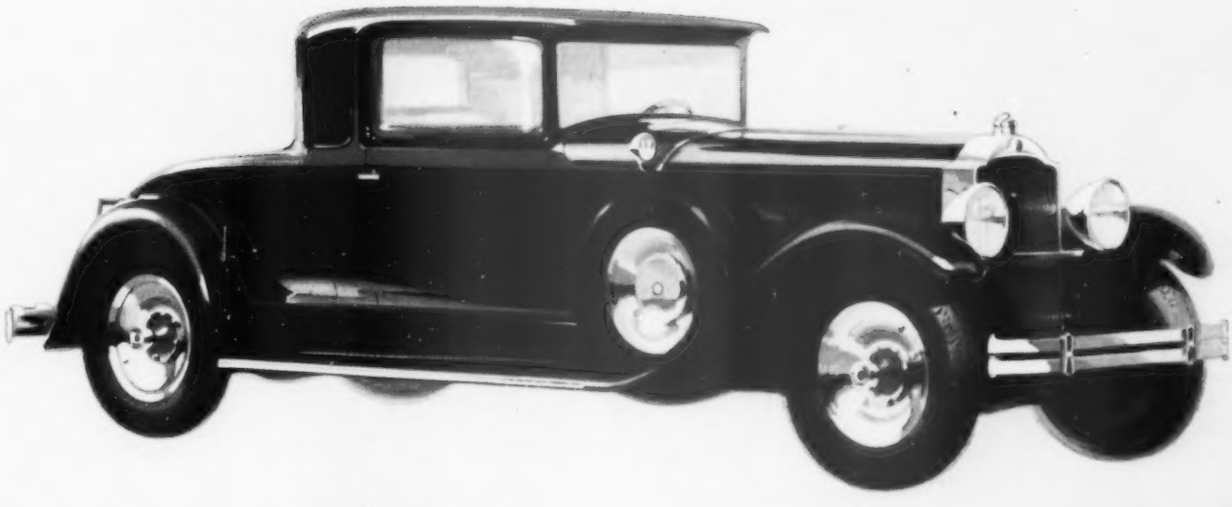
Packard artisans take pride in their work. So into the building of every Packard car goes a subtle something not to be measured by gauges, or weighed by scales—yet no less important than fine materials and expert engineering. It is the keen interest of the true craftsman in handiwork well done.

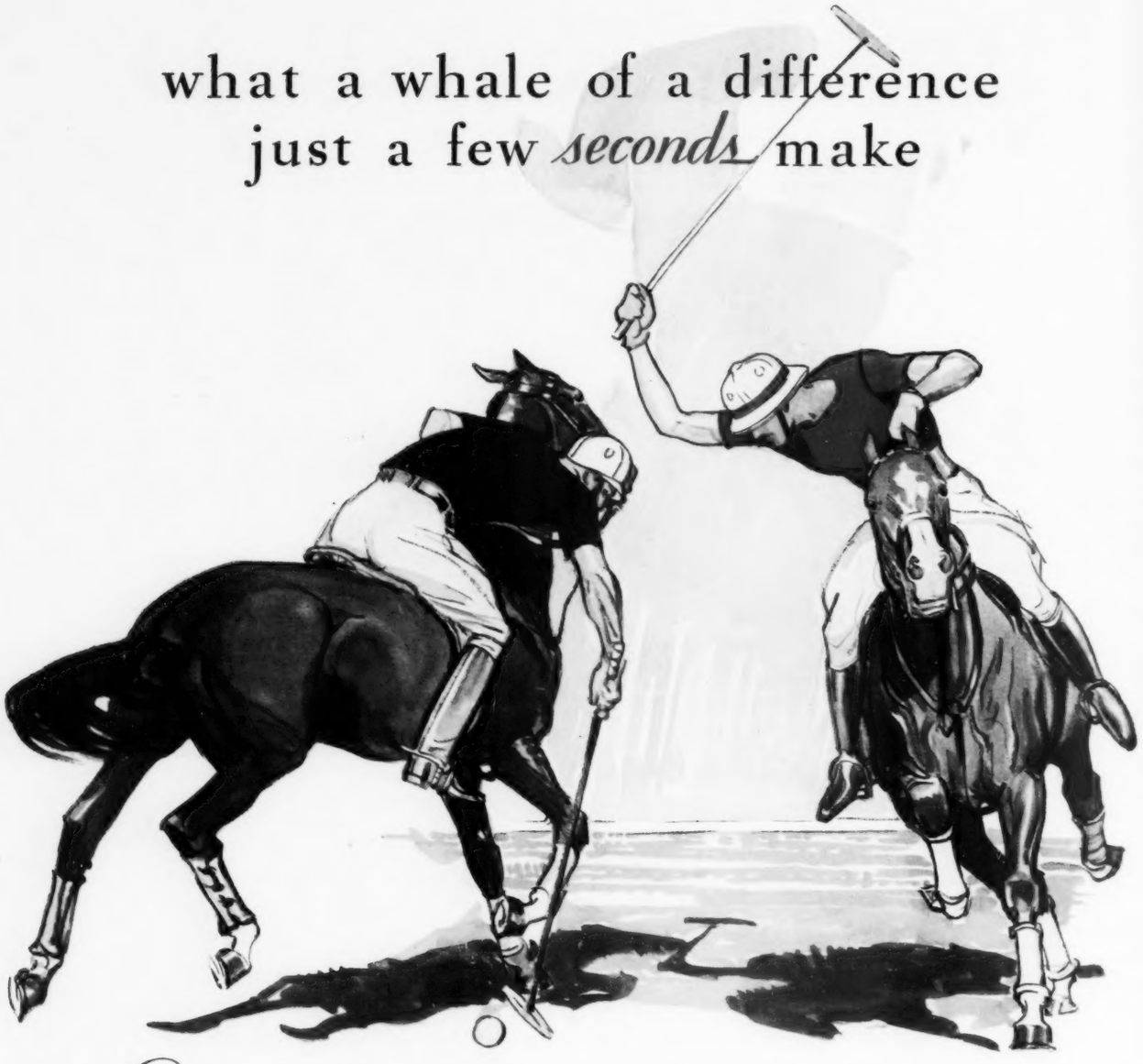
For in the Packard plant *quality* is the output control, *not cars per day.* "How well?" is the keynote of Packard policy, not "How many?"

In such an atmosphere of quality tradition Packard workers have found that personal ideals of excellence in craftsmanship are encouraged, not sacrificed—and Packard has found that finer cars result.

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE



what a whale of a difference
just a few *seconds* make



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SOCIAL CALENDAR

for AUGUST 1929

AUGUST 1—Racing at Saratoga Springs, N. Y.
Wedding of Miss Margaret Louise Woodbury, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Blanchard Woodbury of No. 156 East 79th Street to James Davison Stephen, son of William Stephen of St. Louis, Mo., at St. John's Community Church, Diamond Point, Lake George, N. Y.

AUGUST 2—Motor-boat Regatta at Newport, R. I.

AUGUST 3—Dinner-dance at Maidstone Club, Easthampton, L. I.
Dinner-dance at Meadow Club, Southhampton, L. I.
Dinner by Mr. and Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel Biddle, jr., at "Chelwode," Newport, R. I.
Dinner by Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, sr., at "Beaulieu," Newport, R. I.
Dinner by F. Frazier Jelke at "Eagle's Rest," Newport, R. I.
Dinner by Mrs. James B. Duke at "Rough Point," Newport, R. I.
Dinner by Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Fullerton Weaver at "Spencecliff," Easthampton, L. I.
Dinner by Mr. and Mrs. Carroll Wainwright at "Gull Rest," Easthampton, L. I.
Tennis Tournament at Maidstone Tennis Club, Easthampton, L. I. Until August 6.

AUGUST 8—Annual cruise of New York Yacht Club, New Haven, Conn.

AUGUST 9—Motor-boat races at Saranac Lake, N. Y. To continue August 10.
Tennis at Forest Hills, L. I., for the Wightman Cup. To continue August 10.

AUGUST 10—Polo Tournament under auspices of Dedham Country Club, at Dedham, Mass.
Dinner-dance at Maidstone Club, Easthampton, L. I.
Dinner-dance at Meadow Club, Southampton, L. I.
Dinner-dance at Dunes Club, Narragansett Pier, R. I.

AUGUST 13—Yacht Races for Astor Cup, at Newport, R. I.

AUGUST 15—Annual Horse Show exhibition, Newport Fair Grounds, Portsmouth, R. I.

AUGUST 17—Wedding of Miss Cornelia Chichester, daughter of Mrs. Washington Chichester, and Frederick E. Klutey of Henderson, Ky., at St. John's Church, Olney, Md.
Yacht Races for the King's Cup at Newport, R. I.
Dinner-dance at Meadow Club, Southhampton, L. I.
Dinner-dance at Maidstone Club, Easthampton, L. I.
Dinner-dance at Dunes Club, Narragansett Pier, R. I.
Wedding of Miss Lily Dulany Cushing, daughter of Mrs. James Denison Sawyer, to George Crawford Clark, in Trinity Church, Newport, R. I.
Ball by Mr. and Mrs. Forsyth Wickes to present Miss Kitty Wickes, at "Zee Rust," Newport, R. I.

AUGUST 19—Women's National Tennis Championship, at Forest Hills, L. I.
Yacht Races for New York Yacht Club Cup, at Newport R. I. August 20 and 21.

AUGUST 22—Yacht Races at Bar Harbor Yacht Club, Bar Harbor, Me.
Ball by Mr. and Mrs. William Fahnestock at "Bois Dore," Newport, R. I.

AUGUST 24—Dinner-dance at Maidstone Club, Easthampton, L. I.
Dinner-dance at Dunes Club, Narragansett Pier, R. I.
Dinner-dance at Meadow Club, Southampton, L. I.
Annual exhibition of Rhode Island Kennel Club at Newport, R. I.
Tennis Ball by Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Duncan at "Bonniecrest," Newport, R. I.

AUGUST 26—Yacht Races, Seawanhaka Cup Trials, Seawanhaka-Corinthian Yacht Club, Center Island, Oyster Bay, L. I.

AUGUST 31—Dinner-dance at Meadow Club, Southampton, L. I.
Dinner by Edward J. Berwind, at Newport, R. I.
Dinner-dance at Maidstone Club, Easthampton, L. I.
Dinner by Mr. and Mrs. William Fahnestock, Newport, R. I.
Dinner by Mr. and Mrs. Robert Appleton, Easthampton, L. I.

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TWO SMART MIDSUMMER FROCKS

The outstanding evening silhouette is the Princesse, with long, flowing lines, as in the frock sketched above. The deep back decolletage is outlined with appliquéd flowers of the print. Svelda Chiffon, a perfect medium for this style, is made of Bemberg yarn produced by The American Bemberg Corp.

TWO COSTUMES
from
STEIN & BLAINE

FOR AFTERNOON AND EVENING

SVELDA FABRICS
made of
BEMBERG

A charming ensemble for formal afternoon wear, perhaps to a country wedding. The softly-tied scarf collar, the hint of a natural waistline, and the long, irregular skirt, add to its distinction. The material is Svelda Chiffon, made of Bemberg yarn produced by The American Bemberg Corp., New York City.

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THE FRENCH COUTURIERS DISCUSS THE COMING MODE

(*Continued from page 49*)

My newest developments will be purely French, and should please both our smart American and European clientele. Why? Because good fashions always do.

I—Tell me about sports clothes.

Mr. Patou—They have been less conspicuous this summer. Why? Because of silk being so much cooler than wool. Besides, there has been the unprecedented vogue of printed crêpes, which have quite superseded woolen textures *pour le sport*. One of my principal novelties for next season will be the reintroduction of tailor-made clothes (not to be mistaken for sports clothes), which I consider to be the most elegant style of dressing during the day.

This, however, shall not prevent my showing a good selection of woolen *robes de sport*.

Velvet is sure to again be prime favorite, as well as figured panne. This latter is, I believe, destined to replace satin.

I—Have you any real sartorial surprise in store for us?

Mr. Patou—None whatever for this winter; for next spring—perhaps. But don't let's look ahead that far. To develop new fashions nowadays takes time, new fashions being merely the development of a problem logically solved.

For several seasons I have presented two distinct collections: one for the day, another for the evening. They are, of course, related to each other. Not sister collections. No, more distant relatives; they might be termed "first cousins."

Mr. Patou is being called away; as a concluding piece of information, he says to me, "If, as I sincerely hope, the vogue of dancing is on the decline, we shall, before much time has passed, see long evening dresses universally accepted."

This would, of course, entail quite a new set of good manners for men. It would force them to learn the art of "watching their step," and be careful not to walk on women's trailing panels.

MY VERY pleasant interview with Madame Vionnet:

Madame Vionnet—New styles? You want a forecast from me?

Details of my winter collection? (I merely bow my assent.) How can I, with so fundamental a principle running throughout all my work, be expected to produce models radically different from those of the season before? As a matter of fact, I'm against all too radical changes, though I, of course, modify my silhouette every season.

Continually studying the human form makes one get to know it much better. One should, therefore, as time goes on, be able to invent even more advantageous lines for one's clients. From what is submitted to me, by the great fabric houses, I only select what I know will adapt itself to my own style of dress-making.

My models for this coming winter are to be nothing but variations of the Vionnet theme, with an improved cut enveloped in an intensified Vionnet atmosphere.

I—Will you, Madame Vionnet, be good enough to define your style?

Madame V.—My work to me means "Line," (its foremost factor), "Natural folds," (the result of ingenious cut), clothes, in fact, devoid of both trimming and petty adornment.

I—An excellent definition. And now, won't you tell me how you will start your new collection?

Madame V.—When ready to do so my mind will primarily get absorbed by the "three directions" of the material I am going to use, the straight, the bias, and along the length of the texture. For into whichever direction of the material I shall cut will determine the hang of the garment.

Parts of a gown cut from the various "directions" of the same texture will form, when united into a model, the basis of most of my work.

Here are some other vital factors Madame Vionnet recommends to those about to design a collection:

"Once a line is well established, unnecessary additions tend to ruin it. An unsolved sartorial problem need never worry one, but should merely be laid aside, for a while at least. It generally solves itself in time for the next collection. I make hundreds of muslin patterns in the course of the year, patterns which contain my ideas. Key-notes for future collections."

I—Won't you ever again revert to trimmings?

Madame V.—I am not likely to, even though I regret not being able to use such charming feminine artifices. I used to love them. Was particularly partial to lace, which is so becoming to blondes.

Lace, however, has ceased to harmonize with the modern spirit. Partly, perhaps, through my own fault, for simplicity, as a fashion feature, was invented by me. When? As far back as 1912. Alas! I've ever since had to bear the consequences, as simplicity for us dress-makers has come to be far more of a problem than elaboration ever was.

I—Please give me your opinion on this season's increased skirt length.

Madame V.—I hadn't noticed the difference. Are skirts really much longer? It seems to me my skirts are hardly longer than they were last season. They certainly reach to the ground in places, but never hide the limbs. Skirts, in any solid texture, hiding the feet entirely, belong to a bygone period. Really graceful are my flowerlike petal skirts, which I shall undoubtedly continue to feature.

I—Are very narrow sheathlike skirts likely to come in again in spite of their being considered uncomfortable?

Madame V.—To this I shall reply that in this age of sartorial subterfuge, the narrowest skirt need only be so in appearance.

I—And what might you have to say on the subject of waist-lines?

Madame V.—That they are undoubtedly rising, and that models, close fitting from shoulder to below the hips, look particularly smart when worn with a belt placed rather high up; the effect produced being one of extraordinary length provided the woman is well built. Personally, I shall, of course, continue to wear my waist low down, it being best suited to my figure.

Madame Vionnet now calls to her assistant and says, "Let's demonstrate to Baron de Meyer my evolution as a designer. Let's show him my museum, my collection of significant models, preserved since first I became a dressmaker."

Holding up a brown velvet gown with braid, she exclaims, "Look at my first low-waisted model. I made it for myself." (The fairly full skirt is gathered at the hip-line, on both sides of a straight front panel; date 1910.) Madame Vionnet slips the gown over her beige crêpe frock. It still fits her perfectly, in fact makes her look slim.

"Next, let me show you this, at the time a most eccentric model, launched by Ethel Levy, an American actress. The first woman to appear on a race-course wearing her waist low down. Will you believe that she was mobbed, even though her dress was plain black satin? And here is the first chemise gown; and this the first gown to dip in the back, the front being comparatively short." (Date 1913.)

Madame Vionnet's revolutionary fashions of 1914, '15, '16, and '17 follow in rapid succession. Among them the first petal skirt, and the gowns belonging to the fashionable deep black period, when black silk fringes, crêpe de Chine roses, and cut-out effects in black velvet were all the rage.

Madame Vionnet calls these, "Inventions of mine, which have been developed into the Mode of to-day."

It is past the lunch hour, and I make a hurried exit.

Madame Vionnet graciously says, "Your visit, Baron de Mayer, and my talk with you have done me a great

(*Concluded on page 110*)

A EUGÈNE WAVE

SETAGÈNE

for the after-care of the wave

AFTER your visit to a Eugène Waver, you find yourself the happy possessor of a beautiful permanent wave but, alas, *not* of a permanent *coiffure!* Something must be done about it every day—precisely as if it were naturally wavy hair.

That is why Eugène of London, Paris and Berlin, perfecter of the permanent wave, provides *Setagène Wave-Setting Lotion.*

Spray it on lightly—give your hair a few deft touches with your fingers, and Lo! there is order out of chaos, your wave is beautifully in evidence and neatly set in place.

Setagène should be used instead of water, between shampoos and professional settings by your hairdresser. It is thin as a mist, delicately, evanescently fragranced, and dries almost while you are still putting the finishing touches on your hair.

For either naturally or permanently wavy hair. Eight ounce bottle, $1.50. Sixteen ounce bottle, $2.00. Special Eugène Sustained-Spray Atomizer, to fit either size bottle, $1.50. An illustrated instruction leaflet—*"How to Set the Wave"*—is included in each package. *At Fine Beauty Shops.* EUGENE, LTD., London, Paris, Berlin. . . . . 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

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THE FRENCH COUTURIERS DISCUSS THE COMING MODE

(*Concluded from page 108*)

deal of good; have freshened up visions, made me visualize inventions I had long lost sight of. Valuable inspiration for my next collection. Do come in again on the day of opening and tell me how you have liked my new winter models."

MY interview with Lucien Lelong, on whom I called a day later:

I—I hope you're giving us real novelty in your next collection, Monsieur Lelong. Foreign importers, I'm told, are complaining; they say Paris fashions are at a standstill.

Mr. L.—Quite untrue. Even though changing less radically than in former years, the Mode does change.

It appears stationary only because of the proportions organized Paris fashion information service has taken on. Cable, radio, and telephone nowadays instantly herald to the world the slightest change Paris fashions have undergone.

Furthermore, between one year's collections and the next, innumerable transitory collections unconsciously lead one to accept radical changes as a matter of course.

Remember, that once seen novelty ceases to be a surprise, nothing striking one as really new an hour later.

I—Then what exactly is it you are planning for this winter season?

Mr. L.—The kind of fashions women are likely to approve. In order to know what these might be, modern designers have to study modern life, its kaleidoscopic aspect, and its hectic conditions.

I shall certainly, in designing new models, not attempt to go against the current, the psychological moment for revolutionary changes not having arrived.

I, however, believe extremes implicitly to be on the wane. Gowns, as a matter of fact, had reached the stage of being barely more than a covering.

The reign of printed textures looks like the first step toward adopting richer materials. Only a season or two ago two kinds of gowns were needed; women changed from tricot clothes right into evening dress. Now there is a growing demand for the intermediary, more dressy, type of afternoon gown, which evidently means a revival of silk and velvet for daytime wear in place of the tailored woolen clothes of previous seasons.

Afternoon wraps, too, are almost certain to become prominent features of my next winter collection. Such models will follow the longer skirt lines and be sumptuously trimmed with fur, long-haired pelts especially being used for huge enveloping collars.

By the way, I am told by my saleswomen, that in my establishment from among a hundred coats sold, ninety are of the more dressy and supple kind (up to now much neglected). The other ten coats are strictly tailored, coverings for sports clothes only.

Sports clothes and woolen dresses in general will again be featured, each model, however, to be specially designed for its purpose. Any woman wearing a specific model on unsuited occasions will henceforth be considered ignorant of the rules of smart dressing.

I shall show a selection of sports dresses suitable for sports and games. Woolen traveling dresses as well as a number of woolen gowns for morning wear in town.

I—Now, please, Monsieur Lelong speak to me on the subject of waist-lines. Are you likely to raise them to any noticeable extent?

Mr. L.—My reply to this is that the position of a woman's waist-line should be determined by the rules of harmony only, its location being arbitrary, its exact position to be decided on in the fitting room. As a matter of fact, waist-lines do not exist at all. They are but an optical definition, just as a gown is nothing but a principle which starts at the top to end below the knees.

There is, however, a very much marked tendency toward more close-fitting bodices, the nineteen-twenty-nine waist-line finding itself quite naturally placed much higher up than hitherto.

I—Why not give me an idea of the kind of styles you are likely to favor?

Mr. L.—How can I, without possibly leading you astray? Sartorial novelty consists of innumerable failures, of good ideas gone wrong, and of many new-looking, but unsuccessful, silhouettes.

No one, on the memorable day that dipping skirts were first presented, knew what a success they would turn out to be. However, I may venture to say that the skimpy, round-skirted gowns reaching to no further down than the kneecap are no more acceptable. They have had their vogue and were certainly most attractive. However, when an attractive style gets exploited by the lowest class of dressmaker it should, even if still considered attractive, be abandoned.

I—What materials are you likely to feature?

Mr. L.—Patterned textures, of course. Shall try and revive brocades, modern-looking ones, naturally. A colossal effort, both by the manufacturers and dressmakers, is sure to be made to assure these textures success. Personally, I shall make every possible attempt to use them for the desire of a more imaginative quality introduced into woman's dress is being strongly felt.

The combination of richer textures, with what has come to be known as the scientific cut, will undoubtedly be one of the most marked features of this coming season's collections.

Not, however, even in our most sumptuous creations will we dressmakers depart from "modern restraint," for kindly remember that, even in its most perfect expression, art has always been achieved by simple means.

Just as I was about to leave, Mr. Lelong said to me that what he, at present, most urgently felt was the need for something new in women's dress. A novelty, however, which is not to take the shape of making bizarre-patterned textures express the plainness and simplicity of the last few seasons. This, he said, would be but a poor way of making use of those new and imaginative means placed at the dressmakers' disposal.

It is in the solving of these problems, such as combining originality with modern simplicity, or making good use of imaginative values, that the principal novelty of this coming season's winter fashions resides.

DINING ALONG THE GOLD COAST

(*Concluded from page 102*)

land. And some of it comes off the bones of the few remaining buffalo. But buffalo steak is a delicacy for which it is well to prepare with sundry visits to that delectable establishment, the government liquor store.

In Portland, there is the Benson, in whose cellar is a grill invariably filled with dancing Oregonians, steadied but not anchored by the thick, juicy steaks which are a special feature of Portland dining.

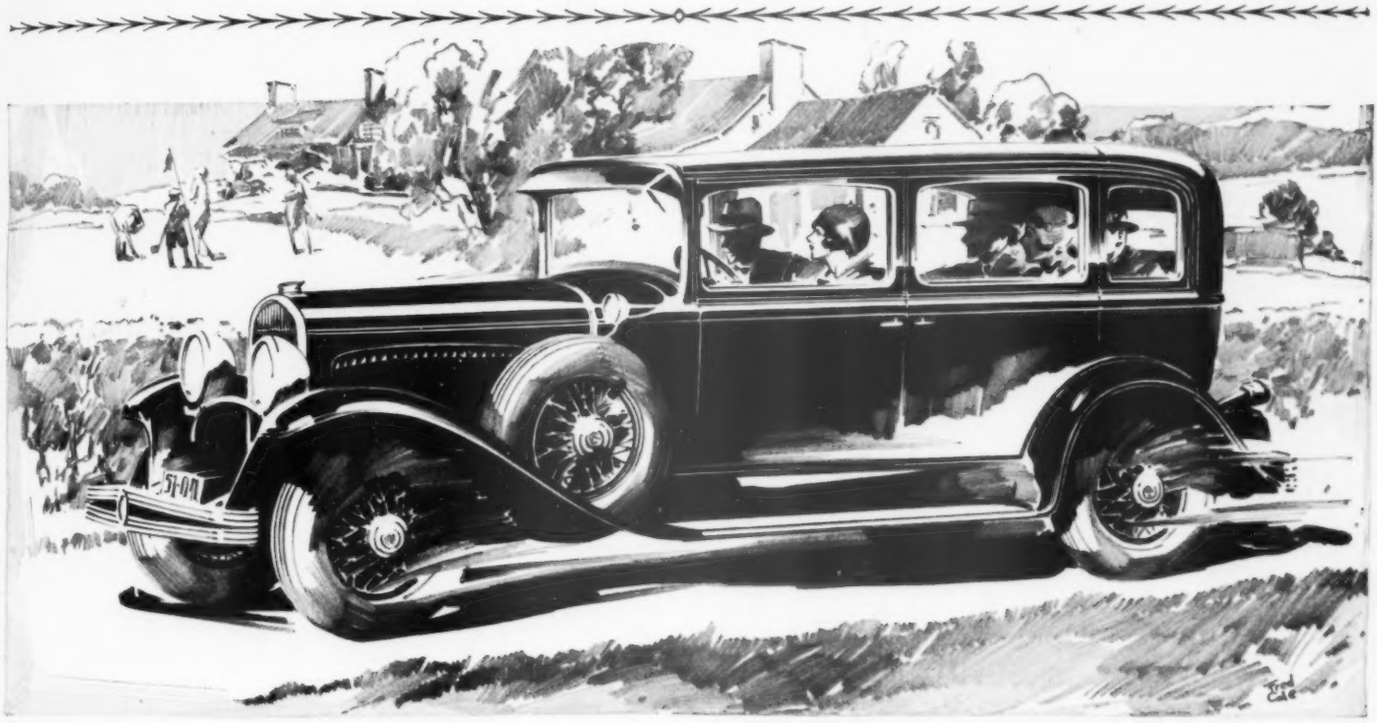
And in Seattle is that famous café de luxe, Blanc's, in a little pink house on a steep side street, where an incomparable chef prepares the characteristic dishes of eighteen different countries. When I was last there, the "specials" for the day included Japanese *mushi shiru*, Hungarian *goulasch*, Arabian *cous cous*, Russian *pirojkis s'kouretnol*, and Italian *gnocchi Milanesa*. Blanc's is so good, so utterly and indigestably good, that it makes one forget for a season the joys of Victor Hugo's multiple salads, the golden brown of Julius's roasted chicken—even the name and fame of Solari's sweetbreads *enbrochette!*

STOOD ALONE FIVE YEARS AGO -:- STANDS ALONE TODAY

DEC 6 1924

"Chrysler came into a seemingly crowded motor car market and almost immediately swept its way into unprecedented acceptance as a quality product. That which ordinarily takes years to achieve was won almost overnight. + + Why? Because Chrysler brushed aside outworn traditions in engineering, in design, and in performance. + + It brought to bear both scientific exactness and artistry. + + That is why Chrysler has taken the country by storm—why it still stands and will long stand alone — why, if you want what Chrysler gives, Chrysler alone can satisfy you."

—Advertisement, Literary Digest, December 6, 1924



CHRYSLER "75" ROYAL SEDAN

CHRYSLER'S PLACE IN THE SUN

PRIOR to five years ago there were no Chrysler motor cars. In five years' time, Chrysler, from a standing start, has overtaken leading cars of three, four and five times its age.

The spectacle of a newcomer so swiftly becoming a leader can bring the logical mind to but one conclusion: There must be something remarkable, something altogether different and superior, in the cars that Chrysler builds.

Hundreds of thousands of motorists the world over today acclaim Chrysler leadership in performance, beauty, safety and value.

There is, in Chrysler performance, a thrilling sense of endless power, a swift eagerness of life and spirit, a feeling of perfect balance and safety that cannot be experienced except in a Chrysler.

Artistic freshness and modern charm in Chrysler design distinguish Chrysler in any company.

There is a smoothness in Chrysler comfort quite without counterpart in present-day motoring.

Drive a Chrysler car today, and realize why Chrysler has won so glittering a place in the sun—and why Chrysler goes on and on to ever-increasing popularity and prestige.

CHRYSLER

CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

FILM on Teeth

Posed by Virginia Watson, popular musical comedy star of "Hello Yourself"

Feel it with your tongue

Remove it to make teeth gleam and sparkle

"KEEP your teeth sparkling white," urges an eminent dental authority, "for white teeth are always free of dangerous film."

Film is a dingy, sticky coating that spreads over teeth. It becomes a breeding place for diseases of the teeth. It turns them dull and gray.

Thus removing film is the greatest protective measure modern science knows. That is why the outstanding scientific dentifrice called Pepsodent is so widely urged. Please accept a free 10 days' supply to try. Just send coupon.

Why teeth are dull

If your teeth are dingy and "off color" they are coated with a film. Feel for this film with your tongue.

Teeth are not naturally discolored—simply coated with a film. Film is the source of tooth and gum disorders. Remove it, dentists urge.

Food and smoking stain that film. Germs by the millions breed in it. Film hardens into tartar—film fosters decay. And germs with tartar are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Many serious body ills may be indirectly traced to film.

The special way to remove it

Ordinary brushing ways are not successful. You must employ the scientific method that first curdles film. Light brushing then can easily remove it in safety to enamel.

You marvel at the whiteness of children's teeth. Yours may regain that color. May take on a brilliance that is actually amazing.

FREE ten-day test

Perhaps unattractive teeth have cost you too much in society and in business. You cannot delay testing this method another day.

Get a full-size tube wherever dentifrices are sold, or send coupon below to nearest address for free 10-day tube.

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Only one tube to a family 3231

WOMAN IN YELLOW

(*Continued from page 69*)

pointed gleaming slipper on the landing, a hand like a pale water-flower on the bronze cupid that supported the railing. "Forgive me," she murmured.

Paul Hemingway recovered himself in time to say something about the delay being supremely worth while. His wife added vivaciously that it was quite all right, while her dark eyes absorbed the green and gold and star-dust that were Rosamund.

Richard gemmed the situation by remarking impressively, "You see, even the least of men may attain success if they take the precaution of chaining their inspiration to the fireside."

Rosamund made a tiny superb movement of her head, and allowed her astonishing lashes to brush her cheek. Her husband, watching her between professionally narrowed lids, smiled.

ROSAMUND knew that Richard Callender had created for her a legend of beauty that quite possibly she did not possess. Whether or not she was actually beautiful was a question of no importance. Beauty was a comparative term that did not interest him. She understood that her fascination for him lay in her complete artificiality, and she had learned to wear it like a brittle, delicate shell. She had discovered the peculiar comfort of shells. The emotions that had remained to her had learned not to intrude upon her features.

Richard had just finished her seventh portrait. He had painted her in a golden gown like a metal sheath, out of which her narrow body rose, sharp and white. The yellow hair was like a little helmet following the close small curve of her head. The face was like a Benda mask, exquisitely, emptily mystic.

This was the painting that Paul Hemingway was speaking of at dinner, discussing it in an impersonal manner as though she were not present. Rosamund was used to it. Sometimes she felt that this was her real evaluation, that she was more truly a work of art than a woman.

Hemingway was saying, "I had no idea that such eyes actually existed. I had understood, of course, that the portrait owed its immense effectiveness to a liberal dose of impressionism."

Richard did not immediately answer. It occurred to Rosamund that he was quieter to-night than usual. She was used to his facile rein on the conversation, but to-night there were times when he seemed to let it get away from him. She saw that he was looking at Hemingway's wife, his eyes resting abstractly on the deep swell of her breast under the undistinguished dinner gown. She was a dark, warm-colored woman, lavishly curved. Even sitting so, against the tall carved chairback, she seemed to smell of the kitchen and the bedroom. She had apparently recovered from the shock of Rosamund's appearance and lost interest in her. She sat there now, her eyes, brown and lively, moving rapidly from one man's face to the other as they talked.

"Rosamund does not require the emphasis of impressionism," Richard said, but his eyes had not moved from Dorothy Hemingway.

She said warmly, "Paul has been so anxious to meet you, Mrs. Callender. He has been so impressed with your portraits that I was really quite upset about it."

"How nice of him," Rosamund murmured. She was thinking that Mrs. Hemingway would have no further cause to be upset. Paul had regarded her with an evident admiration, but the very frankness of it had proved its impersonality. It was the way Richard's friends always looked at her, as though she were a museum-piece.

"It is, of course, unnecessary for me to add that I am even more profoundly impressed with the original," Hemingway said courteously.

His wife regarded him a moment and remarked brightly, "How wonderful it must be always to have banners flying ahead of one. Especially, when one can always live up to them so beautifully."

She sighed, but it was a coquettish sigh, neatly aimed at Richard Callender. He rose to it, smiling, his teeth and eyes bright in his dark face, and caught it as he would have caught a bouquet and tossed it back to her.

"The most important events are so often unheralded," he said, "and the most enchanting of women."

IN THE weeks that followed Richard was away from home a great deal, but this had happened before, and it did not occur to Rosamund to resent it or to wonder at it. She took his love for granted and made no demands upon it. But an incident occurred about a month after the dinner that puzzled and disturbed her.

It had been her custom to wear upon occasion a corsage of white violets. The delicacy and unusualness of the flowers suggested herself, and Richard had encouraged her fondness for them by placing a standing order at a florist to send her a bouquet of white violets every week. One day at the usual time a box of yellow roses arrived. She called the florist and he explained that a mistake had been made, her order crossed with another, and that he would send up the violets by special messenger. But Rosamund was due at a tea and didn't wait. She left the yellow roses lying in their box and went out to her roadster. Ten minutes later she arrived at the home of her hostess.

The first woman she saw when she entered the room was Dorothy Hemingway. She was sitting near the door and talking in her usual animated manner to a woman Rosamund did not know. Rosamund's entrance, as always, created a little stir. Mrs. Hemingway looked up and suddenly stiffened. She smiled coldly and said, "How do you do?" Rosamund did not know whether she answered or not. She was looking at Mrs. Hemingway's corsage of double white violets, and their thin cool fragrance, so familiar, reached up to her.

Later she managed to convince herself that it was simply a coincidence. Any other interpretation seemed absurd to her. She had intended to mention the incident to Richard, but for some obscure reason she could not bring herself to do so. Surely she had no suspicion of him, and she told herself that it was silly to prolong a rather disagreeable occurrence. Not that it would be so unusual for him to send flowers to another woman. Richard was, among other things, a cavalier. But Dorothy Hemingway! What attraction could such a woman have for him? Richard Callender, the most fastidious of men, the artist, who had schooled her for years to the most rigid standards, Richard Callender, for whom she had drained herself of warmth and color that he might translate the frail pattern of her upon canvas. Richard Callender and this earthly woman with the quick surge of vulgarity running under every gesture, vitalizing every move of her body. Absurd!

A MONTH later he told her. It was a gray afternoon with a feel of rain in the air. He had been driving in the country with Dorothy and the atmosphere of the soft dim-lighted house seemed to close him in. He went straight up-stairs and into Rosamund's room. She was lying on the bed, propped up against six little colored pillows. The lamplight slanted across her little moon-colored head, and the smoke drifted indolently from her cigarette up through the shade. She had never looked to him more exquisitely useless, a woman in two dimensions.

He said, "May I come in? I'd like to talk to you."

"Of course," she said, and let her magazine slide to the floor.

Richard sat down in the chair away from the lamp. The gray light that crept in from the heavily draped window hardened across his face. He said, "Rosamund, I wonder if what I have come to say will be a surprise to you."

(*Continued on page 116*)

Are You Proud of Your Legs?

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Don't confuse *ZIP* with ordinary depilatories. It is a delightfully fragrant balsam, easily spread on, and then gently removed, taking with it all hairs and roots. Really marvelous, the way it works.

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created by a French chemist

A little shop on the outskirts of Paris produced this revolutionary idea in skin care

named by the Empress Eugenie

The beautiful Empress Eugenie, wife of Napoleon III, gave the liquid its name, Ambrosia

first made to the private order of America's notable women

Since 1902, Ambrosia has been made to the private order of the most famous women of the stage and the social world

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Announced to the public only a few months ago, Ambrosia has been enthusiastically received by New York's fastidious women

BEAUTY DISCOVERY

that cleanses the skin as nothing has ever done before

Medical authorities agree that ordinary methods of cleansing the skin with greasy preparations are not efficient. No doctor of standing would use anything but a liquid solvent to cleanse the skin of a patient.

He knows that the dirt that clogs up the depths of the pores, the dirt that coarsens and ages the skin, cannot be removed by a grease. Only a liquid can float out the deep-lying dirt and tenderly cherish the radiant youth of the skin.

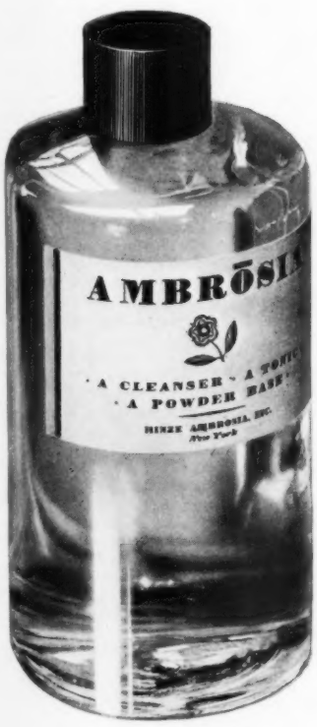
Ambrosia, the new liquid cleanser, does this in one minute. Apply Ambrosia on cotton. It penetrates instantly into the pores, floats the deepest dirt onto the cotton. There is no grease to get in the hair, nothing to wipe away.

The makers of Ambrosia do not make a cream, but recognize its great value for softening a dry skin and advise its use after every particle of soil has been removed with Ambrosia. Swift, special treatments for each type of skin, are given in the Ambrosia booklet that accompanies each bottle.

As easy to use as your compact, liquid Ambrosia is more than a cleanser; it is actually a one-minute facial. You feel Ambrosia enter the pores. You know it is toning the skin. Clean pores close naturally, making the skin-texture fine and clear. Powder smooths on and stays exquisitely.

Carry a pocket flacon in your purse; use it wherever you happen to be, at home, in your car, on the train, in town. Know the joy of looking your best each hour of the day.

The patrician flat-backed Ambrosia bottle can now be obtained at all better specialty shops and department stores: $1.50, $2.50, $4.50. Hinze Ambrosia, Inc., 114 Fifth Ave., New York City.



Marie Earle

Where the Vogue for Sun-Burned Make-up Originated

IN Marie Earle's Palm Beach Salon the first sunburn make-up was born. The smart young things started it two years ago with their rage for well sunned skins. Their older sisters said, "What a heavenly becoming color" and then asked Marie Earle how they could be likewise.

The answer was a make-up so subtly reflecting the tones your skin would tan that Marie Earle's patrons with their flair for chic have gone around ever since with the look of radiant sun godesses.

No stains, nothing to dry or parch the skin. Just use Marie Earle's Liquid Powder for arms, neck and back, her Finishing Cream for the face and her Face Powder. There are two outdoor shades in each. Ochre for white skins and daytime use. Sunburn for evening or if you have a dark skin. The Liquid Powder wards off every burning ray of sunlight.

You will find all Marie Earle's preparations at the smart shops.

MARIE EARLE'S Special Hot Oil Mask Treatments at the Salon are perfect to overcome that early summer rough blotchy look and keep the skin smooth and supple through sunny days on beach and links. Pure rich creams, special nourishing oils are smoothed deep into the skin by clever velvet fingers. Skilled stroking relaxes away every line and worried look, brings youth back in tingling new circulation. Chilled and bracing tonics firm and tone the skin and bring a radiantly smooth foundation for the lovely make-up. Salons at 660 Fifth Avenue, New York, and Southampton.

WOMAN IN YELLOW

(*Continued from page 113*)

She lifted a narrow eyebrow in the only expression she permitted herself, and waited.

His mind fumbled for words and straightened into a simple statement. "I'm in love with another woman."

She looked at the foolish little doll that held her skirts coquettishly over the telephone. She said, "Who is the woman?"

"Dorothy Hemingway."

She made a little quick movement at that, and one hand fluttered up to her cheek, but her face remained empty. He remembered a masked dancer that he had seen and the strangeness of her painted immobile face above her little lifting figure.

She said, "I don't understand."

"No," he said uncomfortably, "I don't expect you to. I'm only beginning to understand myself."

"Why are you telling me? What do you want me to do?"

"I don't know. Nothing, I think. I've got to work it out in my own mind. And with her. But as a matter of decency I had to tell you."

"Is she going to tell her husband?"

"I—I don't know. Why, of course, if—"

He didn't finish. There was a small silence. Then he heard her say very quietly, "Does Dorothy Hemingway love you?"

"Yes. She loves me. Not as you do. Not as you have loved me. This thing that's between us is not very fine, not very noble. But it's there. And it's the strongest thing I've ever known. I can't—can't tell you about it, Rosamund."

She said, "I see," but it seemed absurd for her to say that, lying there with her mystic child face and her nymph body. What could she understand of a woman like Dorothy? "I see," she said gravely.

It made him almost angry. He got up, and said to her coldly over his shoulder, "I can't talk about it. It's happened and I'm sorry. I don't flatter myself that I am necessary to your happiness, but I don't want to make things uncomfortable for you if I can help it. Suppose we just let things slide for a little while."

She said, "I am hardly in a position to do anything else."

A memory suddenly shook him of Dorothy's round creamy neck melting into her magnificent shoulders. What a woman!

"Be patient with me, Rosamund," he said. His voice sounded queer and husky to him. "I'm—pretty far gone."

Rosamund didn't answer. Nothing but the nape of her small pale head was visible to him. He wondered if she was feeling anything at all. Was she experiencing any emotion? It seemed to him that she knew no more of life, no more of love, than the little doll on the table.

She straightened herself against the pillows. "Please leave me alone," she said in a tiny icy voice.

IT WAS the last he saw of her for three weeks. When he came home the following day he found an empty house and a note telling him briefly that she had gone away so that he might make his plans more easily. She had taken nothing with her but her little dog and her roadster. He read the note with no emotion except relief. He was still sloughed in indecision concerning the depth and permanency of his feeling for Dorothy, but he was glad of the freedom to be with her, and let the thing work itself out to some conclusion.

He had no idea where Rosamund had gone, but he knew that she had money, and was sure that she would come back before it was necessary to make any decisive move. Ten minutes after he had put down the note, he was climbing into his car, its long nose pointed toward Dorothy Hemingway's.

Seahaven in October was a long empty stretch of sand with a cold, rough sea pounding against the narrow shore. Here frail summer cottages stood all winter under a bombardment of wind and sea. The Callender cottage had not been lived in for three years, but after Rosamund had opened the little casement windows and let in the pale crisp October sunlight, the stiff peasant-like little rooms looked more cheerful.

She had come here impulsively because it had seemed to her the only place in the world she could go. She had no plans. She didn't know how long she would stay here, nor how she would live. She had brought with her provisions to last for a day or so. If she needed more, there was a little town five miles down the shore road. Meanwhile she was grateful for the solitude of the place. The summer colony had gone a month ago. There was no need to do anything, except wait.

AND yet she meant to live these days for what they were, turning her face from the frightening uncertainty of the future. The first week she spent long quiet hours on the sand, her little dog lying beside her, his bright incurious eyes on her face. She had tried so hard to understand where she had failed. She thought that she had understood her husband's every need in a woman and trained herself to meet them. Sometimes it had seemed to her that she had been invented by this man, that she had not existed at all before he found her. She couldn't remember herself as she had been. And yet he had fallen in love with her. Was it that he had seen the possibilities in her even then? Well, anyhow, he had taken her, as he took an empty canvas and made it an exquisite thing. And he had been proud of her, she knew that. She had been a precious possession. Then why should he let her go so easily? When she came to Dorothy Hemingway, her mind stopped. She could find no answer to the situation. So she let it go.

Gradually she began to let everything go. She underwent the peculiar experience of seeing herself become another woman. Richard Callender had been the mirror where she saw herself reflected, before whom she had postured and spread her little artifices. Without him she lost awareness of herself, and became simply a lonely and bewildered woman.

She found a growing comfort in the quiet routine of this new life. Every few days she drove into town and bought the few things that she required. She discovered a new and intoxicating independence in doing things for herself. On cold mornings, she could build a fire in the living-room fireplace, and drink her coffee in warmth and comfort. Warmth and comfort that she had contrived for herself, and owed to no one. It was a novel sensation.

She began to feel at home in the little sunny kitchen, and found a strange pleasure in concocting new dishes that she never ate. Once, on an impulse, she bought a yellow and white checked apron and felt a delight in tying the stiff little folds around her.

IT HAPPENED one night in the third week after she had come to Seahaven. It had been raining quietly and persistently all afternoon. The sea looked heavy and leaden. Rosamund went to bed early and the staccato of rain sent her to sleep.

She woke a few hours later to a rising wind. The floor under the window was soaking wet. As she got up to shut it, she heard some one calling out on the beach, the voice coming faintly through the noise of the waves. A moment later she heard a pounding on the back door. Struggling into a bathrobe she hurried into the kitchen. She had left a lamp burning dimly on the table.

A man's voice just outside shouted, "Hey, there! Anybody up?"

Rosamund unlatched the door. She saw a man and a boy, carrying between them the apparently lifeless body of another man.

The man said, "There's been an accident out on the shore road. This fella ain't much hurt, but he's knocked out. We saw your light. Where do you want us to put him?"

There were two bedrooms in the cottage, but the bed in the guest-room was small, and from the little she could see

(*Concluded on page 118*)

Lipstick TUSSY

WHAT *do you consider when you select a lipstick? The shade, of course, and the fragrance. You want to know whether it will go on smoothly and lightly. You wonder whether the color is lasting, the quality finest. Of course the maker's name has some influence with you, and most certainly the case must be smart.* * * * *If you would have all your requirements skillfully answered, simply ask for Lipstick Tussy. The creation of Lesquendieu, Lipstick Tussy is a miracle of smoothness and delicacy. It leaves a breath of fragrance on your lips, and a lasting touch of perfect color. Lipstick Tussy comes from France in eight distinct shades, in the smartest of galalithe containers, each worthy of traveling in your newest handbag.*

LIPSTICK TUSSY may be obtained at your favorite shop. There, too, you will find the creams, lotions, paste rouges and cream rouges that have made famous the name of Lesquendieu as the leading maker of cosmetics throughout Europe. They are all made in, and imported from, France. Won't you let us send you the fascinating booklet on make-up, "Cosmetiques Lesquendieu." Just write to—Lesquendieu, Inc., 683 Fifth Avenue, New York.

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NO intelligent woman believes that a "cut" price is any guarantee of value or that a $100 fur is worth $150 simply because it was reduced to $150 from some higher figure.

We do not hold so-called "sales"; we never raise our prices in anticipation of cutting them during January or August. The regular Shayne prices, which hold throughout the entire year, are as low or lower than most periodic sale prices. The intrinsic value of Shayne furs is guaranteed by a 63 year record of scrupulous business honesty—NOT by a "cut" price.

126 WEST 42nd ST. NEW YORK

WOMAN IN YELLOW

(*Concluded from page 116*)

of the injured man, he seemed pretty tall. She said, "Right in here," and taking the lamp she led them into her own bedroom.

When they had laid him flat on his back, and pulled the lamp over near his face, she saw who it was.

"Why, Richard!" she said in a small stern voice, "why, *Richard*." And she reached out her little hands and shook him by his great sagging shoulders.

"You know him?" asked the man, and he looked at her curiously.

She was trembling, but she managed a certain dignity. "He is my husband," she said. "We are staying here. He was coming home."

The boy spoke suddenly, knowingly, "There was a woman with him. She didn't get hurt much, just scratched up some."

Rosamund looked at him coolly. "Where did the woman go?"

The man spoke again. "She stopped the next car and went on into town. She was going to take a train home, she said."

Rosamund went over to the bed and sat down beside Richard. She looked at his familiar face with the impatient little lines around the eyes and mouth. He was breathing heavily.

"Are you sure he isn't hurt?" she asked.

"I don't think so. We'll stop in town and send over a doctor to make sure. It's a lucky thing it happened so near home."

"Yes," said Rosamund, "it's lucky. I will be very grateful if you will send over a doctor. I can take care of him very well until then."

The man moved toward the door. He seemed glad to be relieved of responsibility. "Well, come on, Bob," he said. "We got to get along."

At the door Rosamund stopped them. "How did the accident happen?" she asked.

The boy glanced at her over his shoulder and laughed thinly. "This one-arm drivin' stuff always gets 'em," he said.

ROSAMUND went back into the bedroom. He was lying there just as they had left him, a dark sprawl of a man across the immaculate whiteness of her bed. She set to work taking off his muddy clothes. There was a cut in the side of his jaw that she must wash with peroxide.

She tried to shut the woman, Dorothy, out of her mind. Dorothy who had run away and left him for strangers to take care of. When she thought of him with this woman, let her mind run back into the dark hours they had been together before the accident, let her mind leap ahead to the hours that had been ahead of them, she felt that she could not touch him. Twice she put down the cloth and left him, and twice she went back.

The morning was clear and vividly blue. Richard Callender was not sure exactly when he woke. He lay quite still and watched the curtain move back and forth in the open window a long time before he wondered what window it was, and who was making the busy little noises out in the other room. Gradually the room took on a remote familiarity. Seahaven. He was in the cottage at Seahaven.

He sat up and stared around him. Dorothy. Where was she? They had started out for the cottage last night. What had happened? With a sudden sickness he remembered the accident. Everything afterward was a blank, but before— He lay back against the pillows, trying to think calmly, trying to get events in their proper sequence. This was the way it had happened.

They had turned the curve onto the straightaway that led past the beach. He could see the long row of cottages, little darker blots in the dark rainy night. In one of them he could see a light, and a moment later he was amazed to see that it was their own cottage. At once the truth flashed into his mind—Rosamund was there! Rosamund was there all alone. He wondered how he could have failed to guess where she had gone. And with this sudden discovery had come an insane desire to see her.

He said to Dorothy, "Look! Rosamund's there in the cottage."

And Dorothy had said, "Oh, Dick, what shall we do?"

And he had said, "We'll go there just the same. We'll see her and have the thing out. It's gone on long enough like this, anyway," and he had headed straight for the cottage.

He didn't know what would happen. He didn't know what he would say to Rosamund. He had a crazy notion that the three of them might talk the thing out sanely. His mind was so muddled he felt a need for Rosamund's cool detachment.

Dorothy said, "You must be mad," and when he started to turn in the little road that led to the cottage, she grabbed the wheel and twisted it back toward the main highway. There had been a concrete culvert at the junction of the two roads, and the next instant he had known they were going to crash over the side. And then he had known nothing at all.

NOW he was here in this little room and it was bright day outside. And he was not alone. Suddenly it became urgent that he should know who was in the other room.

He got up slowly, holding onto the bed-post. Very carefully he walked toward the kitchen.

He saw a woman kneeling in front of the stove, her back toward him. There were two tangled braids of yellow hair over her shoulders, and she seemed to be dressed rather casually in a kimono and an apron. Then she stood up and turned, and her face was very white and looked frightened. This was Rosamund, his wife, but it seemed that he had never seen her before.

"Rosamund," he said. "Why, Rosamund."

She turned away from him, as though she were afraid of his eyes, of his voice, and ran to the door. She stood in the open doorway with her back toward the room. The sunlight licked at her hair. She said, "Dorothy has gone home. She wasn't hurt. She is probably waiting to hear from you. I don't want to keep you here."

He picked up the loosened braid of her hair. He did not remember ever seeing it like this before. He said, "Turn around, Rosamund."

"There are eggs and toast on the stove. I'm making some coffee, if you want some before you go."

He put his hands on her shoulders. She seemed small in her flat little slippers.

"Look at me, Rosamund."

She turned slowly and looked at him squarely. Her eyes were clear and straight, but her mouth, pink and innocent of rouge, trembled like a child's. He took a step backward, and his eyes narrowed. Unconsciously, he was posing her. She came into sharp focus. Yellow hair, yellow apron, sunlight—What a picture! His fingers began to tremble.

"Oh, Richard, don't!"

What was he doing? What did she mean? Looking at him with big, agonized eyes.

"Richard, don't look at me like that. I'm not a picture. I'm real!"

Something suddenly clicked inside him. The outlines blurred. This was Rosamund, *his wife*. She had looked like this ten years ago when they were married. Suddenly he felt very strong. He picked her up and sat down on the steps holding her in his arms. How warm and sweet and small she seemed.

"Little woman," he said, "little sweet Rosamund. So this is you." And he buried his head against the yellow apron.

"This has always been me," said Rosamund, a little uncertainly. It was, after all, a difficult thing to be sure of.

She felt Richard's little laugh lose itself against her throat.

"What I want to know is," he said, "where have you been all my life?"

The consummate skill of the artist in home beautification is fully expressed in the Chenille carpeting throughout every room in the Brennecke home.

THE CHARM OF FINE CHENILLES

Woven to order on the looms of Mohawk for the lovely home of Dr. H. A. Brennecke in Aurora, Illinois

THOSE who require that their homes be rich in individuality will find pleasure in these studies of Mohawk Chenilles in the home of Dr. H. A. Brennecke in Aurora, Illinois. Everywhere throughout this charming home, deep-piled, lustrous Mohawk Chenilles add a rich beauty, a blended harmony, unmistakably their own.

Chenilles—from the looms of Mohawk—are obtainable, seamless, up to 30 feet in width. And Mohawk can fulfill with finesse the desires of your decorator as to color, pattern and depth of pile.

Few technical restrictions limit Mohawk Chenille carpeting. It can be woven in any color or gradation of tone, embellished with specially created designs or crests, and given that touch of individuality which characterizes the selections of the discriminating. Too, its conformability makes it readily adaptable to irregular room outlines. Harmony in home beautification is thus assured.

Dr. Brennecke's residence was designed by Charles W. Valentine of Milwaukee. Interior decorations and furnishings were suggested by the Conrad Schmitt Studios, also of Milwaukee. It is they who commissioned the Mohawk Carpet Mills of Amsterdam, New York, to produce the Chenille carpeting for this gracious home.

Mohawk is ever ready to serve those who insist that their homes be enriched by the charm of fine Chenille.

There are Mohawk contract supply dealers so located throughout the country as to make at least one readily available for consultation and assistance. The names of these dealers may be had on request.

The carpeting shown here is two-tone, figured field, blue-green Chenille, especially woven on the looms of Mohawk. The general basic coloring prevails through the entire house.

The striking appropriateness of Chenille for a bedroom, combining style, luxury and good taste, accounts for its selection by the Conrad Schmitt Studios for this delightful room in the Brennecke residence.

+ + + +

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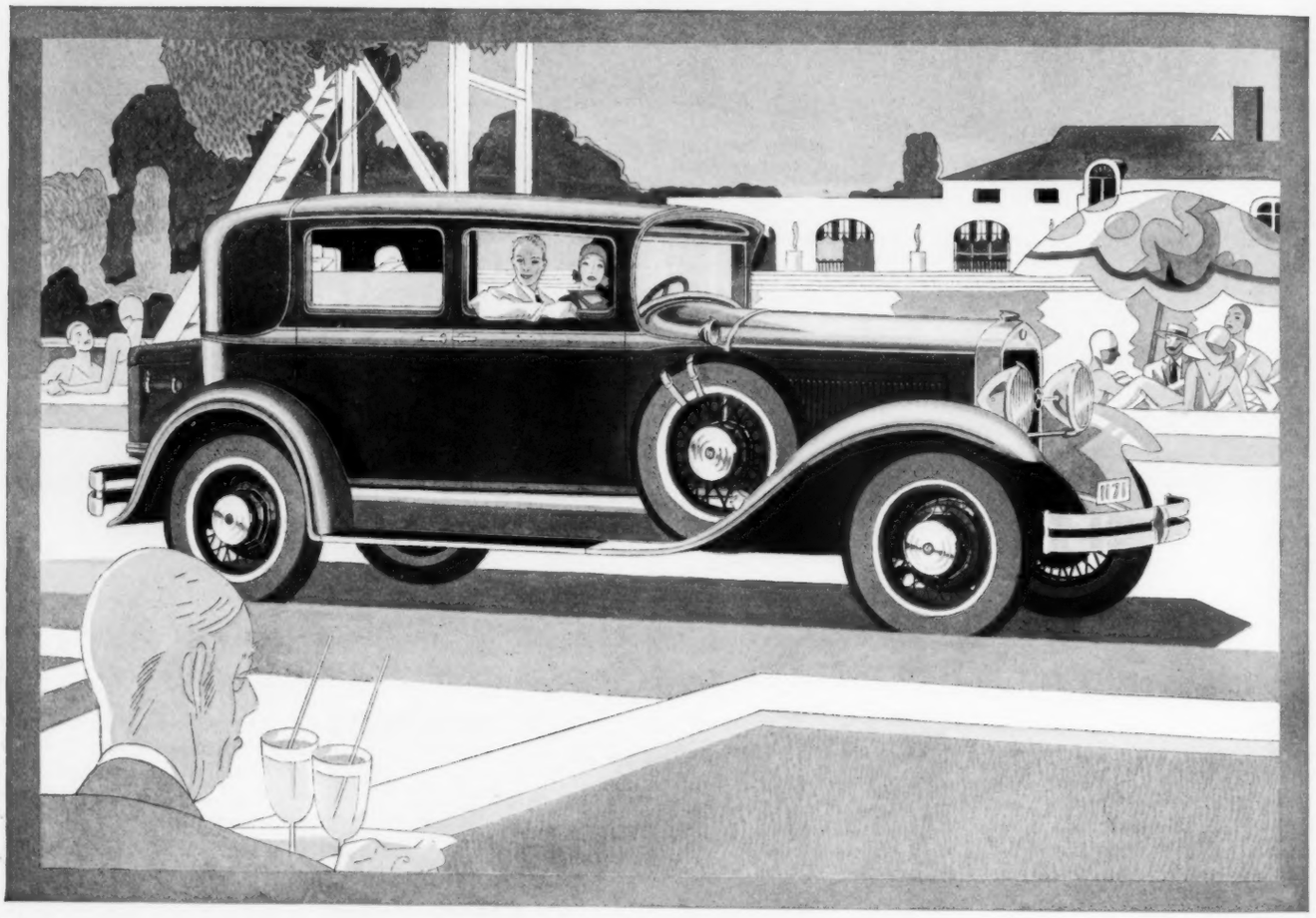
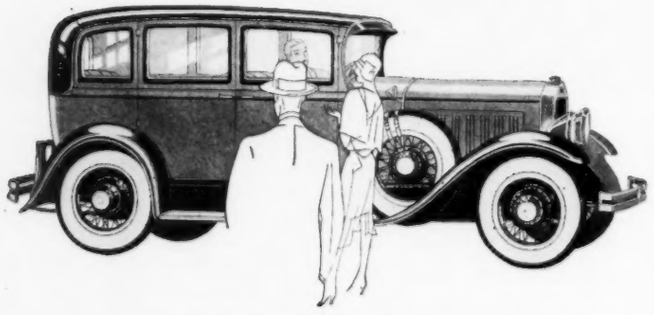
YOUTHFUL···· IN STYLE AS IN SPIRIT

These smart, swift Studebaker Motor Cars bear themselves as Champions should

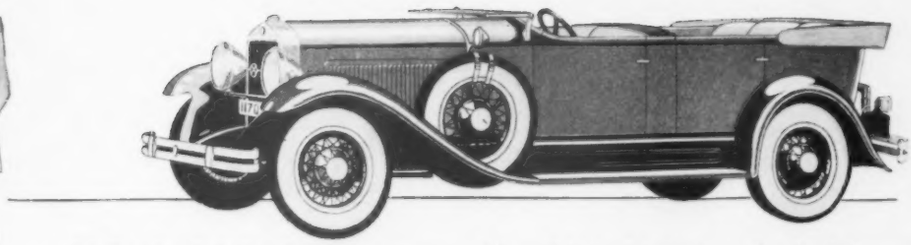


The Commander Brougham for five combines ample roominess with companionability. Upholstery—fine Bedford cord or mohair. Folding center arm rest in rear seat. Two extra wire wheels set in fender wells, a touring trunk with two large suit cases and a hat box, and hydraulic shock absorbers are standard equipment. Commander Eight Brougham, $1675, Commander Six, $1525.

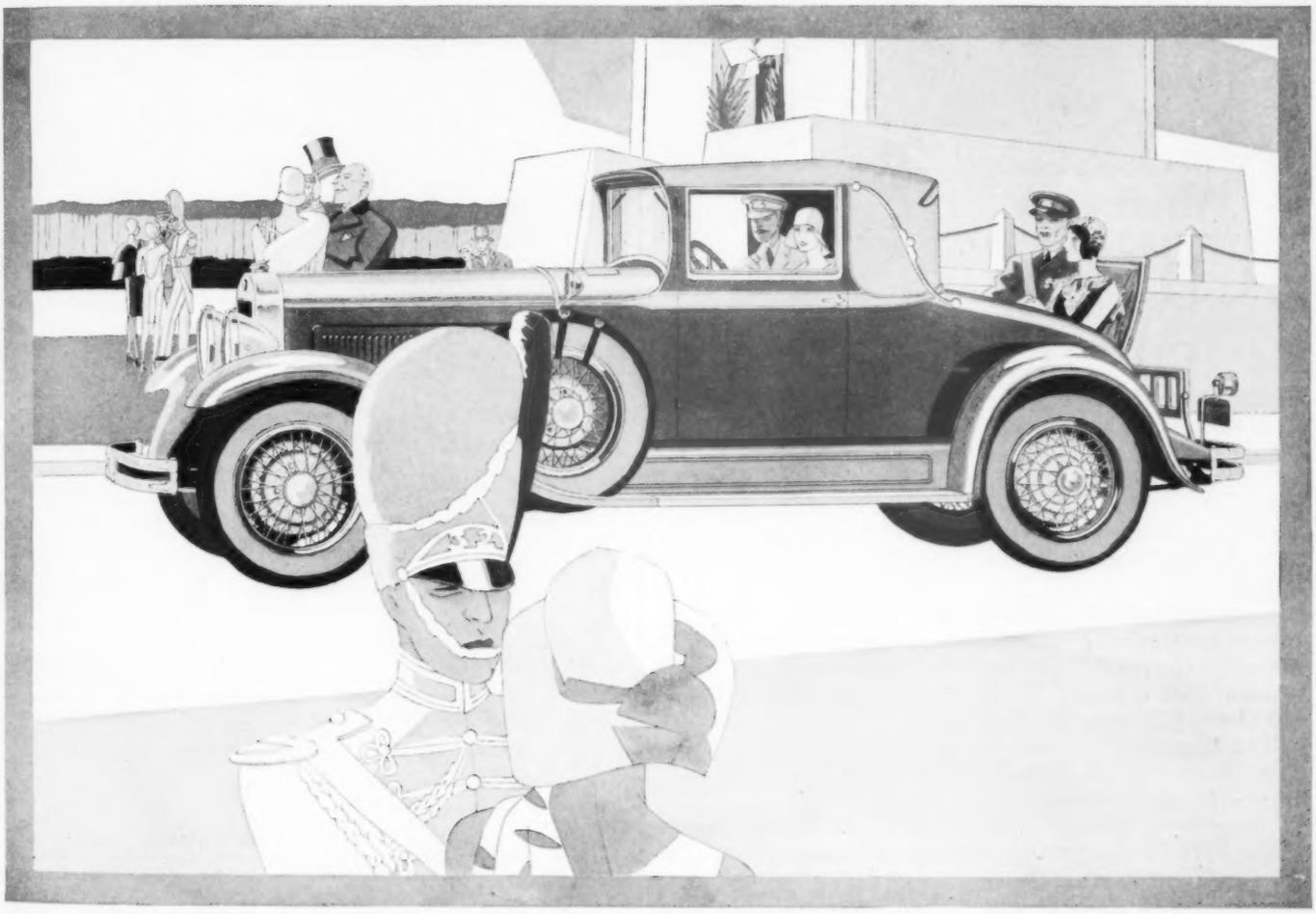


The Dictator Regal Sedan for five, available either as a straight eight or six, is a car of genuine beauty and generous size. Exceptional economy. 115-inch wheelbase. Hydraulic shock absorbers. The Dictator Six Regal Sedan is $1195; the Eight $1435. The Six-cylinder Dictator Coupe for two is $995 and the Eight $1185.

THERE is a fresh and vigorous style to Studebaker which is quite as evident in performance as in smart appearance. Breath-taking fleetness won for these gallant cars *every* official stock car record for speed and staying power. . . . There is a dash and spirit—a *style* distinctly Studebaker and unmistakably champion—about every phase of their flawless deportment. The way they handle, their riding ease born of ball-bearing spring suspension and enhanced by powerful hydraulic shock absorbers,



The President Eight State Tourer, seating seven. A beautiful interpretation in coachcraft, of the speed and stamina of its world champion chassis. Ball bearing spring shackles, powerful Houdaille shock absorbers, steel-core safety steering wheel. Flat-folding windshield of non-shatterable safety glass. 135-inch wheelbase. Priced $2085 with six wire wheels and folding luggage grid.



their steadiness on any road and at any pace, their velvet-smooth responsiveness—these make up Studebaker performance style. This performance style shares with fine coachcraft the honor which motorists of all nations have accorded to Studebaker . . . world leadership in the sale of eight-cylinder motor cars. There has been no finer tribute in Studebaker's long and honored history.

The President Eight Convertible Cabriolet seats four in comfort—two in the lounge and two in the commodious rumble. Low-swung on its costlier double-drop frame. Side windows may be raised with top up or down. Six wire wheels and trunk rack standard equipment. Priced at $1895. The Commander Eight Convertible Cabriolet for four is $1645, The Commander Six, $1495.

All prices at the factory. Bumpers and spare tires extra.

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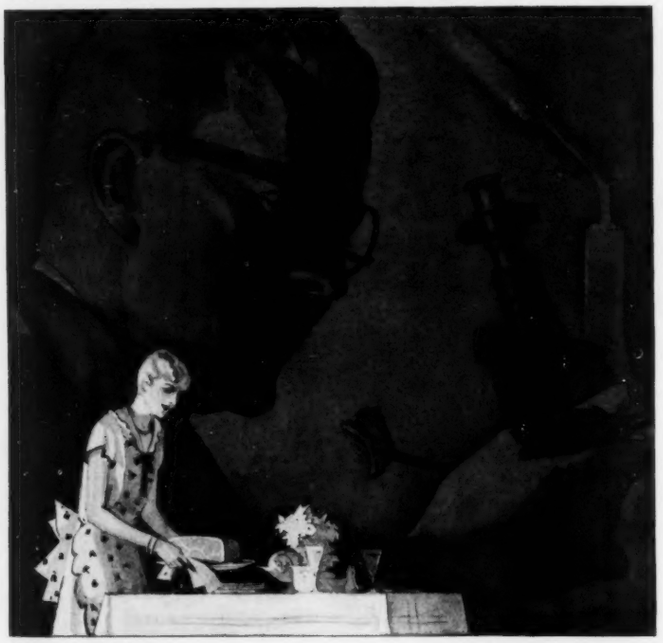

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Science, drafted into the service of Geo. A. Hormel & Co., has given the world Flavor-Sealed cookery.

Studying customary methods of cooking ham—noting how its delicate flavors, juices and valuable vitamins were lost in steam and water—pondering its lack of uniformity and varying degrees of tenderness—then ignoring all precedent, Science brought about this totally new achievement in the preparation of food.

To you, the unmatched flavor of this ham, its uniform tenderness and ease of preparation are important factors.

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***Hormel Flavor-Sealed Foods are *first* packed in vacuum sealed containers, *then* vacuum cooked in their own juices. Still sealed in vacuum they are delivered to you—fresh, flavorful, tender**

*Flavor Sealed
HORMEL
HAM

CORRECT HUNTING DRESS

(*Concluded from page 81*)

HABITS ASTRIDE: If a woman is going to hunt astride, or for that matter, ride astride, she should make her attire as masculine as possible. The traditional thing is a black melton coat, a primrose vest, a derby and stock, and fawn or yellow breeches. Whipcord may be used, however. Melton wears very well and resists the weather better than any material known. Tweed coats and colored shirts are not worn for hunting but are very smart for hacking. The cut of coats being less specialized than that of breeches, good ready-made coats can be bought at Saks-Fifth Avenue and at Franklin Simon's.

BREECHES: The difference between breeches and trousers is still a little indefinite in the minds of many Americans. Breeches have been worn continuously since the eighteenth century in England, hence the art of making them has never been lost there. According to strict English standards, women should never wear white breeches, the reason being that the shape of the leg is thereby made too obvious. The best material is cavalry twill, standard weight. Bedford cord, standard weight, is coarser but wears sooner between the ridges. However, the choice between the two is a matter of individual preference. If, through some emergency, you must buy ready-made breeches, Abercrombie and Fitch have the best that I have seen.

SIDE-SADDLE HABITS: The correct attire for hunting side-saddle is the skirt or apron with matching breeches under it, and the coat, the derby, vest and stock. Formal side-saddle habits may be black, dark oxford gray, dark blue or blue-gray. Naturally the darker they are, the more formal they look. Certain browns are perfectly correct, with black derby and boots, of course, and are worn in England. The breeches should match the skirt in color; non-matching breeches should not be worn, on the plea that they can then be worn on a cross-saddle. Side-saddle breeches have to be of lighter material and specially cut, no flare, so as not to spoil the set of the skirt, one leg almost straight and one with a big hook for the pommels. I give below a list of tailors, all of whom are first rate for both cross and side-saddle habits:

Nardi, who has an old-established reputation.

Weatherill, which is an English firm that has been in this country for years.

Hertz. Incidentally, a number of people swear by Hertz.

Busvine, of London, Paris and New York.

Dobbs, which has put in a custom-built department that promises well.

VESTS: Postboy vests are an integral part of hunting dress and must be worn; they serve the very useful purpose of holding the stock down. They should be cut high-waisted, the seam must be in the break of the waist, and they should show about three-quarters of an inch beyond the lapels of the coat.

There are some advocates of sleeves in a postboy vest. However, these are very apt to spoil the fit of the coat-sleeves. Vests should always be made by your tailor and never bought ready-made, as they will be almost certain not to fit. Any high color is good to make a contrast with the color of the habit; nothing perhaps is quite as pretty as a yellow vest. Brown lines making a check are all right with an informal habit, not as smart as canary for hunting, however.

BOOTS: For hunting, black soft-legged boots must be worn. Women do not wear brown tops; brown boots are for hacking and informal riding. Patent-leather boots are never worn under any circumstances. Boots should be made to order. If you must buy ready-made boots, Brooks is the place to go.

Boots must have boot garters of the color of the boot. These are nothing but a relic of eighteenth-century days, when boots were so loose that a strap had to be tied above the knee to keep them on. However, a boot looks undressed without a garter. Woolen socks should be worn inside riding boots. Spurs, without rowels, should be worn, not dangling shiftlessly from the heel, but high up under the ankle.

HATS: Unless a woman is Master or Whipper-in, in which case she wears a hunting cap, she must wear a derby or a top hat for hunting, the obvious reason being that if she falls, her life may be saved or a concussion avoided. The top hat is only worn on very formal occasions. To look really well in either a topper or a derby, the hair should appear to be long, should be drawn back smoothly over the ears. If the hair is long, a knob is made at the back of the neck covered with a hair-net (a sort of fish net, which is used for hunting, may be bought at Abercrombie and Fitch's). Some people who have short hair even wear a switch with a hair-net.

The bowler is always safe and smart for hunting; be careful of the shape and do not buy one that is too small. Hertz makes a very good hat.

The hunting veil is a fine veil worn over the face and edge of the brim of the hat.

SHIRTS: Riding or hunting shirts can be of various cotton and linen materials. Good white broadcloth shirts can be bought ready-made at Dobbs', Brooks', Abercrombie and Fitch's and Saks-Fifth Avenue, among other places. I saw some sweater shirts in colors with collars of crêpe de Chine at Franklin Simon's that seemed to me very nice. Brooks and Busvine have sweater shirts (like a sweater with a neckband for the stock) that are very smart in canary, and keep you warm and snug on a cold morning.

STOCKS OR HUNTING TIES: A well-tied stock adds more than any one item to your appearance. If you don't know how to tie one in a good square knot, get someone to show you. Stocks should be of plain materials and in cream or white, never in color for formal hunting. Soft materials are better, as hard piqué stocks are apt to rub your neck. One of the nicest things I have seen is the French flannel stock at Brooks'. This comes in a lovely cream color and has the advantage of absorbing perspiration and of not crumpling in wet weather.

Silk stocks, so far as I know, are not procurable in this country. Hodgkinson and other English firms handle them.

To pin the stock, a plain gold safety pin may be used or a gold pin with a fox head, hunting crop, bit, or spurs.

GLOVES: Knitted or crocheted string gloves that can be easily washed clean are the most practical as the reins do not slip through them in wet weather. Lemon or white are the best colors; gray, to my mind, looks dirty. Lined string gloves I have never found of much use, as your hands perspire inside them and weaken the grip.

UNDERWEAR: Riding underwear should be of wool or a part wool mixture to absorb perspiration, long or half-sleeved and long-legged. Wool or a wool mixture keeps you warmer than anything else, prevents your getting chills and also, on account of its absorbent property, keeps you cooler than low-necked sleeveless cotton union suits. Nicest of all is the silk and wool mixture used in England. It is featherweight, does not irritate the skin like wool but retains its warming qualities.

HUNTING CROPS: Hunting crops must always have a thong, a long braided piece of leather, with a lash depending from it. It is not correct to carry a crop without a thong, either for hunting or riding. The crop should be held up with the thong doubled in the hand. The best crops come from England and can be procured at Abercrombie and Fitch's, Brooks', Dobbs' and other places. A. G. Spalding has the agency for Whippy, the famous London place for leather goods and saddles.

Is Your Face In Fashion?

A Summer Guide by

MME. HELENA RUBINSTEIN

World Famed Beauty Specialist

Does your Skin need Freshening?
Cleanse and youthify with cooling, freshening Valaze Water Lily Cleansing Cream—contains youth-renewing essences of water lily buds. 2.50, 4.00. *Valaze Water Lily Cleansing Cream*

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Rejuvenate the skin with Valaze Extrait—the rare anti-wrinkle lotion. Instantly revivifying. Lifts the tired look from face and eyes. 2.50, 5.00 *Valaze Extrait*

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Clear, animate with Valaze Beautifying Skinfood, the skin-clearing masterpiece. Purifies, refines, bleaches—creates an exquisite transparency. Corrects sallowness, tan, freckles. 1.00, 2.50, 4.00. *Valaze Beautifying Skinfood*

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Correct and prevent all fine lines, crow's-feet or wrinkles with Valaze Grecian Anti-wrinkle Cream. Excellent also for hands, throat. 1.75, 3.50 *Valaze Grecian Anti-wrinkle Cream*

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Overcome all tendency to oiliness and shine with Valaze Liquidine. Instantly beautifying. An essential to exquisite grooming, especially in summer. 1.50 2.75. *Valaze Liquidine*

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Drooping chin, settling contour or baggy eyes need Valaze Georgine Lactee—the amazing muscle-tightener. Youthifies contours. 3.00, 6.00. *Valaze Georgine Lactee*

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The dull, flabby skin requires Valaze Emailline—nourishing, bracing astrigent cream. Created for oily or normal skin. 1.75, 3.50, 6.00. *Valaze Emailline*

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Wash the skin with Valaze Blackhead and Open Pore Paste Special. Dissolves blackheads, dirt, impurities. Contracts pores and normalizes oily skins. Use instead of soap. 1.00, 2.00. *Valaze Blackhead and Open Pore Paste Special*

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To safeguard the skin from summer sun, Helena Rubinstein, world famed beauty specialist, urges you to get Valaze Sunproof Cream or Sunproof Lotion which neutralize the effects of the burning, coarsening, aging rays. For daily care, procure the specialized Valaze creations to keep your skin unlined, smooth, exquisitely clear. And if you wish an exotic tan coloring, without subjecting your beauty to the ruinous effects of the sun's actinic rays, apply it yourself with the *sunproof* Gypsy Tan preparations created by this foremost facial artiste!

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Safeguard your beauty from the burning, aging, coarsening effects of summer sun with Valaze Sunproof Cream. Prevents painful, unsightly sunburn, blistering, freckles, discoloration. Essential to all who spend much time outdoors, including men and children. Excellent powder base. 1.00, 2.00. *Valaze Sunproof Cream*
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Valaze Gypsy Tan Foundation tints the skin a ravishing beach tan. 1.50, 2.50. Valaze Gypsy Liquid Powder—transforms the average woman into a colorful personality. 1.50. Gypsy Tan Powder—to produce the chic tan effect. Complete even when used alone or can be used with the other Gypsy Tan creations. 1.00, 1.50, 3.00.

Do you wish to Accent Your "Individuality"?
Water Lily Foundation is extremely beautifying. Makes powder and rouge doubly enhancing, doubly adherent (2.00, 3.50). Valaze Powder subtly flattering, fragrant, clinging. 1.50. Poudre Enchanté, the most exquisite powder in the world (3.00). Red Raspberry Rouge for day-time, Red Geranium for evening (1.00 to 5.00). Cubist lipstick to match—indelible, Parisian (1.00).

Want to Accent your eyes?
Use Valaze Eyelash Grower and Darkener (1.00). Persian Eye-black (Mascara) 1.00, 1.50. Eye shadow to match your eyes (1.00).

Have you discovered the final expression in beauty treatments?
If you are fortunate enough to have a Helena Rubinstein salon in your city—you may have incomparable beauty treatments for Skin, Scalp, Hands or Eyes. The ultimate in science and artistry. Even a single treatment will accomplish wonders.

The first feeling of a new season comes with the fall colors in Franklin Sweater Suits . . . dark brown, or deep bright blue, worn with the contrasting, hand-knitted blouse . . . the most appropriate of outfits now for late summer travel and occasional days of crisp weather.

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WATCH HILL
SOUTHAMPTON
BAR HARBOR
YORK HARBOR
PALM BEACH

MARRIED MONEY

(*Continued from page 93*)

ice cold water to throw on you."

"Go home and get a drink instead," said Wee. "It must have been very cold and shivery, walking around the Esplanade. One more unfortunate, weary of breath, rashly importunate, fooling with death! Thank God you're so tall, Jerry—and so divinely dumb. You might have put rocks in your pocket, and lain bravely down."

He flung his big arms around her.

"It's all right, Jerry," she said. "If you can love me in this brown wrapper, you can love me in anything. Come to breakfast at eight, and we'll make some careful plans."

Jerry patted her. Under the dark-brown wrapper, she felt as soft and small as a child. But there was nothing childish in her eyes. They blazed with determination. It was a new Wee—a Wee full of purpose. Jerry tore himself away at last, and trudged home in a daze.

In the morning he thought he must have dreamed that fantastic scene with Wee. He called up Ned Hamill, and Ned Hamill's voice was real enough. In great gurgling chuckles he confirmed the fact that he had dragged a million dollars out of Roger Legg's claws. Jerry tried to thank him. It seemed dismally inadequate to say: "I'm much obliged, Ned."

But that is what he said, adding, "On Wee's account, of course." It was altogether too strange to be acknowledging the receipt of an enormous sum of money in one's bare feet, in one's shabby lodging-house, with the paper peeling off the walls.

"She settled half on you," gurgled Ned. "She's a great woman. What's that? I'll make you a wedding present of my fee. The Glim looks after its own!"

He hung up, and Jerry flung on his clothes and went out to breakfast with Wee. She had made a list of things to be done on long strips of paper. They squirmed on her lap like ticker tape.

JERRY'S preparations were soon made. He dismantled his room. Two years before he had bought some nice-looking, old-looking furniture on Charles Street. Now he sold it—desk, bureau and three chairs—to a Mr. Max Grabowski from the same thoroughfare. Mr. Grabowski's bid was $17.75.

"Junk!" he said cheerfully. "No, I wouldn't pay more. Listen, gentleman. In the antique business the mark-up is 700 per cent. I couldn't kiss my own mother good-night if I paid more than $17.75."

Jerry sighed. He sent his trophy oar to Sam Purvis's house, to be stored till called for. He picked up a Benson etching of wild fowl from behind the desk. The combined weight of his club medals, draped over it on their ribbons, had torn it down from the wall, breaking the glass. It had lain there for months.

WEE'S preparations took much longer. Her third floor bedroom in Aunt Caroline's house had chests and clothes-presses along all the walls. Even her doll-house was there. She kicked it impatiently under the bed; then, drawing a long breath, she looked round the room.

All her own clothes, from her childhood, were in the cupboards and chests. Carefully brought up Puritan ladies do not throw their old clothes away, or give them to servants and poor relations unless there is real need. Wee had only one servant, and no poor relations at all.

She opened the doors of the presses, and pulled her dresses out.

"Leave them all here, just as they are," urged Aunt Caroline, puffing up the stairs. "Styles have a way of coming around again, and it is wonderful what a little remodeling can do. This room will not be touched. If you are a true daughter of your family, you will keep everything."

Wee smiled, knowing that her aunt was often a little sarcastic about the Legg economies. Aunt Carrie was a thrifty soul, in her own right. But it was the thrift of Providence, rather than of Boston—a more rakish kind of carefulness, a spirit that sometimes put fresh tea leaves into the pot, instead of more hot water.

"Everything will be quite safe here," said Aunt Carrie. "I will keep this room for you always, and you can keep your things here—though I rather doubt if you'll ever wear those long woolen underclothes again."

"You can bet I won't wear them again," said Wee. "Nor those foul cotton crêpe underclothes, either."

"Those were sensible," her aunt replied. "They didn't have to be ironed, but merely washed and dried."

"I suppose it's true, Aunt Carrie, that we couldn't afford a washerwoman two days a week."

THE old lady sat down, and watched Wee flinging her old good-sense waists on the sofa and dropping a huge pile of other cotton garments on top of them. Her old stockings, neatly darned, were done up in balls. She threw these at random around the room, afterward kicking them into a heap in the corner.

"Here's the first candy box I ever received," she said, "and inside it are a lot of red and green ribbons off Christmas presents. Some old woman once told me to save them to run into my nighties—a grand idea, wasn't it? I suppose I could have pressed them on Christmas Eve and used them for the Christmas presents again—and so on, world without end, amen."

"Who was the old woman?"

"Uncle Roger," said Wee, impiously. "He simply drips with helpful hints like that. I think he gets them out of old, old magazines. How to make fifty Christmas gifts for one dollar! He showed me that, once."

"Are you quite respectful to your uncle, Wee?"

"I've groveled to him for twenty-three years," said Wee. "He's bossed me every minute. But when he drew that abominable deed just to hurt Jerry's feelings—well, Aunt Carrie, it absolutely finished him with me. Please—please tell me what to do with this horrible mess of clothes!"

Without waiting for an answer, she ran out on the landing, calling, "Norah! Norah!" at the top of her voice.

The old woman came shuffling up the stairs. She looked horrified by the devastation in Wee's beautifully kept room.

"Norah, darling," began Wee, "all these clothes in this room are for you. On her hands and knees, Wee excavated in her cedar chest, like a peculiarly energetic terrier digging for an unusually alluring woodchuck. Clothes of an ancient vintage came flying out on the floor, and soon a large bundle was made. Norah came out of her frozen surprise and began automatically to put things to rights. Wee stopped her by draping coral beads over her bony hands and forearms.

"Jewelry, Norah!" she said. "Brooches and lockets and pins, and a slave bangle. Never be a slave, Norah! I've been one myself, and I know! Ah, Norah, you can't refuse. Everything in this room is for you—yes, even the old pink dress. It's a good luck dress, Norah."

Then, turning to her aunt, Wee put both hands on the old lady's shoulders.

"What do you think of that?" she asked.

"I think," said Aunt Caroline, softly, "that you have performed a symbolic gesture, Wee."

"And that's that!" said Wee. "Now I'm going shopping—but not in my horrid old car. It's ditched somewhere in Newton, anyway. Come down-stairs, and I'll order a better one. I suppose there's some place in Boston that rents cars."

"I suppose so."

"Well," said Wee, "I'll just get something with a chauffeur for to-day, and get a few things. I'm going over to New York to-morrow, and stay with Mary Bowdoin, and get some good clothes."

"But, Wee. Can you—can you afford all this?"

"You bet I can!"

"I know you have always saved regularly out of your allowance," said Mrs. Legg. "But is it wise to give away every stitch you own, and to rent an expensive

(*Continued on page 126*)

PINAUD — PARFUMEUR TO THE ROYALTY OF EUROPE FOR OVER 150 YEARS — CREATOR OF NEW AND WONDERFUL AIDS TO THE LOVELINESS OF TODAY

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ANNOUNCES

A NEW POWDER

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To give to certain fortunate women a beauty which no human complexion has ever known . . . not just an obvious powder-coating, but a heightening and perfecting of the loveliness which is You. . . that is the achievement Pinaud offers you today. The secret? Pinaud's new powder is made, not in one gradation but in Two — each based on more than 150 years of study of the skin, each perfected after literally thousands of tests with every variety of loveliness: Type One, for the "normal" or slightly oily skin; Type Two, for the skin inclined to dryness. Because so perfectly adapted to your individual type of skin, the effect is one of simply bewildering beauty — and it is a beauty which lasts and Lasts . . . Made in six flattering shades . . . two dollars the box . . . at your favorite smart shop ask today for the new powder

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PARIS · NEW YORK

. . . and she never had another burned-toast tan!

"... Marion, I'm so discouraged I could wear red flannel to my ears for the rest of the summer! I'm tanning just as fast as anybody, but what *good* does it do me? I look like burned toast—uneven, speckly—*ugh!* You're a smooth golden brown...

"Must have a good skin first? Yes—*but*... Nina Geranium Cream? Takes off pimples, blotches, roughness, and makes *the right foundation for tanning? Why didn't I know!*

"I could start now—tonight—face, neck, arms? Just rub on some and hop into bed feeling as cool as a lily—more tomorrow as a day cream before my make-up and my skin will never get coarse?

"Is *that* it?...It smells *too* divine! ...And you say it really works on wrinkles, too—and flabbiness? French, of course? But bought right in *this town?*... Marion, you've saved my life!

"Three-fifty? That seems quite a bit... But it lasts forever—six to eight months, if you use it just on your face? Well, *I won't!*... Even at that, a jar ought to see me through the summer. But what's ten times three-fifty if it keeps me from being poor Ted's little fright of a wife?... Marion, I'm going right out and buy that stunning white evening dress I thought I never could wear!"

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geranium
cream

COUPON

Your favorite shop is almost sure to have Nina Geranium Cream. If not, send three-fifty to Produits Nina, 580 Fifth Avenue, New York. For advice about other summer problems—suntan make-up, rouge, lipstick, etc.—write Miss Nina Nestor at the same address.

"H"

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

MARRIED MONEY

(*Continued from page 124*)

car, and everything, just when you most need every cent?"

"Caroline DeWolfe Legg," said Wee, reprovingly, "do you know who you are talking to?"

"I know very well."

"You don't know as much as you think you do," said Wee. "I've got a million dollars, and what do you think of that?"

SHE kissed her aunt wildly on the forehead. "And I've ordered the house at Marblehead opened for the wedding," she concluded. "I'm going to get some nice things. You don't know me at all. Look at these stockings. I ran out to order the invitations this morning, and these stockings looked so nice that I put them right on in the shop. I suppose you'd call that a symbolic gesture. Here's another."

Out of her desk she took a package of old check-books, each neatly labeled with its year and fastened with a rubber band. These she flung in her Franklin stove, and covered them with receipted bills, and sheaves of bank statements and canceled checks, and her household budget book, and all the little pocket account books she had kept in childhood for Uncle Roger's inspection. Drenching these things with kerosene from the Cape Cod lighter, she looked around for matches.

Aunt Carrie leaped with unforeseen energy from her chair, and caught Wee's arm.

"You may have gone crazy," she said, "but you sha'n't burn the house down. Wee, how did your uncle come to give you this million dollars?"

"He was urged—by an expert. I think it must have been rather a terrible scene. I wasn't there, myself, and neither was Jerry. I gave him half of the money for an engagement present, so he can be independent. I couldn't bear to have him come yowling and mewing to me for money, like other men with rich wives. But he wouldn't, of course—he'll make money from now on. He's going into business in New York."

"Into what business?"

"Oh, banking or something," said Wee, vaguely. "He has had several offers in Wall Street. A man ought to keep occupied, you know. Oh, I do feel so much better now!"

CLUTCHING the matchbox which she had withheld from Wee, Aunt Caroline walked slowly down-stairs. She knew that she had witnessed one of those psychic explosions which her generation accurately called brain-storms. Wee had burned her bridges. No tatters or bobtails of her old docility were left. She had saved magnificently. Now, if her conversation with the Charles Street Garage over the telephone meant anything, she intended to spend more magnificently still. Her spirit was frothing over, like a bottle of warm champagne.

"Send me the best-looking car you have," she was saying. "No, a Stanley Steamer or a Haynes-Apperson will *not* do. Haven't you got some kind of car that is still being made? And if you'll go out and find my old car in Newton, I'll give it to you. What's that? No, I don't want fifteen dollars—I said I'd *give* it to you. Hurry up with the car now; I can't stand here talking all day."

A limousine arrived, with a grinning boy at the wheel. He wore a soiled linen duster and no hat. Wee bundled her aunt into the car, and told the boy to drive to Boylston Street. There, against his sheepish protests, she bought him a chauffeur's cap, and a bottle-green whipcord uniform.

"Put on the coat—never mind changing your breeches now," she said. "Now, Aunt Carrie, we'll see if I can get something to wear."

The saleswomen on Washington and Tremont Streets told Wee, with languid interest, that they had no call for Paris frocks, but that their reproductions were just as good, and wore longer. "See the silk thread we use in the seams," said one, a motherly exile from New York, spending her old age in a Boston store.

"Who is going to look in the seams?" said Wee. "What I want is a good-looking dress—something that every girl in Boston isn't wearing already."

"What you want," said the woman, sinking her voice to a wary whisper, "is Chanel, Molyneux and Patou."

"I could make a start with them," agreed Wee. "But I've got to get something to wear before I can see them. That black chiffon with the full skirt will have to do."

She picked out three hats, some French underclothes and handkerchiefs and a dozen pairs of stockings.

Wee dragged her breathless aunt out to the car. "Now," she said, happily, "we'll dash over to lunch at the Ritz."

JERRY spent the night before his wedding at Sam Greenaway's house at Nahant. After the long-drawn-out conviviality of the dinner he gave his ushers, he was glad to dine quietly with George Hamill and his host. The three men made themselves comfortable and Sam brought out a bottle of old Madeira to sip after the meal.

It was foggy, of course, with spurts of rain. The ocean heaved and mumbled against rocks as dark gray as the fog. There was not much talk, and after it died Jerry had letters to write—last-minute notes to all sorts of people, a few bills to pay, and some changes of his permanent address for his bank and for the Glim.

Only a dead man has a permanent address. Wee had said they would stay at a New York hotel. The line, "Please change my permanent address from 75 Revere Street, Boston, to the Archduke Hotel, New York City," looked so fantastic that he tore these letters to bits.

George Hamill sat with him while he packed his things; suits, sweaters, tattered old clothes in case of hiking or fishing, dry-cleaned white flannel trousers in case of lunch parties, sneakers, shirts—a dozen new shirts—new underclothes, pajamas, half a pound of tobacco, a camera, an empty flask, handkerchiefs, socks. He kept out only his wedding clothes for the morrow, and the suit of Lovat tweed.

"Your bags will be expressed to-morrow morning to Newburyport," George said. "That is all you need to know. Wee and I are managing this outing and our staff work is perfect."

Jerry fussed about, locking his bags and then opening them again to find his toothbrush and pajamas for the night. How complicated it all seemed! Where were his bags going? To Newport or Newburyport? He asked George, and George patiently gave him the answer. But why was it necessary to have all this staff work? Why couldn't he and Wee go quietly to a justice of the peace somewhere, and be married decently and in private?

"Good-night," said George. "Sleep tight. You will have an interesting day to-morrow."

Jerry stretched himself out in bed, snapped out the light, and lay wide-eyed for an hour that seemed like a year. It was like one of those four dreadful nights before the boat races at New London. He felt alert and uneasy and drawn. Well, there was no head coach prowling around Sam Greenaway's house to see that the lights were out and the men peacefully sleeping. Peacefully sleeping! Jerry smiled grimly at the thought; four times had he writhed and twisted through those New London nights only to see his window at Red Top grow gray in the dawn.

He got suddenly up and went down to the library to get a book. At last he picked two bulky, calf-bound volumes and went back to bed.

THE bulky calf-bound volume hit the wall of Jerry's room with a crash and a flutter of leaves. He closed his eyes, and opened them again—and it was ten in the morning, with a dazzling sun outside. George Hamill was in the room, pulling up the blinds; Eph Smith and Sam Purvis came into the room with a shout.

"I'll take a swim," said Jerry, and bor-

(*Continued on page 128*)

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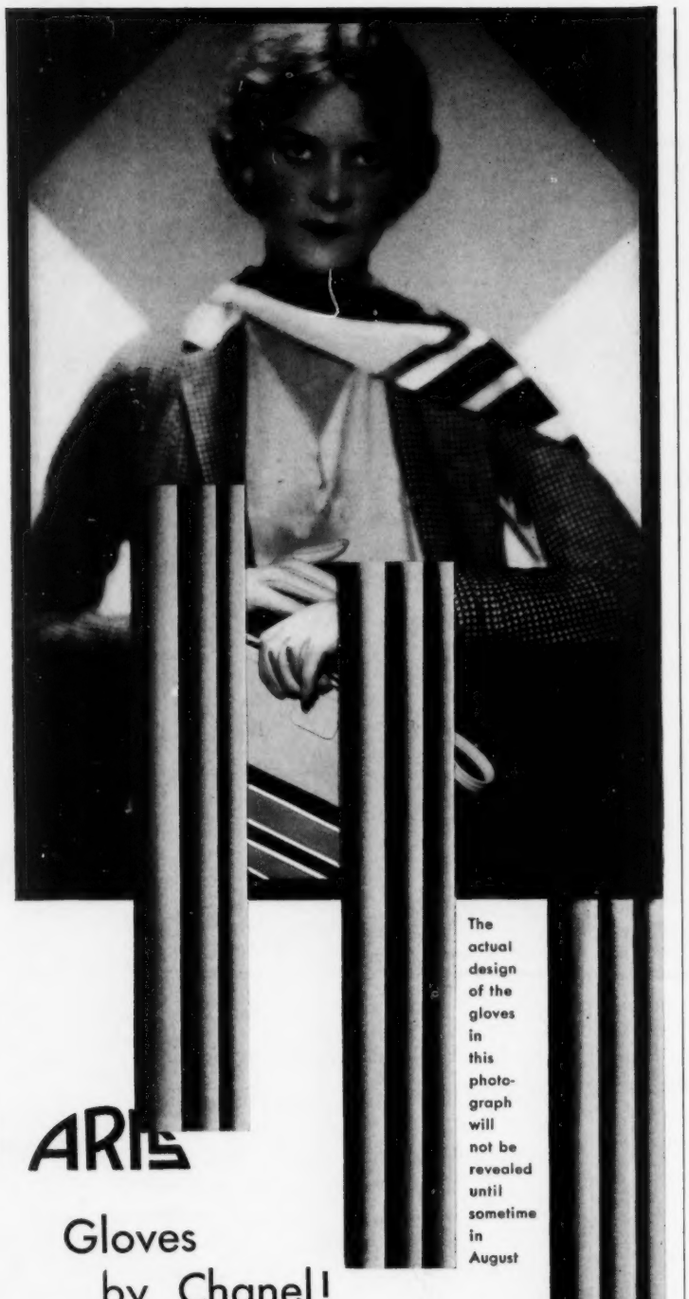

The actual design of the gloves in this photograph will not be revealed until sometime in August

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Every other month she will originate exclusively for Aris a glove suitable for some one special occasion or costume requirement.

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Each glove will bear the personal "fait expres" (specially made) stamp of Chanel as well as the famous Aris mark—known the world over for quality and style originality in gloves.

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MARRIED MONEY

(*Continued from page 126*)

rowed one of the Greenaway bathing-suits. He ran down across the lawn to the rocks, followed by Sam's two little girls. They had seen him dive for pennies, like the black boys in the West Indies; they brought pennies now, and bade him dive. The water was icy cold. But he plunged and piunged obediently, thinking what a strange sport it was for a bridegroom on his wedding morn. At last the pennies were all lost.

"Do it some more; do it some more!" screamed the little girls.

"I can't," said Jerry. "I've got to go and get married now."

Coffee and hot kidney stew comforted him. He put on his wedding clothes and sat down to wait while George and the others dressed.

"Oh, Jerry!" It was Eph Smith's voice. "See if you can fasten my waistcoat, will you? The buckle seems to be gone."

Jerry fumbled with the straps for some time before he could knot them. Ridiculous for a bridegroom to be valeting his ushers! But Eph was always late on all occasions. He wanted a button-hook for his white spats.

"Better get a wiggle on," said Sam Greenaway. "You can't leave Wee Legg waiting at the church."

"Found a little note, this is what he wrote," chanted Sam Purvis. He was dressing with Eph. They went out together and were gone for a long time.

Jerry sat down at the writing-table. He remembered another unnecessary letter to write. He took Sam's desk fountain pen, not noticing that the little girls had cracked it by using it as a screw-driver. The pen made a large pool of ink on the desk top, and he soaked his sleeve and shirt cuff in it. Time to start!

THEY got into Sam Greenaway's car, with Sam's handy man at the wheel. "To Marblehead," Sam directed, and the man grinned. They were nearly at Marblehead when Jerry, pulling down his cuff, saw that it was stained dark blue with fountain-pen ink.

"You can't be married that way," George said, severely. "Look. It's all over your wrist and hand, too."

"Ocky-poo!" said Eph. "And you cursed *me* for not being ready. Yes, you cursed me with your eye,"

"Shut up, Eph," said George. "This is serious. We can't deliver a bridegroom who has been having an ink fight with Sam's little girls. Have we time to go back for a clean shirt?"

"We have not," said Sam Greenaway. "We're late now."

"Then we will buy one here," said George. "Perfect staff work, as usual. Go to a store, driver."

The car stopped at an ancient department store with an ancient man in charge. He shuffled forward with maddening deliberation.

"What we want," said Eph, "is something old and something new, something borrowed and something blue."

It was George Hamill who found the shirt counter, and there were no dress shirts on it. He fumbled with the others, which seemed to be mostly pink, with green spots.

"Don't pick over the whole stock," Sam Purvis advised. "We've only got about ten minutes now."

"Size fifteen seems to be the biggest in stock," said George, "and our bull-necked friend wears size seventeen. Never mind—we can cut the neckband in the back. Better put it on in the church, Jerry. No dressing-room here."

SOMEBODY paid the old man, who made change so slowly that the delay was nerve-wracking. Jerry had a vision of himself putting on the shirt in the center of the church in sight of the whole congregation. But he found himself steered by strong arms around the church to a side door, the vestry door. A long stream of automobiles was blocked on the road in front. He saw bystanders staring at him and seemed to hear voices say:

"That's him!"

"There he goes!"

"That's the guy that's going to get married!"

It was a relief to dodge out of sight in to the brightly varnished vestry-room. The organ was squealing and throbbing softly—vamping till ready, no doubt. The clergyman stood in his trousers and undershirt, taking billowy white garments out of his surplice case. Jerry wondered how clergymen always get their wash done so nicely. No doubt devout old ladies do it for them.

"Better hurry a little if you have any dressing to do," said the clergyman to Jerry, who was slowly taking off his coat, collar, waistcoat and shirt.

Jerry threw the spoiled shirt on the floor and then picked it up and fumbled with the sleeve links. George Hamill ripped open the paper parcel with his thumb and took out the new shirt. Jerry thrust his big arms into it and pulled it down hard over his head. It ripped with a screeching noise. The collar would not button. Nobody could find a knife.

The clergyman hoisted up his surplice to his waist with both hands, producing an oddly immodest effect as he groped in his pocket for a penknife. George Hamill took it and slit the neckband in the back so that the buttonholes would meet. The collar-button dropped to the floor and disappeared. Both Jerry and George bent down for it. They bumped their heads together and the button slipped like a bit of wet soap from George's fingers.

But he retrieved it at last and Jerry stood up and tied his necktie before the clergyman's mirror. George helped him on with his coat. Everything was ready at last. He moistened his handkerchief and gently patted a spot of dirt on his right spat. He was feeling amazingly cool and self-possessed. He smiled at the clergyman and said:

"Only one thing is troubling me. Do I say 'I Will' or 'I Do?' "

The clergyman smiled, and replied: "No one will hear what you say."

Jerry felt eager to dispute the point. He meant to answer very clearly, in loud, self-confident tones. He looked at George Hamill, who seemed to be fumbling in one pocket after another. "The ring's in your fob pocket," he said. "Wonder if we've time for a cigarette."

Before George could answer, the organ wailed to a full stop, and then burst out, poundingly, into a tune that froze Jerry's blood.

"Ooomp—oomp—a—oomp!
Oomp—oomp—a—oomp!"

JERRY'S knees turned to water. He clutched George's arm.

"Thar she blows," George said. "Come on, now. Fight!"

Somehow, as if he were deeply under ether, Jerry felt himself swimming out across a great, wide floor, and confronting a million staring eyes. A huge mass of powerful flowers were piled at his left, and a great gold cross stood among them. The clergyman was there, with his face set like stone. Jerry looked at him for a time, and then glanced sidelong down the aisle. A procession was coming up it in a strange, jerky way, very slowly like a slow-motion movie. Ushers—lots of ushers with big white feet. Bridesmaids, blue and bouffant. Then Wee, very slowly, on Uncle Roger's arm.

That was all Jerry could see for some time. He seemed to slip away deeper under the ether, but he knew that Wee was beside him. He felt her fingers on his sleeve, and wished that he had strength enough to put his own hand on top of them. His eyesight seemed to have gone blank, and it was a long time before he felt himself coming up, up out of the ether, with his eyes focused on the clergyman's boots. The boots had queer patches on both sides. Probably standing on cold stone floors of churches is bad for clergymen's feet. Jerry put the thought away. It was a morbid kind of thought to have when you are being married.

"Jeroboam, wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded wife . . ."

Suddenly he heard himself say, in a loud, high, bleating, falsetto voice, "I wilt!"

(*Continued on page 129*)

BEING SMART NOW DEPENDS ON THE COTTONS IN YOUR WARDROBE

Batiste, sheer and soft, is printed in odd little blossoms and fashioned for the tea hour by Best & Co.

The white madras dress sketched right has the "call of the links." Its tuck-in shirt and tight-hipped skirt are designed to give the tailored note, yet leave freedom for the long drive of one's desires. —Saks—Fifth Avenue.

The reversible calico coat, long or short, is indispensable for wear over sleeveless piqué or broadcloth dresses. The matching hat has Mary Nowitzky's squared-brim effect. From Chas. A. Stevens, Chicago.

Dress sketched above, is of fine cotton broadcloth with a permanent lustre. The tucks are more than a decoration. They manage to give the hips that marvelous fit. From C. Crawford Hollidge, Boston and Hyannisport.

The pale yellow organdie, shown left above, is as dramatic as La Argentina in motion. Just a slight flare, a tight bodice and an extreme décolletage make it extremely effective. Two enormous poppies of black organdie are the sole color contrast. From Milgrim, 57th Street.

That jaunty beach ensemble of checked gingham, sketched at the left, is from Saks-Fifth Avenue. The trick little shirt and a matching hat give it naïve sophistication.

ADVERTISEMENT PUBLISHED IN THE INTEREST OF THE COTTON TEXTILE INDUSTRY BY THE COTTON-TEXTILE INSTITUTE, INC., 320 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

Outdoors adored....indoors ignored

OUTDOORS they adored this gay Philadelphia girl. She was continually surrounded with admirers. But indoors it was another story. She was hopelessly out of things.

The truth is that her trouble which went unnoticed in the open, became instantly apparent in the drawing room.

No intelligent person dares to assume complete freedom from halitosis (unpleasant breath), the common social fault.

Surveys show one person out of three is an occasional or habitual offender. This is due to the fact that odor-producing conditions (often caused by germs) arise constantly in even normal mouths.

The one way of keeping your breath always beyond suspicion is to rinse the mouth with full strength Listerine every morning and night and before meeting others.

Being a germicide capable of killing even the Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) germ in 15 seconds, full strength Listerine first strikes at the cause of odors, and then, being a powerful deodorant, destroys the odors themselves. Yet it is entirely safe to use. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE

MARRIED MONEY

(*Continued from page 128*)

Wee giggled, and then gave her own response so clearly that Jerry felt ashamed of his panic. All of a sudden, the clergyman dropped his official manner. His face relaxed. He pursed up his mouth, and he tried to kiss Wee. She stepped deftly back, and shook his hand. A great buzz of whispering filled the church, and the organ gave a terrific blast of Mendelssohn.

TIME to walk out. Jerry gave his arm to Wee, and squared his shoulders so hard that he heard the shirt rip again. But everything was over now. Walking down the aisle was like the last, long, triumphal mile at New London, with the yacht whistles raving, and Yale falling farther and farther behind. No, it was even better than that. It was better than anything on earth. He recognized the faces of his friends, and bowed and smiled at them. Then came a gust of fresh air. There was a great car waiting at the church door, and he followed Wee into it, and felt his blood bounding through his veins again.

"You haven't said," Wee complained, "how you like this car."

"Kayo!" he answered. "Hired for the occasion, isn't it?"

"Hired!" said Wee. "It's a Valkyrie—a special car made for Maharajahs, mostly. I thought it would make a very nice present for you. There are only fourteen of them in the world, and each one is named after the Valkyries."

Jerry looked out at the bonnet, made of overlapping silver scales. Great wings took the place of a radiator cap.

"It is a wonderful present," he said. "I can't believe that you've bought it, Wee."

"After the reception," Wee promised, "I'll show you how it can go."

The Valkyrie was real enough; but during the three hours that followed, the same strange sense of unreality came over Jerry. He stood beside Wee for a long, long time, receiving congratulations from a horde of Boston people whose names fused and blended in his ears.

There was breakfast. A big table for the wedding party, a long buffet with Chiffinch and his men in royal purple livery, and corks popping, and men swarming around the lobster and the ham. There was a big cake to cut, and Jerry sawed at it feebly. A great deal of time went by before he saw someone looking wistfully at him through a window, and it was his father. He went out and walked with his father for a moment on the lawn, arm in arm. Then he came back, and more guests revolved around him with congratulatory fatuities.

It was like the six day bicycle race, a circling phantasmagoria with no end. He looked out on the lawn, and saw numerous Cousin Lizzies darting hither and thither, shaking their black ostrich tips. He wished someone would tell the ushers to stop playing leap-frog with the bridesmaids. He saw Uncle Roger declining champagne and asking Chiffinch to bring him a small glass of water. He saw Caleb Spinney declining water, and unexpectedly calling for more champagne. He heard Sam Greenaway whispering somewhere: "Let's get out of this and go swimming while the tide's high."

He saw Wee's face, bright with a rapture he had never seen in it before, except in the Concord lane. "Better get dressed to go away now," she breathed. "Jerry, don't you think I give a pretty fine party? Well, you'll see what a much finer one I can give from now on. I love you, Jerry. Go on, and change your clothes."

HE WENT up-stairs and dressed. Only Eph Smith was with him. Jerry found his Lovat tweeds in the closet. There were no hair-brushes. He combed his hair gingerly with Aunt Carrie's comb. Then he went to the stairs and fought his way slowly down. The hall was packed. He felt the cool, swishing patter of rice across his face. Pull yourself together, boy. Fight! A hand like a sea-gull's foot. "Good-by, sir. Good-by, father. Good-by, George; thanks ever so much for all you did for me. Good-by!"

Then a great car, twisting its way at breakneck speed down the narrow little driveway between the rocks. Then a long, heavenly hush with half-closed eyes, while the car surged forward along a wide road with endless hills, up and down, like a roller-coaster—the Newburyport turnpike. The sun hung bright on the left. All over! Alone at last!

"You give a wonderful wedding, Wee," he said.

"You hated it, Jerry, didn't you?"

"Of course not. I—I haven't had a drink all day, but I feel as if I were coming out of a terrible jag. Where are we going now?"

"Don't worry about that," said Wee. "I'm managing you now."

"I adore being managed by you," he said. His spirit was unfolding like a palm frond in the sun. He grinned, and patted her hand, and sat up with a deep laugh.

"Now," he said, "come the things Uncle Roger warned me about—the painful adjustments of married life."

"Don't worry," said Wee. "This isn't osteopathy; it's only matrimony. We'll be in Newburyport soon, and then we'll go on the water."

"Are we going on the water?"

"Of course," said Wee. "Caleb helped me to select a boat last week."

"It's funny," said Jerry, "how Caleb makes a third in all our best moments. He was with us at Concord, I remember. Do you suppose he'll come along to New York?"

"Jealousy," said Wee, "is the finest compliment in the world."

"Putting that down as to-day's most helpful thought," said Jerry, "tell me more about this boat. Is it the Bangor boat?"

"Oh, *that!*" Wee made a face. "No, it isn't that. It's something you'll like much better. I saw about one thing, myself. The boat has plenty of head room. When I think how you bumped your poor head on those awful stairs at Newtonhurst—"

He put his arm behind her.

"Like a weaver's beam," she said.

"What is?"

"Goliath's spear, and your arm," said Wee. "Look at all these sweet bungalows we're passing now, Jerry. See their witty names. Kamp Kill-kare. Dewdrop Inn. They would be just as nice as an English-type home—"

"Go on talking," said Jerry. "I'll bet some people have a grand time in these little shacks."

"You have low tastes," said Wee. "You really long for that Portuguese cattle steamer, don't you? Well, I'm going to show you that there are better things in the world."

AT THE express office in Newburyport the chauffeur stepped down and reappeared with Jerry's bags, afterward handing them to a Swedish sailor on the wharf. Alongside lay a brightly shining mahogany express cruiser, about forty feet long.

"That's ours," Wee said. "Let's get aboard and start."

"Ours!"

Jerry stared, open-mouthed, at the boat. "Aren't I supposed to carry you over the doorstep?" he said at last.

"There isn't any," said Wee, springing down like a cat to the cruiser's deck before the captain, a brown and puckered man from Deer Island, could offer any help. She called up to the chauffeur.

"Go to Camden, Maine, and wait for us, Kidney." The man touched his hat and walked back to the car.

"You see how easily everything arranges itself," said Wee.

"I do," Jerry answered. "And this is only your first wedding trip, isn't it?"

"Come along," Wee said. "What's the matter? If you don't want to jump down, the captain will get you a ladder."

Jerry vaulted down, one hand on the wharf. "Did you say this was—ours?" he asked. "Have you chartered it, or something?"

"Bought it," said Wee. "At Marblehead, for a song. The owner has had reverses in Wall Street. But it's brand new. He never commuted in it at all.

(*Continued on page 130*)

Eternal Beauty

is not a secret, says Mme. Hermance, famous European Scientist. It is merely a question of correct living and the knowledge of how to retain Nature's constant assistance. For instance, the Sun is eternal Life. Without the Sun life would be destroyed everywhere, but the Ultra Violet Sunrays have a fearful power of destruction on the cellular tissues and deeper layers of the skin if not correctly controlled.

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"ORTOSAN" *soothes a sunburnt skin*

"ORTOSAN" *a perfect base for powder*

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Do just this simple thing to bring back the *white*, lovely complexion of youth. Sleep a few nights with the silky softness of Golden Peacock Bleach Creme caressing your face.

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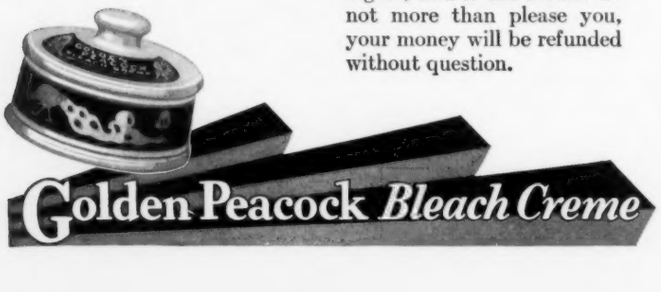

THE MAN WHO CLIMBED ABOVE THE WAR

(*Concluded from page 65*)

expression of his listener; but now he quickly looked and caught the bitter gloom in Baird's deep eyes. He hesitated, half afraid.

"Why do you climb no more?" he asked, almost in a whisper. The answer was muttered:

"I'll never climb. One leg is gone." Then, as the young guide glanced down, Baird bitterly smiled and laid a hand on his right leg. "Artificial," he said. And he added: "At Ypres."

"Damn!" whispered the youngster. Promptly at that, the Englishman forced an awkward smile, ashamed at once of the feeling he'd shown.

"Yes, damn," he drawled. "It's quite a bore."

Pierre glanced at him, frowned and looked away, and in absolute silence they stared up at the great round top of Mont Blanc. Then along the cobbled village street, with the slow clop-clop of a hundred hoofs and the harsh clang of many bells, a herd of cattle came slowly by, with two big herdsmen in dark capes, on their way to summer pasture lands. Baird watched them go, and in his thoughts he followed them on their long slow climb up to the last tiny meadows just below the snow and ice. And his thoughts went on from there, up to the top of the mountain. His eyes grew gloomy as before. But meanwhile Pierre had been thinking hard, and now he gave a little start, for a new idea had come to him. He kept silent a moment longer, and then he asked, in a low, clear voice:

"You want to climb Mont Blanc, sir?"

"What the devil do you mean?"

"I have a friend who fly in War—an' now he fly above big mountains—an' he laugh at me an' say: 'What for you climb so slow with feet? Why don't you climb in air like me?' "

With a startled jerk of his head, Baird glanced up at his young friend.

"By God! I'd never thought of that!"

"Then you think of it now, sir, Meester Baird! My friend come here with plane next week! He hope he get some passenger! You go with him—have good time! Some chance that you get killed, of course, but what you care for that? You climb in air above all mountains where you never climb before! You feel pretty fine up there! You look down an' laugh at us! 'What for you climb with feet?' you say!"

Pierre stopped short, drew back a bit, and excitedly watched his friend. With his eyes on that high fairy-land shining under the big round moon, Baird sat motionless, all intent. In fancy he was soaring high!

"Now do you see, sir?" asked Pierre. "You want to try?"

"I think I may! Thanks, Pierre! I'll think it over!"

After the young guide had gone, the Englishman refilled his pipe and lighted it. The little village grew dark and still, but his eyes were on the mountain peaks and their whole expression had changed. He gave a sharp little chuckle at last, like that of some excited small boy. Then, reaching for his heavy stick, he lifted himself from his chair and limped slowly into the small hotel.

But a week later, those great eagles, who soar about the mountain tops, saw what they took to be one of their kind—a speck against the blue of the sky. Swiftly it grew to giant size; and it came with a deep vibrating roar that sent them all off screaming with rage! A man looked out and laughed at them, a man whose eyes revealed a joy which none but those who climb high mountains, none but those who went through hell in the Great War, can understand! For he, too, had climbed above the War—so high that he felt born again! What need of legs when a man has wings?

MARRIED MONEY

(*Continued from page 129*)

It's a hydroplane. You'll be surprised how it can go."

Jerry stood in silent wonder on the afterdeck while the Swedish sailor cast off the lines. Wee turned to the Deer Islander at the wheel.

"Islesboro, captain," she said.

The captain let in the clutch. Instantly the boat's bow rose, like a horse at a hurdle. A broad, foaming wake appeared at the stern, and a great wave chased the boat as it flung itself out of the harbor. Jerry snatched off his hat, and enjoyed the coolness of the wind in his hair.

Jerry and Wee stood silently on the deck, marveling at the beauty of sea and sky. And then: "This is a little better than the office and your Revere Street room, isn't it, Jerry? I hated to change your plans, but I do think you'll like this better than walking barefoot around the world."

JERRY went down the companionway without bumping his head; the unlucky previous owner must have been a tall man, too. There was a surprisingly large cabin, painted white and green, with brass lamps polished until they shone like gold. There was a large sleeping cabin with bright red blankets on the bed. There was a galley, with a sliding door; opening it, Wee showed Jerry a man in a white coat fussing with pots and pans on the cookstove.

"Name this boat," Wee demanded.

"How about 'C'?"

Wee smiled. "We'll call it that if you insist," she said, "but somehow it sounds rather strange."

"I know that," said Jerry. "It's strange in the last degree. As your husband I think I'm entitled to know what your name is."

"Bother my name!" said Wee. "As a husband, I'd like to tell you that you're absolutely wonderful. I can't ever thank you enough for getting this boat for us."

"Thank *me!*"

"Well, you did get it. You're so clever, Jerry. You're the best husband in the world."

At her second repetition of this word, Jerry grew serious. Wee had every reason to use it; the whole world had reason to use it. But it had always suggested restraint to Jerry; it stood for limitations, for repressions and self-denials. He had always thought of a husband as a little, stoop-shouldered man with a straggling mustache and baggy clothes, coming home on a suburban train with a paper bag full of grapefruit or garden seeds, and a lawn mower in burlap over his shoulder. His poor, patient, stooping shoulders!

Jerry was a husband now. He had joined the drab brotherhood of men who have lost their all. But what had he lost? He stood on the deck of this flying, leaping boat that tossed the long sea-miles over her taffrail—a mile every two minutes or less. He went to the rail and breathed deeply, licking the pleasant saltness off his lips. The shore was dim and misty, on their left. On the other side stretched the open sea; and ahead, purple in the evening light, were the mountains of Maine. For the first time in all his life, Jerry felt free. The feeling deepened, as he took his wife into his arms.

Hours later, Wee raised her head sleepily from the pillow in the cabin.

"I told you," she whispered, "that you'd more or less like this trip!"

(*To be continued*)

Youth awaits you in these four
PRIMROSE PREPARATIONS

LINES, wrinkles and crow's-feet, once attributed to age, are now known to be merely the ravages of neglect. Thousands of women are the living proof of the fact that it is possible to retain glorious youth and beauty far past the time our mothers referred to as "middle-age".

Under the Primrose House method, this business of keeping young is not a complicated matter. It is the sure reward of following a simple, scientific plan that requires no more than a few minutes of your time every day.

Primrose House is an institution that has made a scientific study of the complexion and its needs. While it offers a complete line of exquisite preparations, it has reduced the beauty essentials to four.

Use these four preparations daily according to our simple instructions and see how easy it is to keep your complexion gloriously fresh and youthful. Know *then* why so many women refer to Primrose House as the House of Youth.

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1—Before each grooming during the day, and *always* at night, cleanse your face and neck thoroughly with Primrose House Cleansing Cream. At skin-contact this exquisite cream liquefies like magic, entering every tiny pore and searching out every speck of dirt and grime, leaving the skin soft and clean. $1.00, $1.75, $3.00 and $5.00.

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4—Stroke lightly over your face with Primrose House Chiffon Powder, the sheerest, most luxurious powder you have ever known. It is unbelievably clingy and comes in seven subtly-toned shades: white, natural, brunette—with the rosy cast, bisque—a light cream, beige—a deep cream, orchid for evening, and suntan. $1.00 and $3.00.

There are many other exquisite Primrose Preparations for special skin conditions and uses, as well as delightfully shaded rouges and lipsticks, smart compacts and the filmiest cleansing tissues you ever saw.

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People who know their Europe as well as their America and ships that ply between... who commute across the Atlantic... who set the pace and make the fashions for the smart international set... People who have been everywhere... but don't talk about it... People who couldn't bore you... wouldn't be bothered impressing you... casual, amusing, lightly critical, recognizing their own kind at a glance... These are the people who never consider anything less than a French Line crossing. -:- Food?... Paris itself couldn't better it. -:- Service?... Perfection, highly personalized. -:- Seamanship?... A Breton tradition for centuries, a trade practised for years on the lesser ships of the French Line be fore one is counted worthy to serve on those Weekly Express Liners, the "*France*," the "*Paris*" and the "*Ile de France*" that provide the shortest route to Paris, via Havre, calling at Plymouth for London.

French Line

Information from any authorized French Line Agent or write direct to 19 State Street, New York City

French Line Officers and Stewards Converse in English

BRIGHT INTERVALS

(Continued from page 96)

work twenty-four hours a day. Drink and sleeping draughts were forbidden because of her "condition". It wasn't the baby's fault, any of this mess.

She determined to stop this thinking business. Of all the new sensations and aptitudes which she had acquired in the last two years, thinking was surely the most uncomfortable. For she now admitted to herself that until she had left the Isle of Wight and the protection of her grandfather she had never been obliged to take thought. Now it had become a very unpleasant substitute for sleep to her.

"Heaven," she thought, "will be a great feather bed of rosy sleep, after one has passed successfully through some sort of examination of one's former cruelties. Because I suppose every one has been a little cruel, even if they make a religion of kindness." And this reminded her to send a wire to her grandfather, for it appeared to her that she had treated the old man rather shabbily.

"Maybe he won't want to see me," she mused.

"No brooding," the French specialist had said, when he made her stop going the rounds of the imitation jewel and *articles de Paris* manufacturers. He was a nice specialist with a gray beard which was not surprising, and two Degas, a Monet, a Manet, and three Mary Cassatts, which was.

He spoke no English, hated sculpture and admired Paul Manship's work immensely. Oh, a very nice man with several sweet little ribbons in his buttonhole. Mr. Joel's head buyer had dragged her to him.

AT NINE o'clock of a September evening, Lydia, lying in a Nursing Home near Regent's Park, was indeed greatly exercised as to her ability to reach a packet of cigarettes which lay on a table next the bed. It seemed to her immensely important to reach these cigarettes before another twisting clutch threw her sweating and scrabbling into her pillows.

"Birnam Wood arriving at Dunsinane," announced a voice by her side, and the cigarettes were placed in her hand.

"My strange parent! How on earth did you get here? Excuse me—time out for a little torture."

Only this time she had a long lean hand with immensely strong fingers to grab and haul at during the onslaught.

"Ten minutes to talk before the next one," she announced.

"Edinburgh Castle has collapsed like a lot of pasteboard blocks. Where's my much-vaunted independence and scorn of female children now? Those airplanes are vairy expensive, my child."

"Aw, shut up, Donald, you'll make me conceited. Grandfather's gone to take a nap. He's been discussing synthetic rubies with me since this business started this morning."

"I'll be glad to see him again. It struck me twenty-four years ago that he was a very pleasant and intelligent man. Tell that trained hyena to get out of the room. I see enough of nurses professionally." He turned and smiled. "Not but what you look like a sensible girl. You needn't be worried; I'm an intimate friend of Doctor Latham and, besides, the patient is my daughter. Bring in some brandy—she seems a bit played out."

The nurse, bridling and swinging a neat hip in starched cotton, melted away, throwing an arch glance at the scowling eagle beside the bed. So that was the way Sir Donald went on! A lot nicer than some of those cold, polite surgeons. She wished he was delivering the patient instead of being only a visitor.

"Yes, but I'd like to know how you—sorry, here comes another one. Now for a few old English swear words."

Quiet, intense curses poured through her lips and were stifled by the clenched teeth of extreme pain. Donald Graeme's palm wore a neat little semicircle of nail marks as deep as might have been made by teeth. Lydia's arm bore these, bright red on its slim whiteness. Presently she smiled.

"You're a great hand at damning," said Donald. "It strikes me that Latham might have ordered you a few whiffs of chloroform, but he'd laugh in my face and tell me it was parental prejudice. What were you asking me?"

"How you found out."

"Well, I was stopped in Paris and old Léon de Martineau-Mallet asked me if a Madame Stephanyi-Graeme was related to me. Where did you think up that name and why don't you use your husband's? Léon's an accurate old bird. I was not sure I'd get here in time, so I wired your grandfather, read in the paper that Athene was reading her poetry to the students at Prague, heaved a sigh of relief and flew over."

He took brandy from the hand of the coy nurse, fed a little to Lydia and swallowed the rest himself. She stared at him and tried not to feel sentimental or doting like that silly trained nurse.

"Angel, don't you want to eat or go take a nap or something?" she asked.

"Certainly not. Do you like to play checkers? I brought along a traveling board with little wee pins in the men, so you'll not spoil the game if you knock it over occasionally."

Lydia's clock ticked off three more minutes. Her fingers slipped away from the toy board. Donald removed a cigarette from her other hand and held it for her.

At eleven her grandfather returned. Her vitality seemed to renew itself at the sight of the two men gravely friendly with each other and utterly joined by a mutual concern for herself.

Andrew Stephanyi was wonderful. He held her hand and talked when he should. Donald stalked impatiently up and down the room and disappeared for a moment when Doctor Latham's car drove up to the door. They came back into the room together, and Lydia pulled at some deep, obscure source of courage to make a feeble joke, at which Andrew gave her a commending glance of admiration and Graeme, laughing a little, stooped over and brushed an unexpected kiss on her damp forehead.

Presently dawn pressed a cold fog blue against the window pane, and an early morning coolness flowed in at every crack and under both doors. Birds made a racket in the trees opposite, and Lydia, startled and delighted by the fact that she still had a mind, although a malevolent machine of the Spanish Inquisition now took the place of her body, was busy examining the undiscovered facets of this mind.

At violent shouts and demands from Donald, Dr. Latham, arriving with a fresh, well-washed and breakfasted air, took her away from the bedroom and released the Inquisition machine by flooding her chest with the sick sweet fumes of an anesthetic.

WHAT could be sillier than Donald Graeme a grandfather, unless it was the urbane Andrew as a great-grandfather?

It appeared that an hotel on the Isle of Wight, formerly the marine residence of a florid Victorian nobleman, as nearly approximated an earthly paradise as any spot on earth. This, according to Lydia. Unbothered by the glares of ripe Colonels or aged beldames, she lay toasting in the winter sunlight of the garden and watched her baby, who had been born long and thin and delicate, growing fat and strong and horribly spoiled by Andrew and the dour Scotsman who plunged into their life almost every week-end.

Persephone Norton had black curls and gray eyes, and already yanked at any bright glittering baubles with greedy little hands, which were as delicately aristocratic and well-finished as her Mother's.

Donald had tried hard to freeze up and disappear after the birth of Persephone, but had found himself strangely entertained by the new addition, and his conversion to family ties entirely accomplished by one delicious, ever-recurring thought.

(Continued on page 134)

S. Pessl *of Vienna and Budapest*

Head of the famous House of Pessl.. beauty advisers to aristocracy for over 100 years

advises this way to Skin Beauty

"I earnestly recommend to my clients that they use only the soap blended of palm and olive oils. The use of Palmolive is especially important because its gentle action leaves the skin in a healthy, smooth, normal condition which is the very foundation of a beautiful complexion."

S. Pessl.

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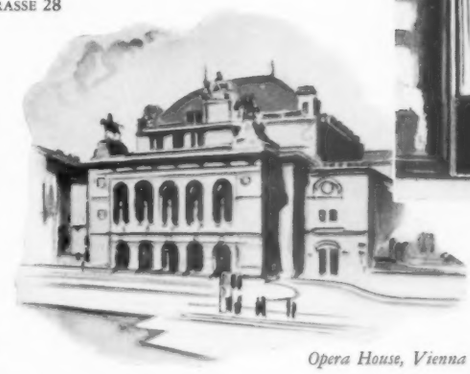
Above the doorway of the Pessl Shop, across from the opera house in Vienna, may be seen crests of some of the celebrated Royal houses to which the House of Pessl has acted as Beauty Adviser.



Opera House, Vienna

IN gay Vienna, where the women are enchanting; in romantic Budapest, on the Danube–there is one name in beauty culture which has been recognized for over a hundred years–the distinguished name of Pessl!

Today, in the celebrated shop across from the opera in Vienna, S. Pessl carries on the tradition of the Pessl name. The crowned heads to which he has ministered are evidenced by the interesting group of royal crests he is authorized to display above the windows of his typically Viennese shop.

He has served many of the queens of Europe, and the Ex-Empress of Austria is still one of his distinguished patrons.

To his select patronage, Pessl recommends a very simple treatment for retaining youthful loveliness ...the same treatment advised by the outstanding beauty specialists of *Paris, Berlin, Rome, London, Geneva* –everywhere beauty culture is practiced.

"I should naturally have been led, by my knowledge of the complexion effects of palm and olive oils," says S. Pessl, "to have invented a soap made exclusively from them."

"As these oils are already combined in Palmolive Soap," Monsieur Pessl explains, "I earnestly recommend to my patrons that they use this soap and no other."

The famous "international" treatment

The poisonous and dangerous secretions of dirt and dust, of make-up and cream which find their way deep into the pores must be removed. Palm and olive oils, as they are blended in Palmolive Soap, act to soften the skin, to cleanse the pores, to refresh the natural coloring.

To get the utmost benefit from Palmolive Soap, you are urged by all the experts to follow this treatment, twice a day: with both hands make a rich warm lather with Palmolive Soap. Massage it gently into the skin, permitting it to penetrate the pores, to free them from all impurities. Then rinse, first with warm, then cold water. An ice massage is invigorating as an astringent.

M. Pessl's advice is echoed by such famous specialists as Lina Cavalieri, of *Paris;* Elise Bock, of *Berlin;* Bertha Jacobson, of *London.* Wherever women seek the best skin care they are told: safeguard beauty with Palmolive Soap.

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PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR – Broadcast every Wednesday night–from 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Eastern time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Central time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Mountain time; 5:30 to 6:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time – over station WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

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Do you tan evenly—or do you burn, peel, freckle and curse? Do you lose your tan between outings and look moth-eaten?...Don't be old-fashioned—just rub on the marvelous new Glory of the Sun Powder—smooth it in—and have a *perfect* tan in two minutes! So natural—nobody guesses it came out of a box. So adherent—it's part of your skin, never rubs off on your clothes, only soap and water or cream can remove it. A protection against freckling and burning...Two shades—Light for blondes, Dark for brunettes...Some girls think the smartest results come from using Light for face and neck, Dark for arms, back and legs. $2.00 large box.

Have a tan without tanning

GLORY OF THE SUN

Powder

BRIGHT INTERVALS

(*Continued from page 132*)

Holding the squirming baby in one large hand he shouted: "This makes Athene a grandmother! If that's not a good one! I'll never stop laughing, thinking about it. Aw, I've got back at Athene at last."

Andrew gave a dry smile, played with his beard and relinquished it to tickle his great-granddaughter.

Both men eyed anxiously the emotional scars on Lydia's cheerful self, healing slowly.

"When I used to have new ankle-ties for dancing-school some fifteen years ago, I remember Hortense always distressed me by scratching great streaks with manicure scissors across their brand new soles. But they wore smooth finally, all right. Don't distress yourselves, my lads," said Lydia.

"'A depression over Northern England is moving rapidly to the South,'" announced Donald in a radio voice. "'Weather will continue rainy with bright intervals.' Bright intervals. Lydia, you'll get them right enough."

But grandfather offered more than consolation. He offered a job. What a job! A place in the Firm, a desk in the offices, a secretary, seven thousand dollars a year! And not as charity. It had all grown out of a correspondence with Mr. Joel. Bless the fat and greasy Joel, might he be attended by houris in a perpetual Nirvana! He'd given her a *dossier* which would have won her a place in the Kimberley Mines during a diamond rush.

How nice everything was if there had not been that lamentable emptiness about the regions of the heart. The ancients placed the seat of the affections in the liver, but wherever it was it certainly caused a great deal of discomfort. Granted that the baby occupied three-fourths of her available stock of love, she could still adore Andrew and Donald and have a bit left over.

The King of Love was still her Shepherd. Would His Goodness fail her?

SLANTING its flamingo-red funnels like the ears of a race horse, laid back to pass the winning post, the great liner slipped smoothly out of its berth in His Majesty's Docks, Southampton, and ripped through the gray silk of the smooth Solent waters. Lydia, *chic* and a little haggard in smart black from Patou, leaned over the rail and watched with amusement the slow progress of the Cowes steamer chugging slowly across from the Island.

A slight shiver passed over her, and not knowing whether she was about to laugh or cry she raised one hand to the noisy tug in a gesture of salutation and went below to watch the baby be settled into her new cabin.

IT WAS a nice office. The mahogany desk, large and smooth and impressive, was backed by a window which captured a long sliver of sunlight from between the two pointed Gothic skyscrapers opposite.

Lydia, throned in a swivel chair, felt as if she were playing a game when the stenographer appeared every morning with letters and a sheaf of designs, exquisite things painted on gray paper with little points of white and glimmering oblongs of emerald and sapphire. Occasionally she lunched with her cousin George and talked about books and theatres until they both abandoned pretense and plunged happily into shop.

Her only quarrel with her job was that it never brought her into contact with those amusing and flamboyant ladies whose rise from the chorus and rooms in a mid-town Broadway hotel were punctuated with the purchase of ever larger diamonds. Most of Lydia's customers were people with old jewels which they wished re-set into flexible ribbons of color for their wrists, or frosty circles for the shoulders of their plain black frocks.

Lizzie Churchill dumped a handful of horrors on her desk one day and was so delighted with the ensuing result that a stream of young women appeared, each bearing brooches, stomachers and dog-collars wrested from their mothers and grandmothers, and at vast expense turned these impressive adornments into sleek and glittering designs which were geometric and architectural in their stark modernity.

Lizzie and her friends had the virtue of discussing dogs and frocks and morals without impinging on intimacies. Lydia's withers were unwrung except by her own memories and the occasional sight of a gray felt hat a little on the side of a head which by a stretch of the imagination might possibly have been John William's.

Some of her clients were easy to please, and others, having demanded and lost ten designs submitted to them, would fly into a rage and sweep out of the office calling down curses on The Firm. There were the extravagant ones who hardly noticed the estimates they O.K'd; the poor ones with taste who were apologetic at taking up her time, but knew what they wanted and were pleased if she got it for them; there were the pleasant engaged couples vacillating between a diamond and a sapphire which were, of necessity, pathetically small, but to which Lydia gave every aid by surrounding them on the velvet cushion with still smaller stones.

ONCE, in the dark ages of her past—it must have been fully fourteen months earlier—she had sworn to herself never again to accept an invitation for a week-end. But one day in the Infants' Department at Best's where she sat immensely seduced by dozens of small frocks and minute dressing-gowns and flannel petticoats, she was hailed by Lizzie Churchill who, accompanied by an astonished small son of four, had come to choose a present for a brand new niece. Lizzie, by dint of much cajolery, bullying, and the suggestion that Lydia was going into a sentimental decline for unstated causes, wrung a grudging half-promise from her to come down to the country house for a few days.

"Not another soul except people you've picked, darling!" said Lizzie.

"You talk as if I were a particularly difficult and arbitrary guest, instead of an intimidated rabbit with no country-house accomplishments," Lydia answered, sulking a little. "Only I would like to display the offspring. She's exceptionally engaging, she really, truly is, Lizzie!"

"I see no reason why she shouldn't be. She can play with my sister's kid who's down there for a few months. Yours is how old? Seven months? I suppose you brought a Nanny from England, lucky devil. The horror I've got on my hands at the present moment!" Lizzie screeched and shuddered, pouting out her underlip even more than Nature meant her to. "But would you exactly describe your character as that of a terrified rabbit?"

They laughed.

"A couple of days with the horses and me won't hurt you. Rather on the pale side, aren't you? Leave it to little Lizzie to bring the roses back to those cheeks."

"But you promise it won't be a house-party?" Lydia repeated anxiously.

"Now would I play that trick on you, darling?" Mrs. Churchill was reproachful. The small boy tugged speechlessly at his mother's furs, desperately bored but too resigned to protest. Lydia's saleswoman gave one of the tiny nun's veiling kimonos an impatient shake.

"It's a promise?"

"Sure, if you want me. Week after next?" Finally satisfied, the perversely teasing countenance of Lizzie withdrew to the delight of her son who hopped about on one leg at his release from bondage.

So many evenings of deathly loneliness had passed in the last year that Lydia, once again packing an evening dress for dinner instead of a shabby tea-gown, acknowledged to herself a slight pleasurable thrill at wearing again the habiliments of civilization. Lizzie had kept her word and the house was empty except for several babies, abandoned by their parents to the communal nursery, Tubby Churchill who wandered around in extraordinary old flannels and Lizzie's new beau, one of his classmates at Harvard recently divorced.

(*Concluded on page 136*)

Why 9 out of 10 smart women

instinctively prefer this new sanitary protection

To women of discernment, all other pads seem only substitutes for *genuine* Kotex

IT is easy to see why the use of Kotex has become a habit among women who set the standard of good taste. For such women have young ideas, young minds. They resent the old-fashioned makeshifts that meant so much work and worry. They want soft, hygienic comfort in a sanitary pad—and they want all the special advantages Kotex has to offer, besides.

Often, it is the young women of a household who introduce Kotex. Or a doctor, a nurse . . . recommending it to safeguard health. But, in any case, once it is used no substitutes will ever do again.

Today, Kotex is so inexpensive that home-made cheese cloth and cotton pads actually cost more. And its fleecy softness, its marvelous absorbency are unlike any substitute, no matter what the price!

Why, think of it! Kotex filler is used by surgeons in 85% of the country's hospitals, not only for sanitary pads but for all surgical dressings! Can you imagine a more eloquent tribute to Kotex?

"I started to use Kotex because of my children," said a smart matron recently. "Now I wouldn't go back to the old way. This is so much more civilized—how did we ever get along without it?"

You will ask that same question, once you've tried Kotex. Study its features, listed right here. Then buy a box and try it.

Kotex Co., 180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago.

KOTEX IS SOFT . . .

1. Not a deceptive softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, fleecy softness that lasts for hours.
2. KOTEX FILLER is far lighter than cotton, yet absorbs 5 times as much.
3. IN HOSPITALS—Kotex is the identical material used practically EXCLUSIVELY by surgeons in 85% of the country's leading hospitals.
4. ROUNDED, TAPERED CORNERS—make for inconspicuous protection.
5. DEODORIZES . . . safely, thoroughly, by a patented process.
6. ADJUSTABLE . . . filler may be made thinner or narrower, as required.
7. DISPOSABLE completely, instantly, without laundry.
8. EASILY BOUGHT, anywhere, by name.

Kotex—45c for 12—at any drug, dry goods or department store; singly, in vending cabinets, through West Disinfecting Co. Kotex Super—65c for 12.

[Prices slightly higher in Canada]

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

how to use cold cream to have a good Complexion

Learn how to rub cold cream off instead of rubbing it down into the pores together with dirt and make-up.

COLD CREAM is a cleanser, cold cream is a skin softener, but cold cream is also a menace to beauty unless you rub it off, instead of rubbing it further into the pores.

The oil in face cream gathers dust and dirt, powder and rouge. Very often by the wrong method of removing cream you send half of these poisonous accumulations back und r the surface of the skin. There they begin to form blackheads, pimples, all sorts of skin irritations.

Grimy cold cream cloths only aggravate this condition. Harsh towels are neither entirely germ-free nor absorbent enough.

Kleenex Cleansing Tissues, however, are perfect for the purpose. They are made of a wondrously fine absorbent fabric that actually *rubs cold cream off, not in.* They are soft, dainty, hygienically clean.

And – using two sheets twice a day, as you do – it costs so little. Cheaper than high laundry bills, softer than old cloth or linen, safer than anything. The coupon will bring you a sample package to try, if you don't already know Kleenex. Fill it out now.

Kleenex
Cleansing Tissues

Kleenex Company, Lake-Michigan Building, Chicago, Illinois. Please send sample to H-8

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

BRIGHT INTERVALS

(*Concluded from page 134*)

"I want my chee-ild near me in the next room instead of behind the green baize doors of the incubator," demanded Lydia, and was granted this favor. So that Nanny, who trusted no electric contraptions, soon had the fourth best guest-room smelling of a spirit lamp, baby food and drying woolens.

Rain sleeked the window-pane outside this steamy nursery atmosphere.

Dinner was cheerful. Lydia, slightly tight on Tubby's best champagne, made funny remarks which sounded less feeble than any of her efforts since the far-off days in Camellia's dressing-room.

They laughed a good deal and played silly games later around the fire, games in which the supposedly half-witted Tubby shone to surprising advantage.

"This being my maddest dissipation for some time, I feel rather sleepy," announced Lydia at midnight.

Half an hour later, Lizzie, her attractive, wicked little boy's face as white as a clown's, burst into Lydia's bedroom.

"S-ssh! You'll wake the baby!" whispered the fond parent fiercely.

"I can't help it. I've got to tell you. I swear it's not my fault. You'll think I've framed you, that it's a put-up job. God knows—"

"What on earth's eating you?" said Lydia, wriggling into her nightgown.

"Listen, they're both here! The car—her new speedboat—exploded or burst or something off-shore on the way to the Dunn's. They paddled in, though they look as if they'd been swimming miles. Both in awful tempers, too. Tubby's feeding 'em hot toddies at the moment."

Lydia's insides turned over like a flapjack and then subsided and were replaced by the cold chill of apprehension.

A CURIOUS figure appeared in the doorway. John William, his smooth fair hair hanging in long, dank, dejected strings, dark with water, his face pale and chill, his clothes a sodden dripping mass, pushed in past the horrified Lizzie.

"Go to the devil, Lizzie. Let me by, will you? Lydia, make her let me in!"

"Let him come in, Lizzie."

"I've *got* to get away from that woman. When she heard you were stopping here she started bellowing and saying she'd make Tubby tell you to get out because we weren't divorced yet. Lydia, get me out of this jam—Lydia!"

"All right, Bill. Lizzie, go down and cherish your guests. I'll talk to Bill in a moment."

He slammed the door after Mrs. Churchill and started to bolt it. At an assenting nod from Lydia he shot the bolt.

She turned away for a moment and lit a cigarette. She hoped he believed in her painted grin of nonchalance more than she did herself.

But John William was not thinking about her expression.

"Get me out of it, Baby. Oh, you don't know what she's like! She's awful! She's annihilating! She's a Juggernaut! I know you never cared for me, and sneered at me and thought I was a dumb-bell, but do just this one little thing for your poor old Bill."

"Where'd you get all the funny ideas about my sentiments?" Lydia asked quietly.

"Well, she said so and anyway you are supposed to be terribly brilliant or something, though I never noticed you were abnormal or anything but all right, Lydia, her friends! There's even a highbrow worse than any of yours, name Horlick, and looks like an emaciated frog! And Contract—if I ever have to play it again I'll kick in. And pretending to be such a stout fella all the time. Carted me to every horse-show in the country, as if I was one of her hunters. Fight? Lord, how she fights! I'm a wreck. I haven't had a decent meal or a nice leisurely bath in months—always 'phoning just when I turn the shower on. And do you suppose she'd do anything for me like asking for those castor-oil jelly beans the way you used to do? I can't face a drug-store clerk and ask for castor-oil jelly beans now, can I? Well, to-day—"

"She wouldn't get them for you? The big brute! Never mind, darling. Nanny has a box of them in the next room."

"Nanny? Who is Nanny? Listen, Lydia, you called me 'darling' just then. Do you actually care for me a little, after all? Do you actually care still for your poor old Bill who has never loved anyone else but you?"

LYDIA reflected for a moment and looked at the end of her cigarette. Anguish and a still stronger tendency to laughter mingled in her breast. The dripping of water from John William's soaked clothing patterned on the parquet flooring. Suddenly she looked up and nodded.

"I must have my job and my highbrows and stay home most nights. And—hark—"

The low indignant crooning of Persephone, outraged and disturbed from her virtuous slumber, was plainly audible. It grew in volume to a roar.

John William's mouth dropped and dropped and dropped, until it hung wide open like a yawning baby's. Slow crimson flooded his handsome face.

"Is it in there?"

Lydia nodded.

"Can I see it?"

She nodded again.

"I'll just borrow your comb a minute, darling," he said, and stepped to the dressing-table. A moment later he made for the communicating door.

"Don't forget to ask Nanny for the castor-oil jelly beans, dear," said Lydia softly.

When he had disappeared she walked over to the desk and extracted from a pigeon-hole a small sign stolen by Lizzie from the Ritz in Philadelphia. She considered it for a moment and then, lifting a pen, quickly added the letter "S" and crossed out two others.

When this was accomplished she moved to the hall doorway, unlocked it, hung the sign over the knocker and then came back into the room, bolting the door after her.

The amended sign read:

THE OCCUPANTS OF THIS
ROOM DO NOT WISH
TO BE DISTURBED

The End

AUTOS OF THE SEA

(*Concluded from page 77*)

One vast kaleidoscope, five miles long by one wide, of color and motion. Colors the most vivid, motion the rapidest possible. Every ship has its signal flags displayed from stem to stern. Official notice to the world that it is a holiday. Added are the sky blue of Yale, the crimson of Harvard. And, as accents, clusters of toy balloons, mostly blue, tugging at their lines like captive pieces of the upper sky. The eye might well be, as color whirls by, amid a garden of gigantic hollyhocks.

The sedate yachts are anchored along the east bank. Until the silence period demanded for the actual race, everything else is going from hither to yon and back to hither again in a most tremendous hurry. Splendid craft, one hundred feet or more long, surging by, flags snapping, balloons fluttering, the tinkle of women's laughter across the water, the glint of pastel and flower shades of dress or bathing suit. Lighter runabouts pulling their tails of white spray at forty miles an hour against the Connecticut sun. And here and there, cresting a wave, bobbing in the hollows, an escaped blue balloon, like a marble on a rough table.

Those whose business it is to know marine statistics estimated one hundred million as the value of the floating stock off New London that day last June. Most of it expended since the War, most of it very recently. Proof of the thoroughness with which the world of fashion has accustomed itself to the autos of the sea.

Still lovely looking at tea time

—but suddenly his interest was gone!

You never can tell when a temporary deodorant will cease to protect you...

The new Odorono No. 3 Mild (colorless)—for sensitive skins and for frequent use. Use daily or every other day. Night or morning. Pat on freely after skin is bathed. Allow plenty of time to dry before any clothing touches the skin.

Odorono Regular Strength (ruby colored) keeps the underarm dry and smooth with two applications a week, used the last thing at night. Pat on freely after bathing. Do not rub in. Allow plenty of time to dry before putting on night garments.

BETTY knew she was glorious looking as he drove her to town for a day of shopping. He'd been so eager for her promise to tea with him!

And now at tea time—though she was still exquisite to look at—some unaccountable thing had happened. He was no longer enthusiastic. What was this thing that always spoiled her good times!

If someone had only told her that "you can never tell when a *temporary deodorant* will cease to protect you!"

Only by regular use of Odorono, which a physician developed to check perspiration, can you be certain of *continuous protection.*

Why Odorono Gives You Continuous Protection . . .

Odorono keeps the underarm dry and fresh at all times by checking perspiration in a safe way.

It is in the closed-in portions of the body that perspiration causes odor and leaves stains. Odorono checks perspiration in these places and directs it to more exposed surfaces where evaporation occurs more quickly.

A Physician's Prescription

Because a doctor made Odorono for his own use, women in every country have for years felt safe in using it.

Odorono Regular Strength for twice a week use. And the new Odorono No. 3 Mild (colorless) for sensitive skins and frequent use, and for the occasional need everyone has for something to use in the daytime or in an emergency, 35¢, 60¢, and $1.00. The delightful Creme Odorono (deodorant) 25¢.

SEND *10¢ and the coupon below for the Odorono underarm toilette.*

NEW 10¢ OFFER: **Mail coupon and 10¢ for the complete underarm toilette; samples of Odorono Regular Strength, the new Odorono No. 3 Mild and Creme Odorono. (If you live in Canada, address P. O. Box 2054, Montreal.)**
The Odorono Company, Inc., Dept. L-8, 191 Hudson St., New York, N. Y.

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Miss BETTY PAGE PERIN of Greenwich, Conn.

THIRD PRIZE WINNER
March, 1929
Marlboro Contest for Distinguished Handwriting

Miss Perin Writes:

Marlboro – a Cigarette for Those who Can Afford 20¢ for the Best.

Every Marlboro full, firm and round

Mild as May

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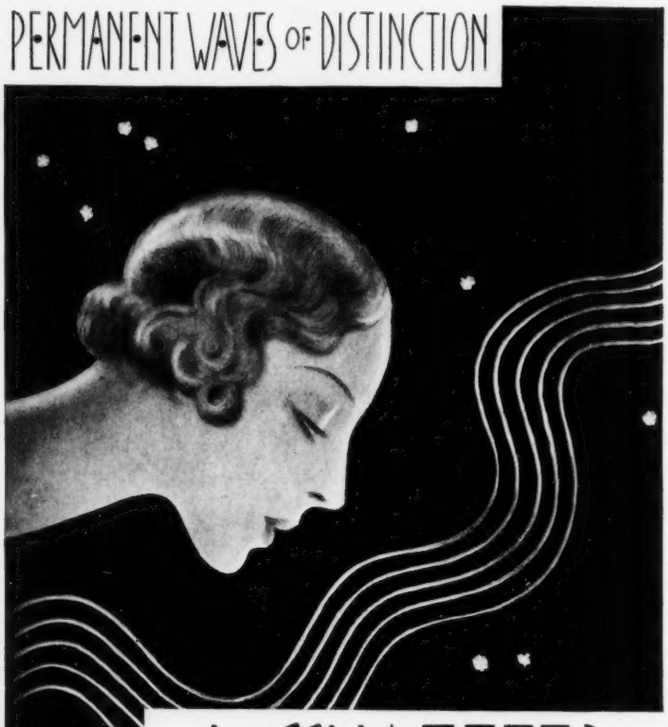

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THE SOCIAL BRILLIANCE OF ROMAN WINTERS

(Concluded from page 73)

Vittoria Colonna. Caramba, the great costumer of Milan, designed my dress, which was not copied with absolute faithfulness from her one authentic portrait in the Colonna gallery, as I must confess I don't admire it very much. I chose to represent Vittoria Colonna when already widowed and saddened by life, in flowing black velvet draperies and close gold cap, and I entered the ballroom with downcast eyes fixed on an open volume carried in my hands. I was followed by a wonderful group of men, in which the whole history of the Roman Renaissance was recalled. Leone, Gelasio and Michelangelo Caetani, Prospero Colonna with his two sons, Piero and Fabrizio, Domenico Orsini, each one representing some special ancestor and looking as though they had stepped out of their frames in the family picture gallery. I particularly wished to have art and literature prominently represented in my following, so Conte Guiseppe Primoli, with his gray beard, made an admirable Baldassare Castiglione, and Aristide Sartorio, Antonio Palmieri, Guiseppe Vitelleschi, Filippo Lovatelli and others, each represented some contemporary artist of the Renaissance period. No one, however, felt equal to being Michelangelo, so only his spirit followed in my wake!

WHEN I was twelve years old I took the part of the Wicked Fairy in the pantomime of The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood, which was given at Contessa Taverna's house. This fact is only worthy of note because the great Ristori herself, then a very old woman, came to one of the rehearsals and for love of my father led me into one of the smaller drawing rooms and coached me in my part. Her tragic gestures were very impressive and I imitated them as best I could, monkey fashion, with the result that my performance was considered remarkable for a child of my age! Adelaide Ristori was kindness herself on this occasion. She opened all the cupboards and chests containing her theatrical wardrobe that had been locked up for so many years, and loaded me with lots of the jewelry that had adorned her so often in the days of her triumphs.

After this youthful beginning, my stage career was confined to dancing occasionally in ballets at various charity performances! Only once I took part in a serious play, a few years after my marriage.

IN REVIEWING the story of Rome in the last twenty-five years it is impossible not to pause before a figure that stands out prominently among all the others in its social world, that of Jane, as she is familiarly called by everyone who is someone all over Europe and America.

It is many years since Jane Campbell first came to Rome, an unknown American girl traveling with her mother, and spent the winter in a quiet hotel. She came and conquered. I first met her at my sister's coming-out ball at Palazzo Colonna, where she was brought by my uncle, Fabrizio Colonna, who had asked for an invitation for her, as he was one of her first admirers in Rome. I can see her now . . . with a head of wavy red hair, and a pink satin frock embroidered with butterflies. But the only admirer she paid serious attention to was Carlo Bourbon de Monte, Principe di San Faustino, and after a somewhat tempestuous engagement they were married and lived in Palazzo Barberini, which is still Jane's home. It has been a social center, I might say almost a club, for all these years.

Jane's hospitality is boundless, but apart from entertaining, she has always loved to have people drop in on her, all day long and every day. She collects human beings as others collect postage stamps or moths. She is genuinely interested in them, and wants to know everything that concerns her friends. When she has learned all she wanted, she talks about it with light-hearted freedom, and as there is no detail of her private life or the workings of her own soul which she minds discussing quite openly over the bridge table, she can never imagine that anyone else minds being talked about either. This often leads to complications. When a fracas occurs, Jane is the first to blame herself. She criticizes her own conduct so utterly and completely that there is nothing left for anyone else to say, as her severity far exceeds that of the offended party. Her consequent repentance is so disarming that the only thing left to do is to forgive and forget and start again all square. Everything having quieted down she exclaims indignantly, "When people are afraid of giving their opinion they just say: *Jane said so!*"

Her large dinner parties are always very successful. They take place in a beautiful hall decorated with frescoes, with a splashing fountain on one side and a row of tall columns on the other. A magnificent yellow and blue macaw surveys proceedings from his perch placed against the background of an old tapestry, while the guests are placed at one, two or three refectory tables of old oak. Jane invariably finds out who is "the latest coon in town" and every foreigner of note or any nationality who is passing through Rome never fails to get an invitation to one of her banquets. She has also a real genius for unearthing quiet, respectable families who have been hidden in crevices for a very long time, and mixing them up with the gay smart set, to the great improvement of their spirits.

The years roll on, and Princess Jane, now a widow, is a striking figure with her snow-white hair, Mary Stuart bonnet and flowing black veils that she has adopted almost as a uniform. But her mode of life and her spirits have always remained the same. The only trouble is that we are all getting a bit too old for her. She frankly likes only young people, preferably the extremely young. This obliges her friends to hustle so as not to be left behind, which I suppose is very good for us and keeps us all alive.

BUT there is another Jane hidden away behind the one we know in the ballroom and at the card table, and this is maybe the secret of our long friendship. A Jane who is full of common sense, warm sympathy and has a loving heart. I remember at the time of the Messina earthquake when for a hectic forty-eight hours I was getting ready to sail on the hospital ship, she was the friend who did most to help me, in the quickest and most practical way. When late on that cold winter night I got to the station and found the train that was to take me to Spezia, there was Jane on the platform, with all her wooden cases neatly painted with red crosses, and full of comforts for the wounded and homeless, having them shoved into the van by her butler, seeing that nothing was forgotten and helping me to the last with her cheery good-by. "Bully for you, Vittoria . . . good luck."

During the War she ran a soup kitchen for the poor in Rome which was excellently organized and much praised by the authorities. Since then she has given all her energies to a school for poor children whom she has taken under her protection, and for which she has collected an incredibly large sum with the various charity entertainments she gets up twice a year, in Rome and in Venice. She visits the school daily and attends to every detail herself, doing a little amicable bullying all round, chaffing the mistresses and being friends with all the children. These are chosen among the most delicate in the poorest families of Rome, and with good food, sun baths and a healthy régime many poor mites who would have gone under in the battle of life are saved. And were it only for this, and not for many other endearing qualities as well, let us cheer our one and only Jane, Principessa di San Faustino.

(*The End*)

Mary Phillips, noted artist's model, recognizing the obviously false note in arm and leg hair, displays a skin satin-smooth and hair-free. She is pictured here between dips with a favored admirer.

By a total lack of stubble, you can instantly feel the difference between this and old ways.

Now a Way to Really Get Rid of Arm and Leg Hair

that Utterly Avoids Fostering Coarsened Re-growth

There is true feminine allure in satin-smooth arms—hair-free as a child's.

A new discovery that not only removes hair instantly but delays its reappearance remarkably.

A NEW way of removing arm and leg hair has been found that not only removes every vestige of hair instantly, but that banishes the stimulated hair growth thousands of women are charging to less modern ways. A way that not only removes hair but delays its reappearance remarkably!

It is changing previous conceptions of cosmeticians about hair removing. Women are flocking to its use. The discovery of R. C. Lawry, noted beauty scientist, it is different from any other hair remover known.

WHAT IT IS

It is an exquisite toilet creme, resembling a superior beauty clay in texture. You simply spread it on where hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water.

That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone; so completely that even by running your hand across the skin not the slightest trace of stubble can be felt.

And — the reappearance of that hair is delayed surprisingly.

When re-growth finally does come, it is utterly unlike the re-growth following old ways. You can feel the difference. No sharp stubble. No coarsened growth.

The skin, too, is left soft as a child's. No skin roughness, no enlarged pores. You feel freer than probably ever before in your life of annoying hair growth.

WHERE TO OBTAIN

It is called NEET—a preparation long on the market, but recently changed in compounding to embody the new Lawry discovery.

It is on sale at practically all drug and department stores and in beauty parlors. In both $1 and 60c sizes. The $1 size contains 3 times the quantity of the 60c size.

186

Neet *Cream Hair Remover*

HOPE
Ruby
Zircon
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Blue Spinel, etc.

Color, fire, brilliance, hardness—they are the precious qualities that make Hope synthetic stones the natural choice for fine jewelry. Look for the "Heller Hope" tag on rings and other jewelry—it is your stone guarantee. *Write for booklet.*

HOPE STONES ARE CREATED BY THE MAKERS OF *DELTAH PEARLS*

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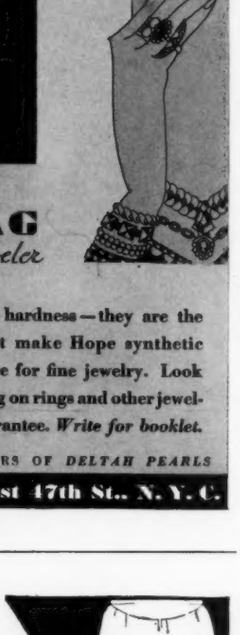
HIDDEN FASHION



Even underneath things must be fashion-right and lovely. And so Venus Sanitary Apparel has been created to play its invisible part daintily, and in keeping with one's costume whether the occasion is sports or evening formality.

You will find that stores dealing in better merchandise usually sell VENUS APPAREL. Ask to see the VENUS BRIEFLET, a tiny garment designed especially for the modern young woman.

VENUS
CORPORATION
1170 BROADWAY
NEW YORK

SO SHE CAME TO ITALY

(*Continued from page 51*)

"Don't spoil a perfectly good dinner, you foolish Roman. Have some more lobster—be good—don't bother about that poor little boy." She smiled deliciously into Rondinelli's eyes where the agate color was flecked by little black points.

"I'll see that fellow after dinner."

"But you don't mean to fight a duel with Charley, do you?"

Rondinelli smiled slightly. "Probably."

At that moment the young man left his table and came over and asked Miss Severne to dance. To Rondinelli he had a wretchedly sentimental, hungry look, his clothes seemed to hang on him as if he were a clothes rack. Indeed, Charley Bangs rather suggested a piece of molasses candy pulled out thin: a floppy individuality, featureless, and colorless. Beside him the vigorous young Latin looked like a Coliseum! Gloria drew her comparisons and subtly smiling, without introducing the men, slipped away like a green dragon-fly down to the dancing platform.

Rondinelli went over and watched them and, though he smoked serenely, he was far from being serene and would have liked to have torn the girl from the dance like a primitive man. As the figures revolved and hugged and swayed he agreed with the Sultan of Morocco that no decent woman danced! The girl returned in a few moments to her companion with an attractive submission very unlike her indeed.

"You can take me away! I see you don't like dancing—how can you be so primitive!" She laughed softly, "Poor little Charley—he's a wonderful dancing partner, but he doesn't understand Latin ways! He would burst into tears if you said the word 'duel' to him."

They were at the head of the stone stairs and starting to go down. Below the hill the ruins stood out in shadowy masses, and the dance music reached them delightfully above the heavy atmosphere of wine and food and smoke.

In the taxi, as they turned into the town, he took her in his arms, crushing her to him, lost to life and everything but her beauty and her kisses.

THE following morning the girl, restless, serious, really agitated for the first time in her life, waited for Rondinelli in her room at the Hotel de Russie overlooking the Pincian cypresses.

She realized that this Italian was neither a beau nor a boy, and that she couldn't class him with transient affairs which had absorbed her ever since she was adolescent. This man had made her pulses beat like an engine; her breath stick fast in her throat, and she was not ashamed to have frankly "vamped" him when she had seen him in the antique shop (something never before done in her flirtatious history). It must have been primitive impulse! This consoled her. She argued this now as she waited. She had wondered what he would be like on nearer knowing? He would certainly kiss her . . . What would it be like when he did? Now she knew!

From the Castello dei Cesari to the Hotel de Russie she had never left his arms; and she had fled past the porter, drawing the fur collar of her evening cloak up close around her face. Hurrying to her room, she sat huddled there in the dark until morning. Rondinelli's kisses seemed still clinging in her hair, she didn't want to take off her crumpled dress and break the spell.

She had never meant to go on like this with a strange Italian man! . . . (Dad, Dad!) Parents never know what is happening anyway! As far as Mrs. Tyson, her chaperone, was concerned, she was a fool and Gloria did not regret having sent her away. But she must get a passage, go straight home. Rome wasn't Detroit, Romans were not Americans, but with triumph no one is willing to surrender. Gloria confessed to never having known anything so marvelous as the drive from the Castello dei Cesari. She wouldn't have missed it—there would never be anything like it again!

At daybreak, shaking out with a sigh the magic of the night, she stirred, bathed, threw herself down on the bed for a few hours' sleep, and when at ten o'clock they announced Avvocato Pietro Rondinelli down-stairs in the lounge, she started out of her dreams, glad he had come and afraid to have him there! She went down very pale, with no rouge at all, a tight anguish in her throat.

AFTER leaving Miss Severne at the Russie, Rondinelli had walked home to sit for hours before his desk making accounts, casting up his income; and at seven was rowing on the Tiber into the sunrise. He took a cold shower, breakfasted at his little club, and fresh as the morning walked over to the Hotel de Russie.

As Gloria Severne came into the lounge of the Hotel, Rondinelli came quickly over to her.

"Last night! . . ."

In the cold light of the morning, big, vigorous, sincere, contrasting favorably with her former beaux and back numbers, he took the American girl by storm.

"Last night! . . ."

"First let's get out of this room!"

She led him into the winter-garden, where an anemic waiter was occupied with teacups and breakfast. Rondinelli had her hand between his and took a heavy ring in Roman gold from his little finger and put it on Gloria's fourth finger. He was celebrated for ready speech in court, but he could find nothing to say, shaken by the girl's paleness and appeal. He wanted to crush her in his arms.

"I should have spoken last night, but I couldn't! I can make you happy . . . I am not rich, I make a good income . . . Write to your people—cable your father at once!"

Gloria turned the ring: "You are perfectly adorable! Perfectly wonderful! . . . But we are almost strangers!"

She could not flirt with this grave man, and looked into his eagerness and passion with her own.

"Strangers!—after last night—strangers!"

Gloria was ashamed to her soul. She turned the ring.

"So I'm engaged to be married to a Roman in Italy!"

"Will your father give his permission?"

"*Permission!* You *are* wonderful! American girls don't ask permission—they just tell their people. But honestly, I can't rush Dad like this. I never tell him about flirtations; least of all across three thousand miles that I'm going to be married! He wants me to marry in Wisconsin—but if I'm happy, he is!"

"Where's that boy who looked at you in the restaurant?"

"Forget it, Pietro!" exclaimed the girl; "he's a silly little boy! The last time I saw him he was going around in a bus craning his neck to look at sights. Don't worry!"

"Different countries have different customs, and if I thought that the woman I love . . . We have standards here . . ."

"And we have hearts!"

A page-boy came over to Miss Severne with a bunch of flowers wrapped in white paper.

"Not for me!" she glared sternly, "not for me!" But as the messenger pressed them upon her, she reluctantly took flowers and card . . . "Charley!"—she dropped the bouquet casually on one of the chairs. "Take these away, tell the porter to send them to a hospital . . ." She turned to Rondinelli with a smile: "It's an American custom—flowers!"

HE WANTED to tell her something of his sentimental life, confessions to the woman who was going to marry him . . . Rondinelli studied her American eyes, blue as the Northern skies of her country.

"I feel like your mother!" she said sweetly.

"*Per Bacco!* That is going to help clear the way!"

"In spite of being an ancient Roman, you seem so young and primitive!"

"Gloria *mia*, I have a million confessions—things every honest man . . ."

"When we are in America I shall call

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SO SHE CAME TO ITALY

(*Continued from page 140*)

you Peter! It has a lot of pep in it, and strength. Let's call off!"

"Seriously, *carissima!*"

"I don't want to hear about a thing, excepting what belongs absolutely to me!"

This was too easy for words!

"Peter means 'a rock'—I know *that* much! I can build on you . . ." her hand closed upon his . . . "You can build on me!"

This happened in his little office high above the Roman roofs. He had been obliged to let her come there once to see where he received his "terrible and wicked clients" and, for she looked into everything, Gloria came across, in Rondinelli's desk drawer, a quaint round marblelike cabochon. She liked it and took it away with her to have set later, as she told him, into their engagement ring.

MR. JOEL SEVERNE ruled fifteen square miles of North America—paper miller, four mills. To Severne the whole world was Gloria, paper mills thrown in. His wife had gone on beyond the paper mills, a worn-out and tired woman.

Severne sensed Europe through his daughter's drafts on "The Severne National," and her enthusiastic letters, and began his own: "I can't see *what* in the world you find in old Europe," and paid her bills.

He would have spent a fortune to keep her content in his home town of Severne, proud of her looks, and soft as a doughball in an Irish stew as far as his girl was concerned.

He went down to New York to meet her boat, unwalleted for excess customs, and sitting with her at luncheon a few hours later, before they went to Detroit, heard the voice that Europe had only softened, not altered.

"Dad, I'm engaged to marry the one I *didn't* tell you about!"

Her father, who had laughed heartily at her flirtations for many years, never expected any of them to turn out seriously.

"Dad, you're the handsomest man I've seen anywhere, and the swellest! There hasn't been one who had a thing on you—*except just one!*"

"Glo!"

"Little old lawyer!"

"H'm . . ." Mr. Severne hated the law. "In what country does he hang out his sign?"

"Rome!"

"How much is he going to cost me?"

"You'll have to pay the fiddler, Dad darling! He thinks he's a catch—a hundred thousand lire a year! Don't work that out in exchange, *please!* If I hear the word exchange again, I think I shall die! Money doesn't mean anything over there."

"Whose money don't?"

"When you get lost in the Coliseum by moonlight, or bumping around in those taxis over poor roads, and hear about Dante—where everyone is out in the street, in the sunshine . . ."

"I see!" murmured the paper miller, "clear case of goo stuff!"

"Not in mine, Dad!"

Severne saw his daughter blush a beautiful heavy velvet blush, all silk, hand woven.

"Rome!" he exclaimed. "Good Lord!"

People looked over to their table, and envied him the tall fine girl in gray.

"Let's send him a week-end cable letter; I'll write it, we will sign it together! You'll like him, Dad, he's got a style of his own."

Severne tried to be a stoic. "This will last till Christmas," he thought. "And if Gloria wants to go round the world again she will have to go round the other way."

They passed through the doors together.

Gloria said, linking her arm in her father's, "When we get to Detroit I'll show you the little old stone he's given me for an engagement ring."

"A stone?" repeated the millionaire acridly. "Gave it to you raw, did he? Couldn't he get it set for you?"

She said sweetly, "More poetic, Dad, darling! Cave stuff—crude from the mine!"

Severne felt his daughter squeeze his arm as they turned into the Avenue.

"Dad, he's all right!"

"What's his name?"

"Pietro Rondinelli."

Severne groaned. "Tame or wild? Sounds as though it would eat out of your hand—sort of brook effect, Rondi . . ." To himself he murmured: "It is not real—a thing like that couldn't come and hit an honest man right between the eyes!"

MEANWHILE, the stars in their courses fought against Rondinelli's love affair, though everything was apparently "for the best in the best of worlds" as far as Mr. Severne was concerned, his consent a matter of course. Rondinelli was to come over in the spring, marry her in Severne, Wisconsin.

Gloria talked to him all about this with pen and ink. Her letters, able, amusing, unfitted him for anything but paper and a sympathetic pen. How magnificent of Mr. Severne to let him have his daughter!

She had told him in Rome that she was traveling on a college scholarship—in outline true, for she *had* won a scholarship and on it traveled as far as the first European port. (To herself she argued: "Dad's money isn't mine, and as a human being I have nothing at all.") She had a feeling he wouldn't like a rich father-in-law and a rich wife. However, his own income seemed to him daily more insufficient for such an elegant woman as Gloria Severne.

This was only February. A well-paying case in May would put him temporarily at his ease; he could pay his passage and arrive in America in fairly decent shape, take a little holiday, before returning in the autumn with a wife to these modest rooms, the clients waiting in the hall, and the Tribunal across the Tiber his mint and treasury.

On this particular afternoon he had come up-stairs with her last letter, and drew it from its envelope, looking forward to its enjoyment. Eight expansive pages . . . He could not get beyond the word "Sweetheart," resting upon it before he began to read on, when his door was violently burst open and the tenant of the first floor—in point of fact his proprietor—rushed in with a wild look.

"Caro Rondinelli, have you any money in the Banca di Plaza?"

Unfortunately for the pure esthetics of life, money has cruel power. Rondinelli switched from "Sweetheart" to his bank account: "Why in the name of all demons—what? . . ."

"Come—let's run and draw it out while we can—the Bank is likely to close its doors!"

It was five minutes to two, the Bank closed at three. All his available funds for the next six months, passage, clothes, presents to Gloria, household expenses, were in the Banca di Plaza. For the time he was ruined . . .

As he rushed out of the lower door of his house he almost knocked over Giovanna Boccetti, who was hurrying in. She cried to him, called after him, but Rondinelli sprang into his landlord's automobile, and the two men hastened away to the Piazza Toledo.

AN HOUR later, as he stood in the long line before the Bank, waiting his wretched turn, he thought he saw her across the street in the shadow, pale, transfixed, motionless, gazing at him. Irritated and distressed as Rondinelli was, there was something of comfort in the idea that a human being was interested in his agony.

And so it proved, for later in the evening, when he sat before his desk his head on his arms, for the moment at least ruined—again unannounced and stormy, Giovanna Boccetti forced the *consigne* and was at his side, plucking at his sleeve, weeping, her breast heaving, tears on her face.

Down between his arms on the table she threw a peasant's handkerchief full of bank-notes and precious stones. She was

(*Continued on page 142*)

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SO SHE CAME TO ITALY

(*Continued from page 141*)

kneeling at his side, her hands over the stones, over his.

"*Ecco, ecco,* Signor Avvocato! I have brought you these! I saw you waiting before the bank—I know you have lost money . . . I want to give you these!"

The lawyer turned and stared at her, at the passionate weeping figure, at the gift. He knotted the bundle up again quickly, thrust the treasure back upon her, and said shortly:

"You are mad, Giovanna! Get up—wipe your eyes—and take this stuff . . . Heaven knows where you can take it! I have saved you once from jail—the next time Fate won't be so kind. Look out for yourself . . . take it and go!"

He pressed it upon her. Reluctantly and trembling she replaced the stones in the breast of her dress, and stood there for a moment crushed.

"Signor Avvocato! . . ."

He pushed her to the door: "Go—go!"

THE Severnes came in from Severne to Detroit to buy more clothes—hint of a trousseau in the distance, and to take in Bangs & Co., the best jewelers.

Mr. Severne, an important buyer at Bangs, usually made his purchases in the senior partner's office over a green table. But this time, as the father and daughter passed through the store, they saw Charley Bangs behind one of the counters staring at Gloria with mingled bitterness and delight.

Gloria threw down on the counter before the salesman a red stone taken from the inside of her glove. Two months had elapsed since Rondinelli had given her this in Rome, and she had at last found it between the lining and the wood of her trunk. This was the first sight Severne had had of his prospective son-in-law's gift to his fiancée, and it was unwelcome—a button, a third-class button from a third-class country! Gloria drew off her gloves; on her left hand was a heavy little finger-ring of Roman gold with a wide seal.

"I want to have the stone set on this ring, Charley—in place of the seal, set in deep."

Charley Bangs had been growing a mustache; this was one of the things that Europe and foreign influence had done to him. He was at present representing his father, and swelling with importance.

"Better see the firm about this, Gloria! Dad's away on a business trip; I'm taking his place."

Severne exclaimed disdainfully: "Oh, let's fix this right up here now, Charley."

"Gee! but this is a magnificent stone, Gloria!"

"Magnificent glass!" sneered Severne.

"Old garnet!" said Gloria coolly.

Charley Bangs whistled: "Ruby all right!"

"You're crazy, Charley! No value whatsoever."

The young man laughed professionally. "Great light, great quality . . . Pity they wrote on it. Anyway, I wouldn't set it with that old ring of yours, Gloria."

Mr. Severne asked in a weak voice: "Do you mean to say it has value, Charley?"

"You're kidding, Mr. Severne!"

"Put it with this setting—in deep—you know the type all right . . . And now let's come along, Dad darling," said the girl definitely, drawing her father by the arm; and she swept the ring and the stone into the young man's hands.

"Stop!" said Severne sternly, fixing Bangs, "what's it worth?"

"Please! Dad darling . . ."

"Gloria!" said her father impressively, "I intend to know the value of this stone right now."

Charley Bangs swung into further importance; he cleared his throat. "Well now, we'll have to talk about that in the back office." Charley was staring at it, turning it.

"You goop, Charley Bangs!" Gloria, brutally turning her back to them both, stalked out of the store and her father followed her, saying over his shoulder: "Call me later, Charley, let me hear what they say about the stone in the back room!"

As he overtook his daughter at the door, he said—"Well, Glo, it really looks as though you had something like a ring!"

RONDINELLI wrote to Gloria and gave her her freedom, then did his best to forget his misery in the cases of his clients, and fought like a lion for mangy cubs in the defence of his petty criminals. But his profession had lost its savor. He dedecided to go into a monastery, become a monk—use his powers for oratory instead of the law. She would never know! As he came to this decision, the telephone rang in upon his misery and he listened to the voice at the other end in blank surprise. The directors of the Banca di Plaza wanted him to defend the President Carducci when the Company should be indicted, as it was sure to be, because the failure of the Banca di Plaza was one of the biggest things in the line of bank failures of the time.

"Impossible, impossible!" he cried through the telephone, shut them off, and stood for a second staring into the air. Why, they must be mad. After ruining him they called him to ask him to defend his debtors. Stewing the kid in its mother's milk!

RONDINELLI, who had put on his most gaudy lounge suit in order to cheer up his spirits, strolled into his study to be met by a man he knew, a sporting friend who had lately been given a job in the Ministry of Finance.

"*Bravissimo,* Rondinelli! I have come to get you to prosecute the Cavaliere Carducci, the President of the Banca di Plaza, for the Realm. The Attorney General has asked us to recommend a man for the case," Brunetto slapped Rondinelli on the back, "and I have come to you! Cancel all your smaller cases, *amico mio,* this will mean a big retainer and a big advertisement!"

As Brunetto said the words "your smaller cases" his tone of voice showed how small and mean he thought they were! Immediately before Rondinelli's eyes seemed to pass a procession of his poor moth-eaten clients—his hobble-dehoys of crime—the petty criminals to whom he had always been faithful! They waved the rags of their bad reputations like flags, they clanked their handcuffs as they turned their shifty eyes to their lawyer and accused him of deserting them. Brunetto was chirping:

"*Magnifico! magnifico,* Rondinelli! This will put you in your right place in Rome at last."

Rondinelli perfectly understood what it meant! It also meant that he could wire the Severnes that he was able to marry their daughter and all would be well for him in the best of worlds.

"I can't possibly prosecute for the Realm, you know, Brunetto. You will have to get someone else."

"*What!*"

"You know that I am a specialist in crime and I have taken a sudden liking to this poor President Carducci. I am half inclined to defend him and I will make Rome ring if I do, I promise you!"

After Brunetto had left him, Rondinelli realized that he had missed his luncheon, but he had a sudden sense of freedom and he believed that he had come into his own. He had never enjoyed anything more in his profession than calling up the man who had spoken to him half an hour before on the telephone.

"You may tell the Director Cavaliere Carducci that if he still desires to retain me I will take his defence."

IN RESPONSE to an enigmatical telephone call from Bangs & Company, requesting Mr. and Miss Severne to step over to the store, the father and daughter went to the private office where Charley Bangs was holding the fort.

"How did you come into possession of this stone, Mr. Severne?"

The young man's tone was so portentous that the miller looked at him in surprise, and sensed immediately that there was something queer about Gloria's

(*Continued on page 143*)

Motor routes are at their loveliest in the Fall when every turn of the road leads to a more enchanting spot than the last . . .

This is the time of year when a week-end trip to the country is a matter of course, but do you ever spend precious hours wondering where to go and how to get there? If your mind becomes a blank at just the moment when a bright idea is a positive necessity, stop in and ask our Travel Bureau to give you some suggestions. We make rather a specialty of week-ends, and our list of charming Inns and delightful out-of-the-way places is unique.

We can tell you how to go by Air . . . by Water . . . by Motor . . . by Ferry . . . on Foot . . . . . and of course you already know that a rendezvous at our new Bureau is, like a dinner at Prunier's, one of those things that one can't afford to miss.

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YOUR PRIVATE BEACH

(*Concluded from page 75*)

zipper fastening just made to order to hold all the odds and ends which get lost in the sand. There is also a matching folding armchair, a back rest with canopy top, a deck chair, innumerable pillow covers with zipper sides, and, last but not least, a sturdy bridge table with canvas cover. These may be purchased collectively or separately with perfect confidence that they will withstand all the ravages of summer cloudbursts.

Polka-dot packs of bridge cards, so inexpensive that they may be bought by the gross, are a nice idea. These come in red, green or blue waterproof cases, containing two pencils and two pads, one for straight bridge and one for contract. Another happy thought is a compact gambling box holding chess men, dice, dominoes, cards, checkers and checkerboard. Roulette wheels in all sizes are amusing if you go in for that sort of thing, with a cloth and rack holding the different colored stacks of chips. The game of Minoru should appeal to all those who follow the horses, and is an exciting pastime.

Other odd little items noticed at Macy's are well-equipped picnic kits; gay paper plates, napkins, spoons, forks, straws and cups for beach suppers; huge Southampton sombreros of black, red, green and blue striped straw; copies of Mary Nowitzky two-piece jersey swimming suits with outside pyjama trousers; a moire beach bag lined with rubber with two large pockets.

Each year, active games are added to the old list of standbys, which while away the lazy hours and at the same time improve our neglected figures. Abercrombie and Fitch will make to order heavy duck canvas exercise mats of two-inch thick felt, similar to regular gymnasium equipment, on which you can carry out the careful instructions of your masseuse. Don't forget to wear rubber shirts and shorts if you want to get rid of an odd pound or two—these garments, plus hot sunshine, work wonders. Rubber medicine balls will also give you a fine workout and come in three sizes, attractively striped in gay colors.

This same store reports that the English game of Badminton is rapidly gaining vogue here in this country. Primarily intended as an indoor sport, it is excellent for the beach when played with heavy rubber-ended shuttlecocks. The net may be stretched across any piece of hard, flat sand and the service lines and courts marked out. Boxed regulation sets consisting of nets, posts, four rackets, six shuttlecocks and book of rules may be secured.

"Rap-O" is another popular new sport which contains some of the best features of tennis and lacrosse. It is played with a flat wooden racquet which has a good batting surface, and a net to catch or scoop the ball. A court may be marked out on the sand or it can be played without one. It is a fast and exciting game and comes complete in a box of two bats, two balls, tape and staples for a court and a full book of instructions.

Skittle Dice is amusing on hard sand. The dice is placed on the skittle and each player rolls one ball in turn from an agreed distance. The player to whom the dislodged dice gives the highest number is the winner. Excellent for bowling and crap fans—as it combines elements of both. Other active beach diversions recommended by Abercrombie and Fitch are Archery, Dart Board, Dart Baseball, Ring Toss, Rubber Horseshoe Quoits, and Croquet Golf.

If you prefer your exercise on the water, they have a piece of machinery, called an Aquacycle. Remember reading about the girl who crossed the English Channel on one recently? It looks like a bicycle and pedals the same, but it is built to float on two bright red pontoons, has a screw and rudder like a motor-boat and can be pedaled along the water about as fast as a good swimmer can swim. It sounds terribly exciting and I would adore to try it.

Aquaplanes, of course, are here, and a thing called Skiboard which they say is a new and thrilling water sport. It is a self-propelled aquaplane, non-sinkable and non-collapsible, and the attached outboard motor will do twenty-five miles an hour. The Roman Riding Water Skis are used just like aquaplanes but eliminate lateral skidding, one of the chief dangers in this sport. They are made in rudder-like strips and each ski has a rubber pad for the foot and a keel on the stern. Surf and swimming boards with vivid decorations and patterned in the shape of a fish will carry you along before the crest of the wave or support you in deep water when you wish to rest. Then large rubber horses, alligators and sea lions, are all marvelous to ride, and grand games of water polo, jousting and racing may be played astride these animals and provide endless entertainment.

SO SHE CAME TO ITALY

(*Continued from page 142*)

fiancé and the stone. He sprang to the occasion.

"Gloria bought it in a bazaar at Cairo!"

"It's a scarab!"

Charley, between whose fingers it was, turned the stone . . . "Bazaar in Cairo?"

Jewelers' scales, books of reference, and his morning's mail were at his side.

"How much is it worth, Charley?" Severne was sure now of getting his answer.

Bangs dropped his voice, coloring profusely: "Why, people, this is one of the historic jewels of the world!"

"Gad!" exclaimed Severne.

Leaning on the table, Charley fixed the paper miller with serious eyes: "Every jeweler in the United States has got to look out for this stone."

"You're crazy!" said Gloria coldly.

"We've been on the lookout for this jewel for two months now. I guess you don't remember, sir, but the papers were full of the affair at the time . . . intaglio ruby, one of the Vatican jewels, given to Pope Gregory in the twelfth century." Bangs stopped a minute to let it soak in, then continued. "You see there is an inscription on it" . . . Now Severne peered at the stone which Charley held up to him, handing him the jeweler's loupe. "Latin!" said Charley Bangs, gravely.

"Of course!" said his senior unctuously. There were many years between the college graduates, and Charley translated: "The end justifies the means."

This was his hour!

"Of course, Gloria didn't buy it at any bazaar in Cairo!"

Severne turned on him like a bull: "You don't think Gloria stole it, do you?"

"Oh, Mr. Severne! . . ."

The girl blazed at him so that his front hair was signed: "Charley Bangs! That stone was given to me by some one who would no more steal a ruby than my father would . . ."

The two young people glared at each other.

"I see—I see!" he said bitterly—"I understand . . . *that Italian!*"

Mr. Severne had gathered himself together: "Now see here, Charley! You are the expert and I am a paper miller. I agree this lines up with your descriptions; get a little more expert work on it, my boy, before I'm convinced!"

"I haven't said one single word to anyone," said Bangs munificently. "I wanted to see you people first, and Dad won't be home until to-morrow."

As he looked at Gloria, Charley remembered a phrase he had written once in a girl's album: "Moonlight and love and youth in Italy."

"All right!" he said impulsively, "I'll do what I can about this. But it's been two months in the country."

"Fix it up, Charley!" said Gloria gently, "now you fix it up!" She gave him a sample of the looks he had longed for—and he fell like a potted clay pigeon, in splinters. (*To be concluded*)

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Address_____ C-207

Among the Conveniences *of the* Modern Kitchen *is a* Telephone

It is so handy in answering calls . . . in ordering the day's provisions . . . in household communication

* * *

The kitchen of the modern home is not alone a place for the preparation of food . . . it has emerged into something of an office for the household. Here—over the kitchen telephone, or one in the pantry adjoining—orders for supplies are placed. Communication is had with other rooms in the house, and the servants' calls can be handled without disturbing the rest of the household.

In smaller homes, the kitchen telephone is especially important . . . in avoiding, for instance, such domestic tragedies as burnt biscuits, or scorched roasts.

Telephones contribute to convenience in every part of the house. The modern idea is to have them sufficient in number, and so located, as to give the greatest ease in the use of the service. Each residence has its special opportunities for telephone convenience. Your local Bell Company will be glad to plan with you the arrangements best suited to your own. Telephone them today.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES — BELL SYSTEM